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No. 5.

SELECTED BY J. P. McCASKEY.

The direct relation of Music is not to ideas, but emotions. Music, in the works of its greatest masters, is more marvelous, more mysterious than poetry.—*Henry Giles.*

Some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of Music a sign of predestination; as a thing divine and reserved for the felicities of Heaven itself.—*Sir William Temple.*

I think sometimes, could I only have Music on my own terms; could I know where I could go whenever I wish the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine.—*R. W. Emerson.*

It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my mind, at the present, with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the Music sounds the sweetest in my ears the truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

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In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony.

John Milton.

From "L'Allegro."

Gladness can scarcely be a solitary thing; the very life of praise seems choral; it is more than one bounded heart can utter. Its finest expressions are those that, in the Psalms and some ancient canticles, call on Nature, even that which is not conscious and animate, to swell the harmony: "O ye Showers and Dew, praise ye the Lord!" Once, even in Music, I was content with melody; a tune, with its sweetness, like that of a tinkling rill, was enough to gladden me; now my heart asks for a deeper spell. Surely when one has once entered into the blissful secrets of harmony, the note seems to suggest the chord, to ask to be built up within it.—*Two Friends.*

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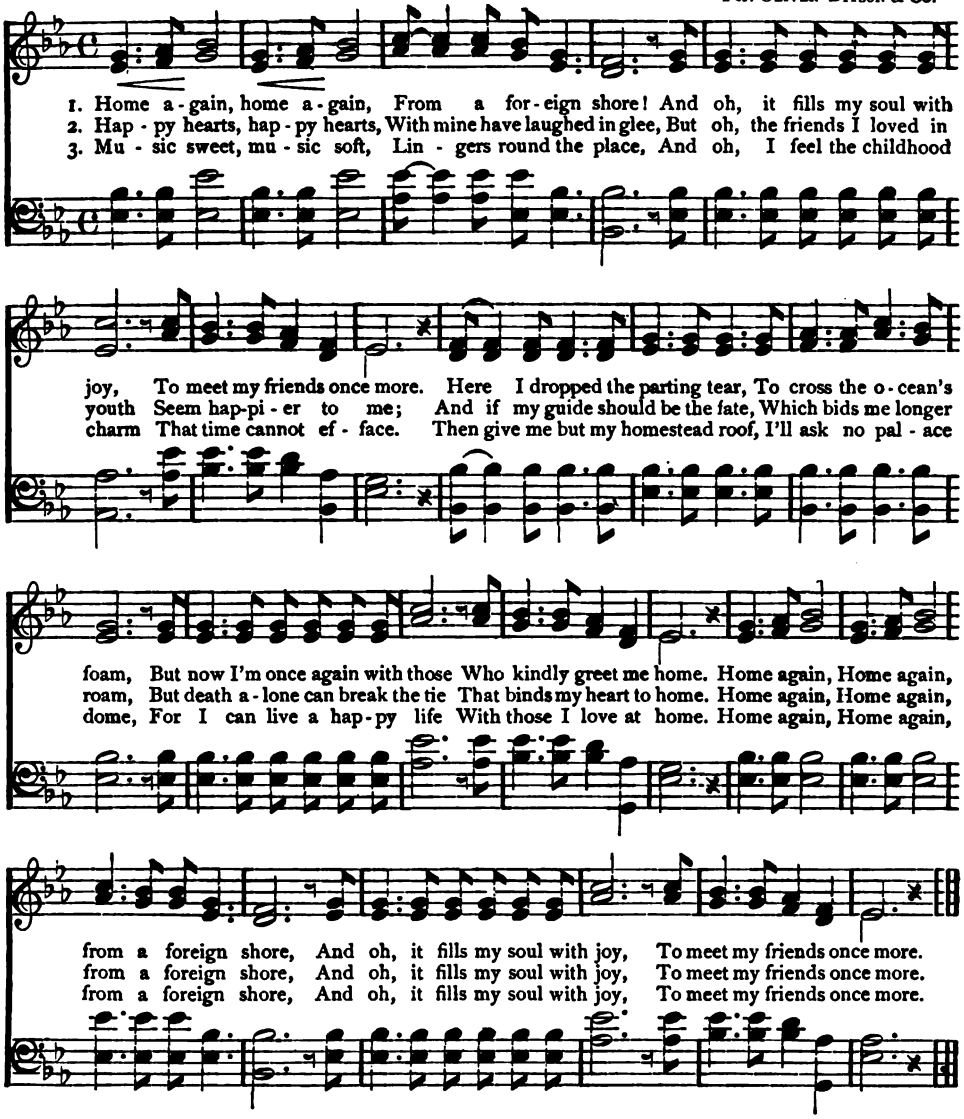
THE SONG COLLECTION.

HOME AGAIN.

MARSHALL S. PIKE.
Per. OLIVER DITSON & Co.



MELODY: This is the war-cry of amateurs. Of course, there is no music without melody, but you must know that what these persons mean by this word are tunes easily retained, rhythmical and agreeable. Notwithstanding there are others having little resemblance to these last, and which, when you turn over the pages of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, appear to you in a superior light. If, when running your fingers over the instrument, you should meet with little melodies wkich follow and run into each other, it is already a fair result; but if without the help of the instrument one of these melodies occurs to you, it is still better, and you ought to be a hundred times more pleased. It is then that the inward sense of the tone has awakened in you. The fingers must execute that which the brain has conceived, not the contrary. If you begin to compose, meditate, combine and arrange everything in your head; do not try a piece on your instrument before you have fixed it in your mind. If the music proceeds from your inward sense, if you have felt it, it will likewise move others. If Heaven has blessed you with an active imagination, you will remain for hours with your instrument, as if you were bewitched by it; you will aspire to throwing your entire soul into celestial strains. Those moments are some of the most pleasant to young musicians. But be careful not to give yourself up too often to this kind of talent, as nearly always it leads you to waste your strength aud time upon what, so to speak, are but airy phantoms. It is only by the most careful precision and accuracy of writing music that you will be enabled to master form, and to express your ideas clearly. Thus you must apply yourself more to composing than to improvising.—*R. Schumann.*

WANDERING WILLIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Affetuoso.

1. Here a - wa, there a - wa, wandering Willie, Here a - wa, there a - wa, haud a - wa hame;
Come to my bo-som, my ain on - ly dearie, Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

2. Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers, How your dread howling a lov-er a - larms;
Wauken, ye breezes! row gent-ly, ye billows! And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

Win - ter winds blew loud an' cauld at our part - ing, Fears for my Wil-lie brought tears to my e'e;
But oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nan - nie, Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main,

Welcome now simmer, and welcome, my Willie, The simmer to na-ture, my Wil-lie to me.
May I never see it, may I nev-er know it, But dy-ing be-lieve that my Willie's my ain.

MUCH may be learned from the great singers, but all their teaching is not to be accepted. Remember that you are not alone in the world; therefore be modest. Do not forget that all you think of or discover has been thought of or discovered by others before yourself; even should an idea be really your own, treat it as a gift from Heaven that you ought to share with all. The study of the history of music, and the practice of its masterpieces of the different epochs, will teach you best how to avoid vanity and presumption. If, when passing a church, you hear the organ playing, enter and listen; the grandeur and power of our art commands your admiration. Take advantage of every opportunity you have of practicing on the organ; there is no instrument more efficacious in correcting errors and habits of a bad musical education.—*Schumann.*

NOTHING is more comfortable, and what besides such a source of pleasure and benefit at home or in school, as pleasant, kind, soothing, decided tones? They carry a power beyond estimate. Use gentle tones even when most decided. Watch the voice day by day as a pearl of great price, worth vastly more than diamonds. A good voice is more valuable to a teacher than a diploma; it is like a lark's song. Its capacity for improvement is marvellous. The psalmist calls it his "glory." Henry Clay's voice was compared to a band of music; Webster's to a trumpet, and Channing's to a harp. When a man once complained to the latter of the severity of Christ's denunciation of the Pharisees, he read the passage to which reference was made, in such calm, solemn, and sympathetic tones that the critic exclaimed: "Well, if Christ spoke in that way my objection is withdrawn."

CREMONA! Who has not heard of this now celebrated Italian city? And yet but for a violin maker it is very probable that it would never have been known beyond the circle of its own local interests and its relations with neighboring cities. Now, however, its name is a spell to conjure with. A Cremona violin is, to a rich amateur, a loadstone that is sure to attract the shining metal from the depths of his purse. Thirty-five hundred dollars have been given for a Guarnerius violin, and a much higher price for a Stradivarius. Like pictures, the Cremona violins are noted works of art, and like them also, they were once to be had for trifling sums. Some of these violins that cost but three or four pounds each are now worth as many thousands. Cremona instruments have even been considered a worthy gift to pass between crowned heads. But Cremona has lost its most famous names from among its citizens, and with them its most distinguished characteristic. For a hundred years no maker of great skill has arisen to dispute the place with the Amati, Stradivarius and Guarnerius, by whom the fame of Cremona will be carried to distant generations. It is now about three centuries since there flourished at Cremona its first great violin maker. Andrew Amati appears to have been born there in 1520, and died in 1580. The family was an ancient one, and is mentioned as early as 1097 in the records of the city. There is no account of how Andrew Amati acquired the art of violin-making; but it is clear that by some means he had attained to a considerable amount of skill. Some of his instruments are described as beautifully made, and to have amber varnish of excellent

FAREWELL, THOSE HAPPY HOURS.

G. DONIZETTI.

Moderato.

1. I re-member well a sunny vale, Where roses fair were growing; And perfume breathed in
2. But now the Summer's voice is dumb, All past her gracious blooming; And sighing Autumn's
3. There are past scenes we love to trace, Fond scenes of youth and pleasure, Where hope and joy and

ev - 'ry gale That o'er the flow'rs was blow - ing: Where are the friends I cherished then, Those
storms have come To weep the flowers' perfum - ing. Now all the forest boughs are thinned, Nor
ev - 'ry grace Filled up life's bliss-ful meas - ure: Farewell, those hap - py by-gone hours! Those

friends I knew so ear - ly? Oh! shall I nev - er meet again Those hearts I loved so dear - ly
fate can be e - vad - ed, Grieve gently, gently, wailing wind, Their Spring-time glory fade.
hours that knew no sorrow! To-day they bloom like summer flow'rs, Alas! they're dead to-morrow!

quality of a deep, rich yellow, tinted with brown or light red color. His violins appear to have been chiefly of the small pattern and high model. The backs are mostly cut the reverse way of the grain, which is at variance with the present rule, forming what are now termed "slab" backs. They possess a delicate graceful tone of wonderful sweetness, which has also been more or less the chief characteristic of the other makers of the family. With reference to this peculiarity, an ancient writer observes that in the times in which the Amati lived, the tone was not required to be of that powerful character which modern players demand, and that such an immense tone as many later instruments possess would not then have been tolerated. This is very probable, and may account also for the elevated model which was adopted both by Andrew and some others of the Amati. This model, conjoined with their beautiful workmanship and generally small size, combined to produce that delightful clear sweet tone which, of all other makers, the Amatis especially possess. They also made a greater number of instruments of the smaller size than what is known as the grand pattern, no doubt because the tone produced by them was found generally sufficient for the demand of the times. They were also made to carry a much lower bridge and a lighter bass bar than now used, and the proportions were arranged accordingly.—*Pearce's "Violins and Violin Makers."*

Whether in power, purity, and sweetness of tone —or beauty of wood and workmanship—the best violins of Nicholas Amati, Antonius Stradivarius, and Joseph Guarnerius have never yet been equalled.

INSTANCES without number might be cited to show that everywhere the gift of music may be rendered one of the most precious blessings a kind Providence has conferred. But no argument is needed on this point. It is safe to presume that most parents would be glad to have their children receive instruction in music. Indeed, most intelligent parents, did they consult their own wishes, would take this advice of an eminent teacher: "In the first place you must endeavor to have your children surrounded by as much of a musical atmosphere as possible. They should hear music of some kind from their earliest infancy, and thus the cultivation of their perceptions will begin long before they are able to speak. Lord Bacon declared it as his conviction that he learned more before he was six years old than he did in all the rest of his life together. The mind of a young child is like a sponge; it is ready to receive and absorb everything with which it comes into contact. This law applies pre-eminently to music, which is based more upon the perceptions and the emotional nature than upon the intellect. Music is also recognized as a stimulant to mental exertion. And if in the case of the man of genius, why not, to a certain extent, in that of the pupil also at work upon *his* task? D'Israeli, in *The Literary Character*, tells us that Alfieri often, before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music: "Almost all my tragedies were

WHEN THE BOATS COME HOME.

T. MOORE.
SARAH DOUDNEY.

1. There's light up-on the sea to-day, And glad-ness on the strand; Ah! well ye know that hearts are gay When sails draw nigh the land! We followed them with thoughts and tears, Far, far a-cross the foam; Dear Lord, it seems a thousand years Un-til the boats come home!
2. We tend the children, live our life, And toil and mend the nets; But is there ev-er maid or wife Whose faith-ful heart for-gets? We know what cru-el dan-gers lie Be-neath that shining foam, And watch the changes in the sky Un-til the boats come home.
2. There's glo-ry on the sea to-day, The sun-set gold is bright; Methought I heard a grandsire say, "At eve it shall be light!" O'er waves of crys-tal touched with fire, And flakes of pear-ly foam, We gaze, and see our hearts' de-sire, The boats are com-ing home!

sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music, or a few hours after," a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had music played in the room adjoining his study; Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was even necessary to Warburton. A celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue or Massillon, was once found playing on the violin, to tone his mind up to the pitch preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach before the court. Curran's favorite mood of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together he would forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, in collecting its tones, was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the bar. There should then, for a hundred reasons, be "music everywhere;" and in all schools of primary or advanced grade a teacher should be found who is able either to lead in singing or to perform on melodeon, organ, or piano. The school of the future, without its musical instrument, will be regarded as incomplete in its equipment The work is now going forward. The sale of good instruments to schools is steadily increasing. And these are furnished at prices that bring them within the reach of any good school in the country, whose patrons are intelligent in this direction, and where the teacher employed as instructor is progressive in the best sense.

LOOKING at creation with the eye we find mathematical laws in gravitation and crystallization, and infer, as we must, that there is a mind behind the laws that speaks to our minds through them. So using the ear and hearing sounds that touch our hearts, we must infer that there is a heart behind the laws of sound that seeks to reveal itself to us through them. We cannot escape this conclusion. For as the mind can get out of creation no more mathematical relations than were put into it, so the heart cannot get from sounds more emotion than was originally lodged in the laws that produce sounds; the effect never exceeds the cause. If the laws of nature seen by the eye reveal an infinite thought or thinker, so these laws heard by the ear and acting on the heart reveal an infinite heart that ordained them. But the laws of sound rest as fully on mathematics as do the laws of gravitation and crystallization, and so point to the same source—eye and ear, mind and heart, resting on One who is both mind and heart. There are theories that conceive of the source of creation as only thought, because they find everywhere thought-relations; other theories which claim that it is force, because they find a universal and indestructible energy; but it would be as logical to claim that this original source is feeling or emotion, for there is as much in the universe to awaken emotion as there is to indicate thought or energy.—*Munger.*

THY VOICE IS NEAR.

W. T. WRIGHTON.

Moderato.

1. Thy voice is near me in my dreams, In ac-cents sweet and low,
2. From night to night my wea-ry heart Lives on the treas-ured past, And

Tell-ing of hap-pi-ness and love In days long, long a-go; Word af-ter word I think I hear, Yet strange it seems to me, That, though I lis-ten to thy voice, Thy face I nev-er see, Thy face I nev-er see, Thy face I nev-er see; That, though I lis-ten to thy voice, Thy face I nev-er see.

ev-'ry day I fond-ly say He'll come to me at last; But still I weep, I watch, I pray, As time runs slow-ly on, And yet I have no hope but thee, The first, the dear-est one, The first, the dearest one, The first, the dearest one; And yet I have no hope but thee, The first, the dear-est one.

p *rall.*

MUSIC as an expression of *feeling* is a prophecy of that grander exercise of our nature for which we hope. It is the nature of feeling to express itself. Thought may stay behind silent lips, but when it becomes feeling it runs to expression. So far as we can reason from ourselves, we cannot believe that the universe sprang out of thought. Thought would not have made this mighty expression that we call creation; it is an expression of feeling—some infinite emotion that must find vent or the infinite heart will burst with its suppression. Music is an illustration of this law of our emotions, and is the natural expression of great and deep feeling. When great crises fall upon nations and oratory fails to give full vent to the heroic purpose of their hearts, some poet links hands with some composer, and so a battle-hymn sweeps the armies on to victory—the fiery clangor of the Marseillaise, or the sad, stately rhythm of the John Brown hymn. History all along culminates in song. The summits of Jewish history, from Miriam to David, are vocal with psalms. There is nothing grand in thought, deep in feeling, splendid in action, but runs directly to song for expression. When feeling reaches a certain point, it drops the slow processes of thought and speech and mounts the wings of song and so flies forward to its hope. "O that I had wings as a dove;" the feet are too slow to bear us away from our sorrow to our rest. In the simplest life there is always this tendency of feeling, whether of joy or of sadness, to voice itself in melody.—*Munger.*

LAST NIGHT, WHEN ALL WAS STILL.

HALFDAN RJERULF.

p *Andantino.*

1. Last night the nightingale woke me! Last night when all was still! It sang in the golden moon-
2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night, I wake and would you were here,
3. Oh, think not I can for-get you; I could not, though I would; I see you in all a-round

dolce

light, From out the woodland hill. I o-pen'd my window so gent-ly, I look'd on the
love, And tears are blinding my sight. I hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind is
me, The stream, the night, the wood, The flowers that slum-ber so gent-ly, The stars a-

p

dreaming dew, And oh! the bird, my darling, Was singing, singing of you, of you!
float-ing through; And oh! the night, my darling, Is sighing, sighing for you, for you!
bove the blue; Oh! heaven it-self, my darling, Is praying, praying for you, for you!

English version by Theodore Marzials, after German translation by Chr. Winther, from the Swedish.

Never refuse to join in a chorus; take rather an intermediate part; this class of practice contributes towards making you a good musician. But what is it they call being a *good musician*? You are not a good musician if, keeping your eyes anxiously fixed upon the notes, you get to the end of your task only with difficulty; if, some one having turned over two pages at once, you stop short and are unable to continue. You are a good musician if you can apprehend what follows, or if you can remember it in pieces which you have already seen, in a word, if you have music not only in your fingers, but in your head and heart. But how does one become a good musician? My dear friend, the requisite qualities for that—a correct ear and a prompt conception—are a gift from above. But these good dispositions may be cultivated and improved. You will not become a good musician if you shut yourself up out of the world and devote yourself solely to studies which are practical and mechanical; but by constant intercourse with the musical world, particularly with orchestras and choirs.—*Schumann.*

SINGING will prove a pleasant auxiliary in all the work of the school-room. If pupils are dull, uneasy, or too playful, call upon them to sing one or two good songs, and the result will be highly salutary. Angry or dull feelings will be dispelled, and a spirit of cheerfulness produced throughout the school. You may safely introduce music, devoting some time to it daily.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

MRS. C. BARNARD.

rit.

1. Come back to E - rin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth,
2. O - ver the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee a - way,
3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleepin', Watch o'er my bird in the land far a - way,

Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, Mavourneen, And it's Kil-lar-ney shall ring with our mirth.
Rid - ing the white waves that fair summer morn - in' Just like a May flow'r a - float on the bay.
And it's my pray'rs will consign to their keep - in' Care of my jew - el by night and by day.

Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful England, Lit - tle we tho't of the lone win-ter days,
Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us, Like a grey cur - tain, the rain fall-ing down,
When by the fire - side I watch the bright embers, Then all my heart flies to England and thee,

Lit - tle we tho't of the hush of the star-shine O - ver the mountain, the bluffs and the brays! Then
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean, Far, far away, where my Colleen had flown. Then
Cravin' to know if my dar - lin' re-members, Or if her tho'ts may be cross - in' to me. Then

Animato.

come back to E - rin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Come back again to the land of thy birth,

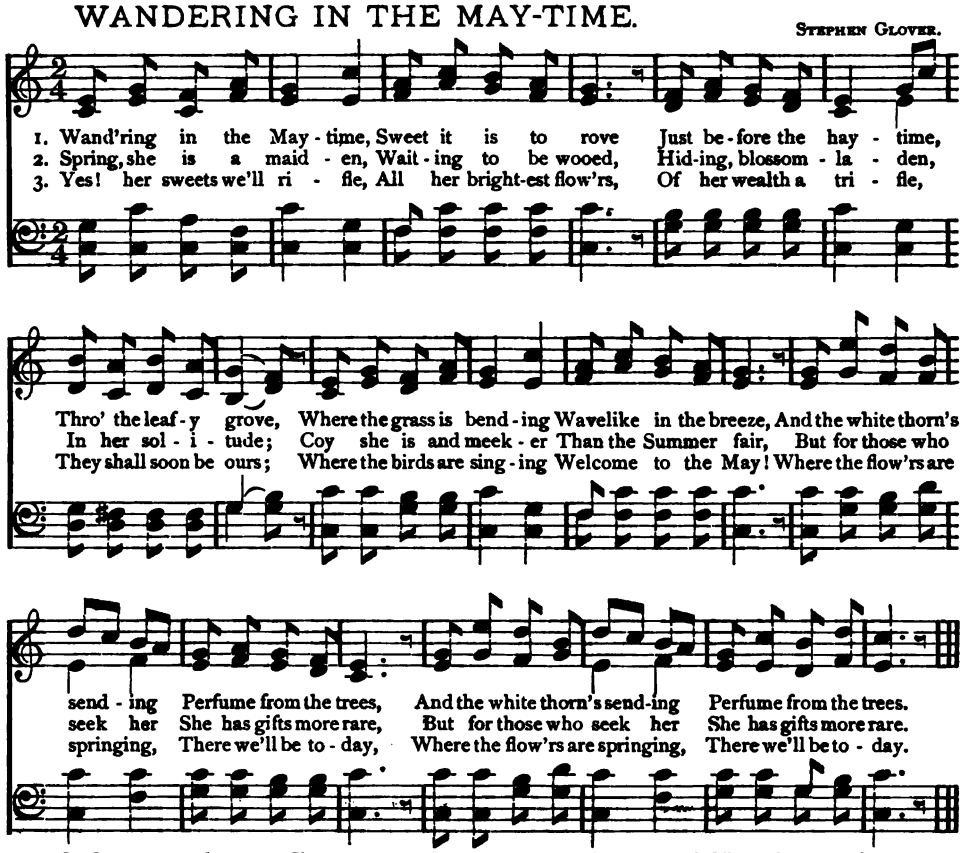
cres. *molto cres.* *f*

Come back to E - rin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

WRAPPED in this ancient garment, he would sit beside Mark, listening to the boy's stories with his deep unfathomed smile; and as he went on with his histories, the boy used to look into his companion's face, wondering at the slow smile, and at the deep wrinkles of the worn visage, till at length, fascinated at the sight, he forgot his stories, and looking into the old man's face appeared to Mark, though the comparison seems preposterous, like gazing at the fated story of the mystic tracings of the star-lit skies. Why the old man listened so patiently to these childish stories no one could tell; perhaps he did not hear them. He himself said that the presence of Mark had the effect of music upon his worn and jaded sense. "The Maestro has been talking to me this morning," he said one day. "He thinks that life is imperfect, struggling, a failure, ugly most often; that art is perfect, complete, beautiful, and full of force and power; but I tell him that some failure is better than success; sometimes ugliness is a finer thing than beauty; and that the best of art is only that which reproduces life. If life were fashioned after the most perfect art, you would never be able to cry, nor to make me cry, as you do over your beautiful tales. Then I think that somewhere there must be a higher art that surpasses the realism of life—a divine art which is not life but fashions life. When I look at you, little one," Carricchio went on, "I feel almost as I do when the violins break in upon the jar and fret of the wittiest dialogue in the play. Jest and lively fancy—these

WANDERING IN THE MAY-TIME.

STEPHEN GLOVER.



Or, first verse may be sung as Chorus, second as Solo, and third as Semi-chorus, each followed by 1st as Chorus.

are the sweets of life, no doubt—and humorous thought and speech and gesture—but they are not this divine art, they are not rest. They shrivel and wither the brain. The whole being is parched; the heart is dry in this sultry, piercing light. But when the stringed melodies steal in, and when the rippling, surging arpeggios and crescendos sweep in upon the sense, and the stilled cadences that lull and soothe—then, indeed, it is like moisture and the gracious dew. It is like sleep; the strained nerves relax; the overwrought frame, which is like dry garden mould, is softened, and the flowers spring up again." Carricchio paused; but as Mark said nothing, he went on again. "The other life is gay, lively, bright, full of excitement and interest, of tender pity even, and of love—but this is rest and peace. The other is human life, but what is this? Art? Ah! but a divine art. Here is no struggle, no selfish desire, no striving, no conflict of love or of hate. It is like silence, the most unselfish thing there is. I have, indeed, sometimes thought that music must be the silence of Heaven." "The silence of Heaven!" said Mark, with open eyes. "The silence of Heaven! What then are its words?" "Ah! that," said the old clown smiling, but with a sad slowness in his speech, "that is beyond me to tell. I can hear its silence, but not its voice."—"*Little Schoolmaster Mark.*"

How packed with emotions, how thoroughly attuned to the heart of man, is the world of sound—a very voice of God, which, if it could utter all its notes at once, would give forth an infinite and eternal harmony.

ANNA SONG.

"NANON."
RICHARD GENEE.

Allegretto non troppo.

1. Why seems this day so bright and gay? Why seems the sky so fair? Why is my heart happy and light?
Was ist denn heut' wohl fuer ein Tag, das mir so frok zu Sinn? Laut kuendet mir des Herzens Schlag,
2. Why sing the birds on ev'ry bough In all the perfumed air? Why like a bee doth fan - cy go

Na - ture sings ev - 'ry where. Ah! 'tis Saint Ann's day, Saint Ann's day, Saint Ann's day.
dass heut' ich se - lig bin! Ei, heut' ist An - na, Sankt An - na, Sankt An - na!
From flow'r to flow'r more rare? Ah! 'tis Saint Ann's day, Saint Ann's day, Saint Ann's day.

a tempo.

No day so bright and clear In all this long and hap-py year. . . . . An-na, with rapture I
Kein schoen'rer Tag noch war im ganzen lieben lan-gen Jahr! . . . . . An-na, zu dir ist mein

pp

come to thee, I come to thee, I come to thee, An - na, my song un - to thee must be, To
lieb-ster Gang, mein liebster Gang, mein liebster Gang; Anna, dir toe-net mein be - ster Sang, mein

rall. *a tempo.*

thee must be, To thee must be, An-na, my dearest, be true to me, be true to me, be
ve - ster Sang, mein bester Sang! Anna, Nanettchen, welch holder Klang, welch holder Klang, welch

f

true to me, An - na, in thy praise I'll sing my song, Yes, my whole life long.
hol - der Klang! An - na, dir sing' ich mein Le - ben lang, Ja, mein Le - ben lang.

On Tuesday evening, April 16, 1861, great meetings were held in Chicago. Fort Sumter had been fired on, and Governor Yates had been called upon for six regiments of militia for immediate service. A grand rally of the people was called to be held in old Metropolitan Hall. The excitement was so intense that no hall in the city could be found to accommodate even a fair representation of the people inflamed by the news from the South. It was decided to hold several gatherings. The main meeting was held in Metropolitan Hall. Norman B. Judd, President Lincoln's intimate friend, was chosen to preside. Owen Lovejoy made the most stirring speech of the evening. Then the new song just composed by George F. Root, entitled, "The First Gun is Fired! May God Protect the Right!" was sung by Messrs. Lumbard. This was the opening of that brilliant campaign of patriotic music which lasted during the entire war for the Union. All over the land the name of George F. Root is as familiar as that of the old commanders among the boys in blue. The incident alluded to, when the song, "The First Gun is Fired!" was brought out, was the beginning of that series of soul-inspiring lyrics that sung themselves into every loyal heart. His most popular song, "The Battle Cry

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP!

Tempo di Marcia. George F. Root.

1. In the prison cell I sit, Thinking, mother dear, of you, And our bright and happy home so far away, And the
2. In the battle front we stood When their fiercest charge they made, And they swept us off, a hundred men or more, But be-
3. So within the prison cell, We are waiting for the day That shall come to open wide the iron door, And the

tears they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.
fore we reach'd their lines, They were beaten back dismay'd, And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.
hollow eye grows bright, And the poor heart almost gay, As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be - they will come,

neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air again Of the free - land in our own beloved home.

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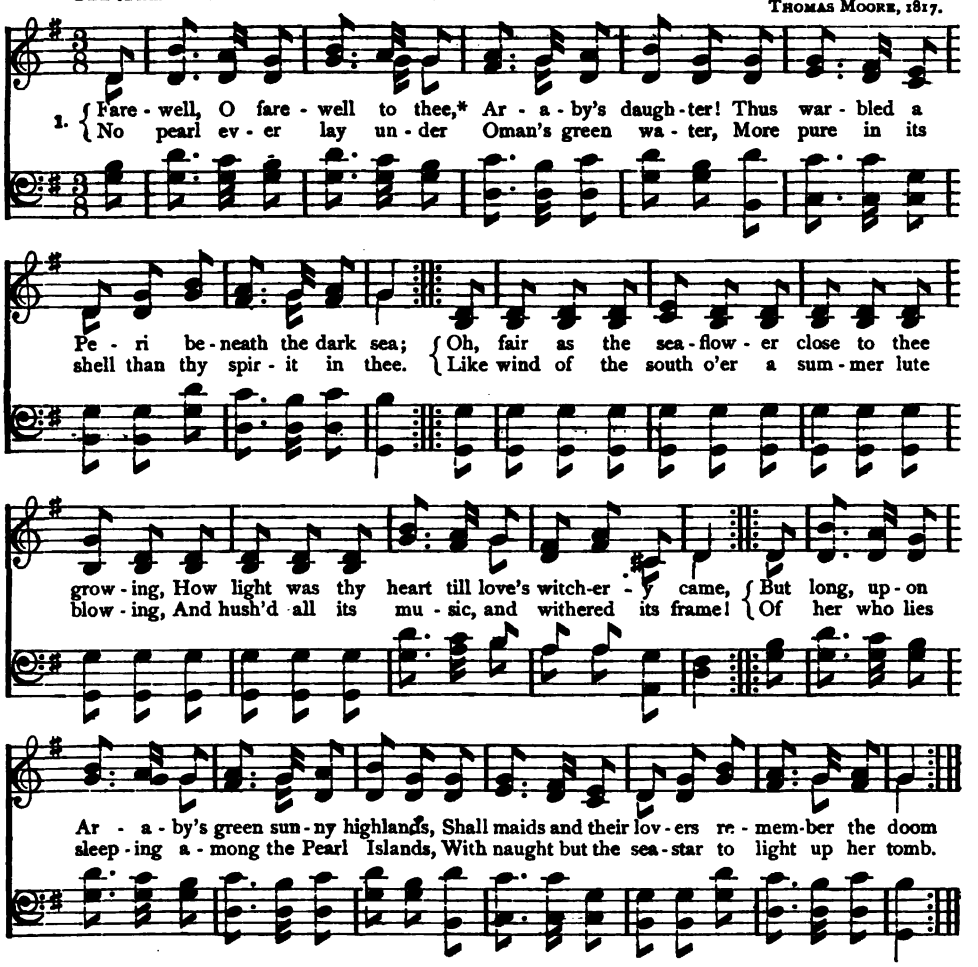
of Freedom," became popular very early in the war and never lost its power. It was written in 1861, on President Lincoln's second call for troops, and after it had received the stamp of popular favor in Chicago, it was sung at a public meeting held in Union Square, New York, by the well-known Hutchinson family. From that hour its success was assured. Dr. Root, who was given such a graceful and merited reception recently (1888) in Central Music Hall, contributed more patriotic and deservedly popular songs to our literature than probably any other composer of his day. Many and many a time were the little Christian Commission hymn books, with the stars and stripes printed on the covers, and filled with patriotism and piety, the rod that smote the barren rock in the moral desert, and the wilderness was made to blossom as the rose. These songs, among which "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp! the Boys are Marching" was one of the most popular with the boys at the front, were just what Murdoch's readings or Gough's lectures were in camp or court. The country owes much to men like Dr. Root, and should not forget its debt to Henry C. Work and C. C. Sawyer, and that elder race like Francis Scott Key, John Howard Payne, and Stephen C. Foster.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE famous Abbe Liszt does not see why, with all the natural vocal organs, every person should not be as well able to sing as to talk. He says: "One of the most distinguished schoolmasters of whom Prussia can boast is at the same time an excellent reader. Both his reading and conversation are musical—highly so; and his various and beautiful intonations might be graduated by a scale. Yet he has never learned to sing, having been early led to believe himself destitute of the necessary taste and talent." We have seen a little girl who appeared to be as destitute of an ear for music, or of power to execute, as was this schoolmaster. Yet her parents, being determined that she should sing, contrived to set her a daily example. This example, though not the most perfect, aided by the custom of singing in the day-school and Sabbath-school which she attended, at length wrought a change in her, and she has long been a good singer. A plain, common-sense man was accustomed to say: "Any one who can call the cows can sing." The remark has truth in it, even though we should admit a somewhat wide, diversity in natural character. Every one can read and speak with more or less of accuracy, and of music, too; then why cannot every one sing?

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

E. KIALLMARK.
THOMAS MOORE, 1817.



And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset will weep when thy story is told.
The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.
Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget thee,—
Tho' tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell! be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.
Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.
Farewell! O farewell! until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in the wave.

* From the Fire Worshippers, third story told in Lalla Rookh.

TRY to be early in possession of that knowledge which is requisite for the management and conducting of an orchestra. Often take notice of the best conductors; even try to conduct an orchestra in thought, and you will obtain a better idea of what you are listening to. Be not neglectful of the study of life, as well as that of the other arts and sciences. Art is governed by the laws of morality. You will always be raising yourself by industry and perseverance. From a pound-weight of iron, the value of which is only a few halfpence, are manufactured thousands of watch-springs, worth a thousand times more than the iron. Employ to advantage that pound which you have received from Heaven. Nothing great in art is accomplished without enthusiasm. The purpose of art is not to procure you riches; first be a noble artist, and the rest will be given you into the bargain. Some one used to maintain that a good musician should, on the first hearing of an orchestral piece, however complicated, be able, as it were, to see the score before the eyes of his mind. This is the highest degree of perfection which can be imagined.—*Robert Schumann.*

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THOMAS MOORE?

Andante.

1. The scene was more beau - ti - ful far to my eye Than if day in its pride had ar - rayed it; The land breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky Look'd pure as the Spi - rit that made it; The murmur rose soft, as I si- lent- ly gazed, In the shadow - y waves' play- ful motion, From the dim, distant hill, till the lighthouse fire blazed, Like a star in the midst of the ocean.
2. No long - er the joy of the sail - or-boy's breast Was heard in his wild - ly-breathed numbers; The sea - bird had flown to her wave - girdled nest; The fish - er - man sunk to his slumbers. One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope—All hushed was the bil- low's com - motion,—And thought that the lighthouse looked lovely as hope, That star of life's tremulous ocean.
3. The time is long past, and the scene is a - far, Yet, when my head rests on its pil - low, Will mem-'ry sometimes re - kin - dle the star, That blazed on the breast of the bil - low. In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies, And death stills the heart's last e - motion, Oh! then may the seraph of mercy a- rise, Like a star on e- ter-ni - ty's o - cean.

LYRICS springing directly from the heart may be compared with rippling springs. The majestically flowing heroic poems, containing the emotions of entire nations, are gigantic rivers nourished by countless streams and brooks. The holy scriptures of all religions, into which the fancies, emotions, presentments, and hopes of humanity flow, and from which they ever renew themselves, are the all-containing, all-nourishing, mysteriously surging oceans. Fanciful, sparkling, rushing and effervescing humorous writings, displaying at one moment playful jest and then serious depth and force, are mighty waterfalls. Sudden, uprising wit is the jet of a fountain; the didactic poem brought to light by dint of thought and meditation, and offering mankind wholesome instruction, is the living water dipped from a deep well. Comedy exhibiting in a small frame a picture of the world is the clear brooklet reflecting the sun. Thoughts that dissect the elementary parts of a subject are drops of water that resolve simple light into its rainbow hues.

SAILING.

GODFREY MARKS.

Con Spirito.

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our
2. The sai - lor's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing
3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev' - ry

cres.

lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant barque shall brave - ly
sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launch-es on the
sail; The har - bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare - well once more to home so

steer, But ere we part from England's shores to-night, A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright.
wave, A - far he speeds in distant climes to roam, With jocund song he rides the sparkling foam.
dear, For when the tem - pest rag- es loud and long, That home shall be our guiding star and song.

ad lib.

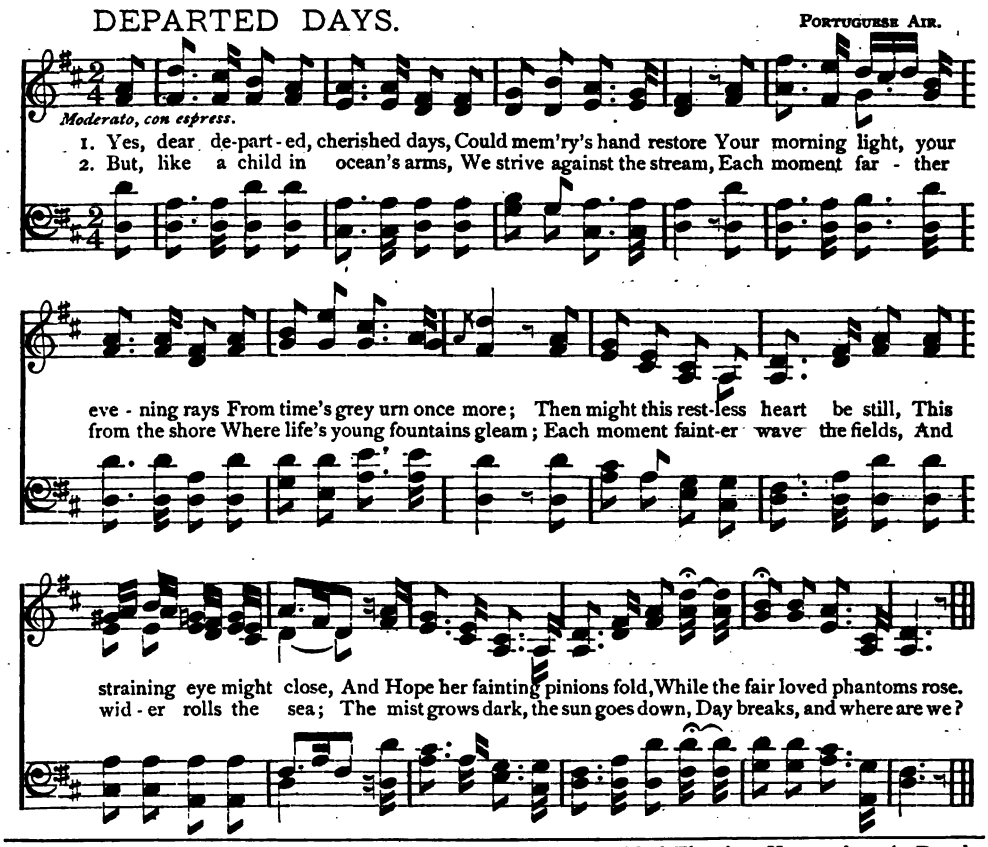
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the hearts so true, Who will think of him upon the waters blue!

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main; For many a stormy wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home again!

ad lib.

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main; For many a stormy wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home again.

THE familiar song "Ben Bolt" was written in 1842. Dr. T. D. English its author, then resided in Philadelphia and was for years devoted to literary pursuits, as author, editor, and contributor to literary periodicals. He was visiting in New York, when N. P. Willis, who, with George P. Morris, was editing the *New Mirror*, asked him for a gratuitous contribution, and suggested that it be a sea song. The song was promised, and on returning to his home, Dr. E. attempted to make good his word. Only one line that smacked of the sea came at his bidding; but at a white heat he composed the five stanzas of "Ben Bolt," betraying the original intention in the last line of the last stanza. Within a year the poem had been reprinted in England, and its author then thought it might be a still greater favorite if set to appropriate music. In 1848, a play was brought out in Pittsburgh, called "The Battle of Buena Vista," in which the song of "Ben Bolt" was introduced. A. M. Hunt, an Englishman, connected with western journalism, had read the words in an English newspaper, and gave them from memory to Nelson Kneass, filling in from his imagination where his memory failed. Kneass adapted a German melody to the lines, and they were sung in the play. The drama died, but the song survived. A music publisher of Cincinnati obtained the copyright, and it was the business success of his career. In theatres, concert rooms, minstrel shows, and private parlors nothing was heard but "Ben Bolt." It was ground on hand-organs, and whistled in the streets, and "Sweet Alice" became the pet of the public. A steamboat in the West, and a ship in the East, were named after her. The steamer was blown up, and the ship was wrecked, but Alice floated safely in the fragile bark



of song. The poem went abroad, and obtained great popularity in England. The streets of London were flooded with parodies, answers, and imitations, printed on broadsides, and sung and sold by curbstone minstrels. A play was written there, based upon it, and as late as 1877 a serial novel ran through a London weekly paper of note, in which the memories evoked by the singing of "Ben Bolt" played a prominent part in evolving the catastrophe. Nelson Kneass came of a good family, but preferred a semi-vagrant life. He was a teacher of music in New York, and a singer in the Park Theatre, and afterward became a negro minstrel. He was a jolly, companionable fellow, "nobody's enemy but his own," and ended a precarious existence in poverty. He always complaimed that he received but a trifle for the music.—*Familiar Songs.*

THE poet Karl Theodore Körner, born in Dresden in 1791, was killed in battle in the twenty-second year of his age. His great genius was recognized for years before his too early death. An ardent patriot, he belonged to the famous Luezow's Corps, in which he was a lieutenant. On the morning before his first fight he composed the "Battle Prayer." Some time later, while waiting in a wood through the night, expecting an attack from the troops of Napoleon, he composed his "Sword Song." In the morning came the attack anticipated, and, while repulsing and pursuing the enemy, he fell mortally wounded. The music, found elsewhere, admirably adapted to the "Battle Prayer," was written by Friedrich Heinrich Hummel, who was born in Brandenburgh in 1765. Much of his music, both sacred and secular, is very popular in Germany.

BEN BOLT.

NELSON KNEASS.
THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Semplice.

1. Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown, Who
2. Un - der the hick-o - ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To -
3. And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, With the master so kind and so true, And the
4. There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have changed from the old to the new; But I

wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown? In the
geth - er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And listened to Ap - ple - ton's mill. The mill -
sha - ded nook by the running brook, Where the fairest wild flow'rs grew? Grass
feel in the depths of my spir - it the truth, There never was change in you. Twelve

old church-yard, in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone, They have
wheel has fall - en to pieces, Ben Bolt, The raft - ers have tum - bled in, And a
grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is dry, And of
months twen - ty have past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends—yet I hail Thy

fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone, They have
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has followed the old - en din, And a
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I, And of
pres - ence a blessing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt - sea gale, Thy

ad libitum.

fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone.
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din.
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I.
presence a bless - ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt, of the salt - sea gale!

LULLABY FROM "ERMINIE."

C. Bellamy.
E. Jakobowski.

Moderato.

p

1. Dear moth-er! in dreams I see her, With lov'd face sweet and calm, And
2. Ah! e'en when her life was eb - bing Her words were all of me, My

hear her voice with love re-joice When nest-ling on her arm; I
fu - ture years were all her fears, Lest an-guish I should see; My

think how she softly press'd me, Of the tears in each glist'ning eye, As her watch she'd keep when she
fa-ther, I hear him weeping As, in sor-row standing by, Comes my mother's plaint in those

mf *p*

rocked to sleep Her child with this lul - la - by, Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,
ac-cents faint, Her tender, sweet lul - la - by, Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,

A little faster.

p

bye, bye, bye, bye, bye. Bye, bye, drow-si-ness o'er-tak-ing, Pret-ty lit-tle eye-lids

sleep. Bye, bye, watching till thou'rt waking; Darling, be thy slum-ber deep.

mf

Solo. Bye, bye, drow-si-ness o'er-tak-ing; Pret-ty lit-tle eye-lids sleep. Bye, bye,

Or this Vocal accompaniment may be Sung with Solo, if preferred, as in the Stage representation of the Opera.

bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye,

rall. dim. *pp*

watching till thou'rt waking; Darling, be thy slumber deep! Bye, bye, bye, bye.

Vocal accompaniment. *rall. dim.* *pp*

Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.

pp

SONG OF THE MAY.

GERMAN.

1. I wel-come thee with glad-ness, Thou bright and blooming May, So long in wea-ry sad-ness We mourned at thy de-lay, So long in wea-ry sadness We mourned at thy de-lay.
2. No long-er Earth lies dreaming, No long-er hearts are sad, But all the woods are gleaming, With tender ver-dure clad, But all the woods are gleaming, With tender verdure clad.
3. Freed by the warm sun's pow-er The brooklets speed a-long, To kiss each bend-ing flow-er, And wake the wild-bird's song, To kiss each bending flower, And wake the wild-bird's song.
4. Oh, that to me were giv-en Some lit-tle bird's swift wing, In-to the far blue heav-en That I might soar and sing, In-to the far blue heaven That I might soar and sing.

As you advance in age, do not occupy yourself much with things that are simply fashionable. Time is precious, and we would have to live a hundred lives if we wished only to know all that is good. Men of robust constitution are not produced by feeding children on sweetmeats. Nourishment for the mind ought to be as plain and substantial as that for the body. The first has been abundantly supplied us by the great masters; keep to it. Do not encourage bad compositions, but, on the contrary, help energetically in their suppression. You must never play bad compositions, nor even listen to them, if you are not forced to do so. Do not run after that brilliant execution which is called "*la bravura.*" Try to produce an impression by rendering the idea which the composer aimed at expressing; to attempt more than this is to be ridiculous. Consider it as something odious to alter anything in the works of the masters, to omit anything or to add anything new; liberties of this nature are an insult to art. On the subject of a proper selection of pieces for study, address yourself to persons older than you are, and you will thus avoid a waste of time. Apply yourself to becoming acquainted successively with the principal works of the great masters. Do not allow yourself to be led away by the applause which is obtained by popular performers; always have a preference for the praise of artists rather than for the applause of the multitude.—*R. Schumann.*

ROW THY BOAT LIGHTLY.

I. B. Woodbury.
H. T. Woodman.

1. Row thy boat light-ly, love, o-ver the sea; Twilight is fall-ing, I'll has-ten with thee,
2. Brave is the heart of the fish-er-man's bride, Tho' the wind fretteth the wave in its pride;
3. How the bark dashes from mountain to vale, Toss'd like a feather, the sport of the gale!

O'er the blue wa-ters now sparkling with foam, Ev-er-more, dearest, to dwell in thy home.
What tho' the storm hath encompassed the sea, Clasping her treasure, oh, what car-eth she?
Now it is riv-en! to-geth-er they go To the still depths of the [*cav-erns be-low!]

Row thy boat lightly, love, ov-er the sea; Dai-ly and nightly I'll wander with thee,

On its clear bosom con-tent-ed we'll roam, Ev-er-more, dearest, to dwell in thy home.

* Sing the small notes to these two words.

It is of the highest importance to properly educate the ear. Try to recognize the different notes given by a bell, a glass, a bird, etc. Scales and exercises may be frequently practiced, but are not sufficient. There are many people who are possessed with the idea that by this means they may attain to a supreme degree of perfection, and who, long after youth has fled, keep on devoting several hours a day to exercises which are purely mechanical. It is just the same as trytng to pronounce A B C every day faster and faster. Make a better use of your time. A noiseless key-board has been invented by some one; give it a trial, so that you may satisfy yourself as to its utter worthlessness. Dumb people cannot teach us to speak.—*Schumann.*

The home that has been made the sunny side of life never loses its beneficent influence over those it has sheltered in childhood, however they may be jostled by the rude vicissitudes of life. One of the most memorable reminiscences of California is told of the first great queen of song who appeared in San Francisco, among the restless men gathered there in the early days. They had learned not to value life; they had become a law unto themselves that defied all the teachings of their youth; but when "Home, Sweet Home" was sung tears scalded the bronzed faces, and sobs welled up from hearts which had left sentiment behind for adventure. Take the sunny side of home. It will be a well-spring of joy from the cradle to the tomb—*Mc Clure.*

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

J. K. MITCHELL.

Andante grazioso. *Fine.*

Oh! home of my childhood, still welcome to me The dreams of thy wild-wood afar o'er the sea.

1. Tho' far from thee roving o'er land and o'er sea, There's nothing worth loving that looks not like thee; The
2. When bright halls are glowing, and music is there, And wit round is flashing, bright, sparkling and rare, A-
3. I gaze on sweet places, but where is the charm? I look on bright faces, but oh, not so warm As the

D.C.

maz-es of fashion, the tempt-ings of fame, The storm-bursts of passion, still leave me the same.
way, far in feeling, to wood-land and rill, My fan-cy is steal-ing to hear the old mill.
loved ones of childhood, the smiles of my home, Still sweeter, dear wildwood, the far-ther I roam!

GAILY OUR BOAT GLIDES.

Fine.

Allegretto.

1. Gai-ly our boat glides o'er the sea, And light the oar we ply; Mer-ri-ly ring our songs so free, As
2. Here on the bil-low as we go, A-way from care and strife, Health is in store for us, we know, Oh!
3. Bend to the oar, nor fear the storm, Away, a-way we glide; Mer-ri-ly sing, nor sit for-lorn, As

D.C.

sea-birds round us fly.
who would flee this life!
glides the homeward tide.
} Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.

1 (ROUND.) 2 S 4

Sing it o-ver with your might; Never leave it, Never leave it till 'tis right.

THOU ART SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

Moderato. A. Reichardt.

1. I know an eye, so soft-ly bright, That glistens like a star at night; My soul it
2. That eye so soft as vio-lets blue, A treasure bears of morning dew; And when its
1. Ich kenn' ein Aug,' das so mild, Und glänzend wie ein Sternen-bild, Voll Huld auf
2. Dies Aug' ist süss und veil-cheu-blau Drin spiegelt sich der Thränen-thau Und wenn ich

draws with glances kind, To heav'n's blue vault, and there I find An-oth-er
light entranc'd I see, What joy, what pain pos-sess-es me! A world where
mich, her-nie-der sieht, Und mich hin-auf zum Himmel zieht, Dort prangt ein
die-ses Au-ge seh' Er-füllt mich Lust er-füllt mich Weh' Ver-sen-ken

rit. *f* *p*

star, as pure and clear, As that which mildly sparkles here. Be-lov-ed eye, be-lov-ed
I would gladly dwell, Is that bright orb I love so well. Be-lov-ed eye, be-lov-ed,
Stern, so hell und rein, Wie je-nes Au-ges Son-nen-schein. Du lie-bes Aug', du lie-ber
möcht' ich mich hin-ein Und je-nes Au-ges Ap-fel sein. Du lie-bes Aug', du lie-ber

f *p* *p* *p* *f* *con espress.*

star, Thou art so near, and yet so far! Be-lov-ed eye, be-lov-ed star, Thou art so
Stern, Du bist mir nah', und doch so fern Du lie-bes Aug', du lie-ber Stern, Du bist mir

più animato.

near, and yet so far! 3. If closed at last that ra-diant eye should be, No
nah', und doch so fern. 3. Doch schliesset einmal die-ses Au-ge sich, Dann

more the day will dawn for me; If night should dim its laughing light, Oh, then for-
wird es nie mehr Tag für mich, When jener Stern mir nicht mehr lacht Dann ist es

rit. *a tempo.*

ev - er, ev - er 'twill be night! Those eyes that bright - ly soft - ly shine, For me the
e - wig, e - wig für mich Nacht. Denn die - se bei - den Sterne hold Sind Monden -

pp *più mosso.* *pp* *pp* *pp*

sun and moon com - bine! Be-lov-ed eye, be-lov-ed star, Thou art so near, and yet so
schein und Son - nen gold. Du lie-bes Aug', du lie-ber Stern, Du bist mir nah', und doch so

pp *pp* *cres. con molto espress.* *f*

far! Be-lov-ed eye, be-lov-ed star, Thou art so near, and yet so far!
fern. Du lie-bes Aug', du lie-ber Stern, Du bist mir nah', und doch so fern.

SLEEP, BABY DEAR.

Tenderly. *mf* TAUWITZ.

p

1. All is still and rest - ful now, So my dar - ling slum - ber thou!
2. Soft - ly close each a - zure eye, Like twin May - buds let them lie,
3. Thus while flowers like thee I greet, Soft - ly kiss - ing eye - lids sweet,

p dolce. *p*

On - ly sighs the wind a - near—Lul - la - by, sleep, ba - by dear.
And when morn - ing shines a - new, They, like flowers, shall o - pen too.
Why need moth - er look with - out, Though the Spring is all a - bout?

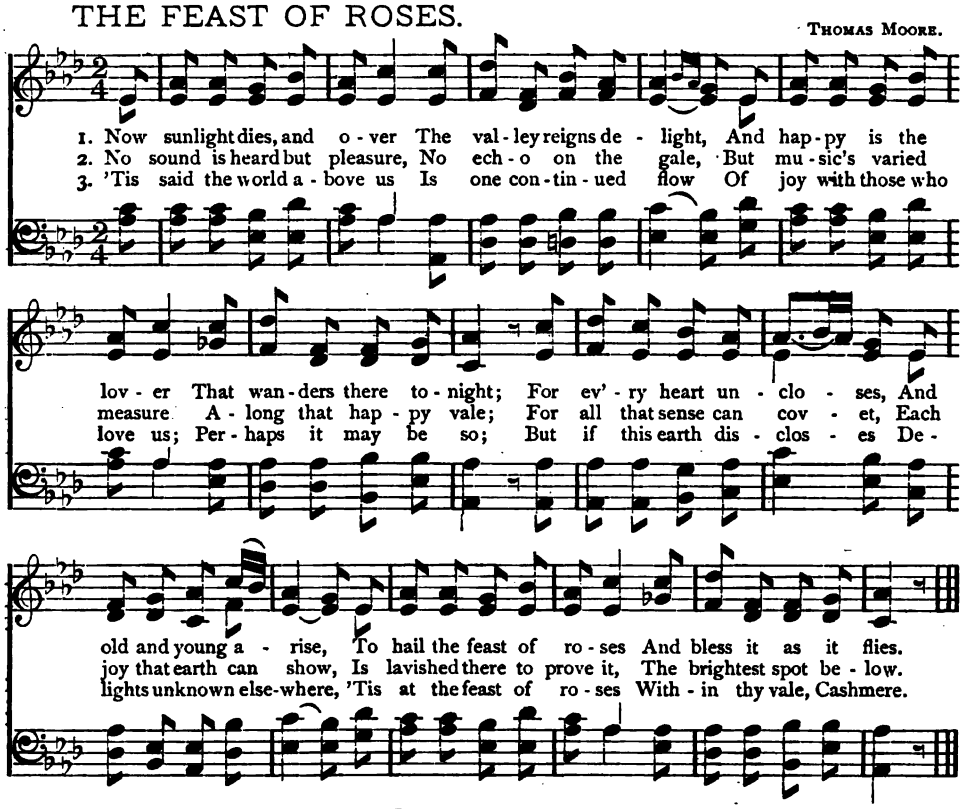
p

On - ly sighs the wind a - near—Lul - la - by, sleep, ba - by dear.
And when morn - ing shines a - new, They, like flowers, shall o - pen too.
Why need moth - er look with - out, Though the Spring is all a - bout?

THERE is lodged in all created things—so far as we know—a capacity for sound. There is no substance so coarse and unyielding, except perhaps some clays, but has its note which may be brought out under conditions either of concussion or tension. Strike any solid thing, and in addition to the noise caused by the vibrating air you will hear a certain note or key that belongs to the thing itself; or stretch any tensible thing and it will give out a note peculiar to itself when it is sufficiently touched. We do not hear gases when they are gently moved, nor a bubble when it bursts, but only because our ears are dull to their fineness. The pipes in the organ have had no capacity given them, but simply yield up what their original substances contained. Once they were solid woods, gross tin or lead hidden in the heart of the earth, but even there they had this capacity for sound, and their note and quality, as they had color and chemical affinity. Man has only developed what was within them. By arranging their shape and size and passing a current of air through them, we obtain a sound which the ear pronounces a musical note. And so we speak of a brassy sound—referring it not to a law of vibration nor to the shape of the instrument, but to its substance. Not only a certain kind of wood is required by the violinist, but only a certain quality of that wood will give him the quality of sound he desires. Some substances give forth their notes without re-arrangement by simple concussion, or friction, or tension. Water falling from various heights, and reeds of different lengths swept by the wind, and branches of trees bending under the storm, utter their notes, sometimes forming almost harmony. And so we may consider the earth as a harp strung

THE FEAST OF ROSES.

THOMAS MOORE.



with innumerable strings, silent yet, but full of tuneful sounds and needing only the skill of man to bring them out. This universal capacity for sound or tone is not a bare and unrelated thing, but is connected with a law of music which has its seat first in the air and then in the mind of man. We find in the air the musical scale or octave consisting of eight notes formed by quicker or slower vibrations, and so having a mathematical basis. All we can say of this law is that it is a law—why and how we cannot tell. Corresponding to this law of the air is a law of hearing within us, so that the musical sense with which we are endowed accords with the musical law of vibration. Thus the scale or octave has two apparent sources or foundations—one in the air, the other in man. The octave does not more truly exist in the mathematical vibration of air than in the mind. We speak vaguely if we say that man has a capacity for hearing the octave in the air; the law of the octave, with its mathematical exactness, is wrought into his nature as thoroughly as it is wrought into the external world. The wonderful thing here is not the adaptation of nature to man, but the absolute identity of the law in nature and the law in man; for if we only silently think the octave, we think it as under the same mathematical law as when we hear it in actual vibration. We behold here a manifestation of God that goes far beyond that of a skillful designer—forcing on us the thought that God is in the laws themselves. And so, at once, we leap to the grand conclusion that it is because God is so immersed, as it were, in these laws that we can use them for His praise beyond any others revealed to us. The subject is full of suggestion at this point.—*Munger.*

FRIENDS THAT WE NEVER FORGET.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.
SEP. WINNER, by per.

Moderato.

1. There are friends that we nev - er for - get, There are hearts that we ev - er hold
2. There are friends that we nev - er for - get, Tho' the seas may di - vide us for

dear; Tho' we meet with a kiss in a moment of bliss, Yet we part with a sigh and a
years, Yet we lin - ger a - part with a sor - rowing heart, In an absence that on - ly en -

tear. Oh, we learn our first les - son of love, At the home where our childhood is
dears. There are friends that we never for - get, There are hearts that we ev - er hold

rall. *tempo.*

passed, And we nev - er for - get tho' we part with re - gret, The friends of our youth till the
dear, Tho' we find but a few who are earn - est and true, Oh, how sweet 'tis to know them so

Chorus.

last. near. } There are friends, there are friends that we never forget; There are hearts that we ever hold

rall.

dear, Tho' we meet with a kiss, in a moment of bliss, Yet we part with a sigh and a tear.

THIS IS MY DREAM.

MILTON WELLINGS.
MARY MARK-LEMON.

Moderato.

mf

1. Some-times I dream that days of old are float-ing Far from the ha-ven
2. Some-times I seem to hear up-on the si-lence Words that you spoke when

rit. *a tempo.*

where we bade them rest, And in the twi-light wait beside my threshold That in life's evening
love so old was new, That tell my heart your path is cast in shad-ow, And life has proved un-

1st Verse.

shines serene and blest; Each golden hope on wings upraised to Heav'n, Each answered pray'r made
faith-ful and un-true.

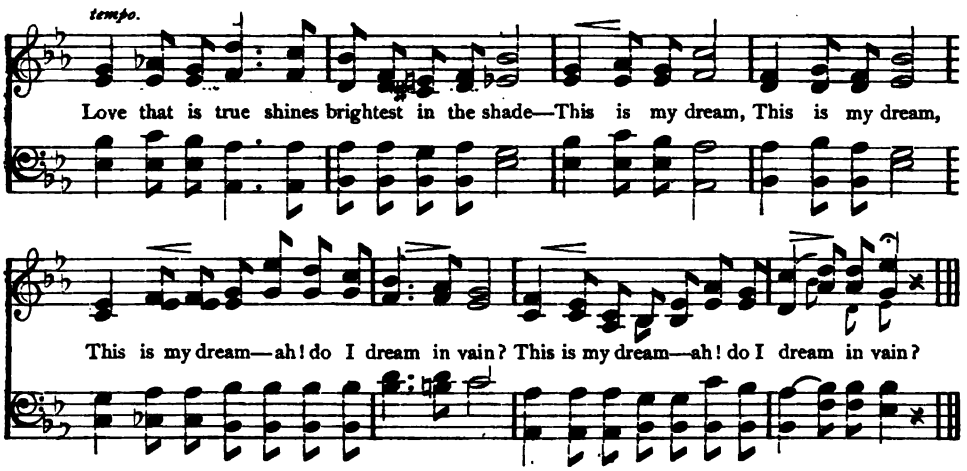
good and true by pain; All brok-en faith relinked by one glad word—Such is my dream,

2nd Verse.

accel con passione.

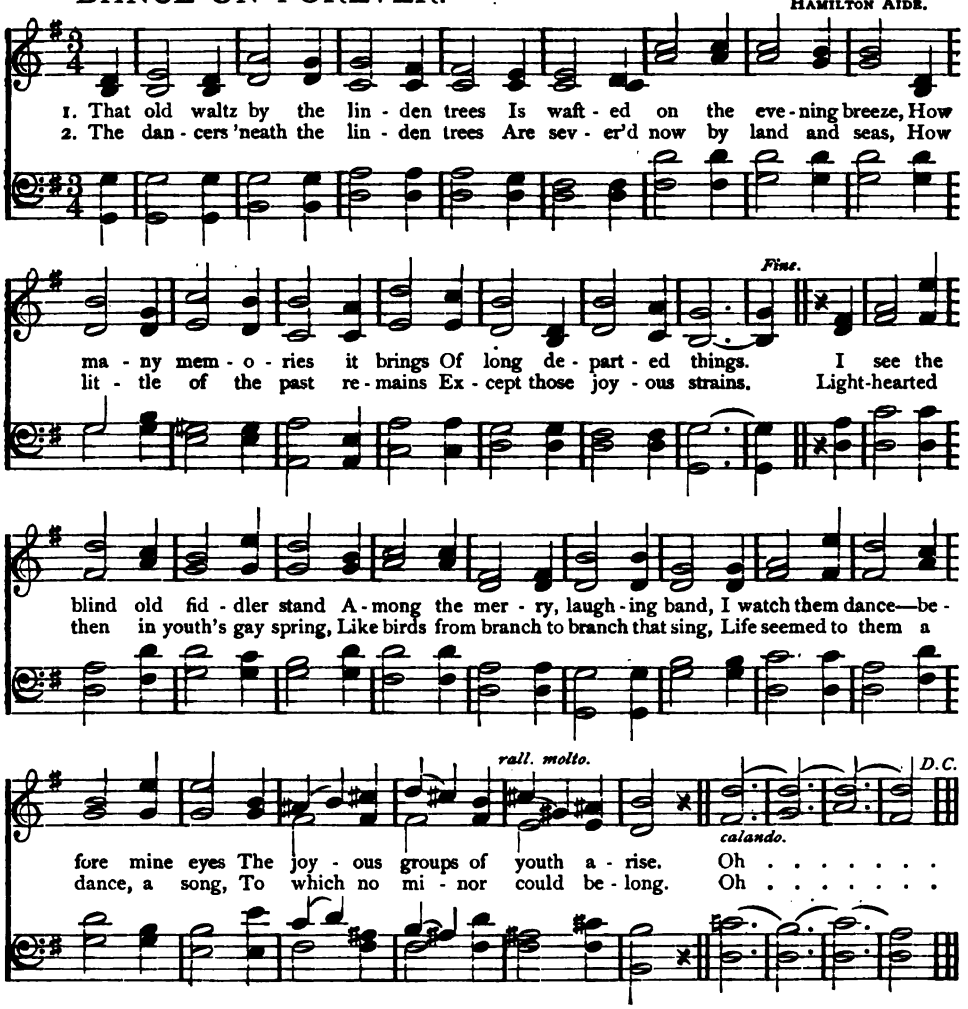
such is my dream, Such is my dream—ah! do I dream in vain? Then in the dark-ness

turn your hands to-ward me, Now from the shad-ow turn to light a-gain,—



DANCE ON FOREVER.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.



TRUE LOVE IS SWEET.

Wm. M. Hutchinson.

Moderato.

1st mf, 2nd verse p

1. The red light falls on cas - tle walls, On ram-part, moat, and gate, And on a knight, in
2. The knight is gone, the set - ting sun Has fad - ed in the west; The ev-'ning star shines

ar- mor bright, who may no lon - ger wait; He will not turn his head around To see the maid a -
out a - far, the star he loved the best, The maiden views her drea - ry room, Her heart is sad and

pp

bove, Who weeps and sighs, with mournful eyes, To view her parting love. "True love is sweet, al -
lone, For she is left, of all be- reft, His ver-y shield is gone. "True love is sweet, al -

pp

tho' 'tis giv'n in vain, Oh, love, we'll meet when death has end- ed pain; True love is

sweet, and yet I know not why, But life seems oft so bit - ter, 'twere bet-ter far to die."

pp *Andante.*

3. When sun- rise came, and dawning day, Within her barge the maiden lay, So calm and still and

fair, They rowed her up the si-lent stream, A smile, as in a hap-py dream, Upon her dead face there!

pp Moderato.

True love is sweet, al-tho' 'tis giv'n in vain, True love is sweet, When death has ended pain,

f *ff* *ad lib.*

Live on, true love, While life and time go by, Live on, for-ev-er, True love can nev-er die!

WORDS VAIN WORDS.

RUSSELL GRAY.
VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

Molto espressione.

1. Words—vain words, Echoes of what the heart would say, Faint, frail things,
2. Thoughts—strange thoughts, Echoes of what the soul may love, Great, true things,

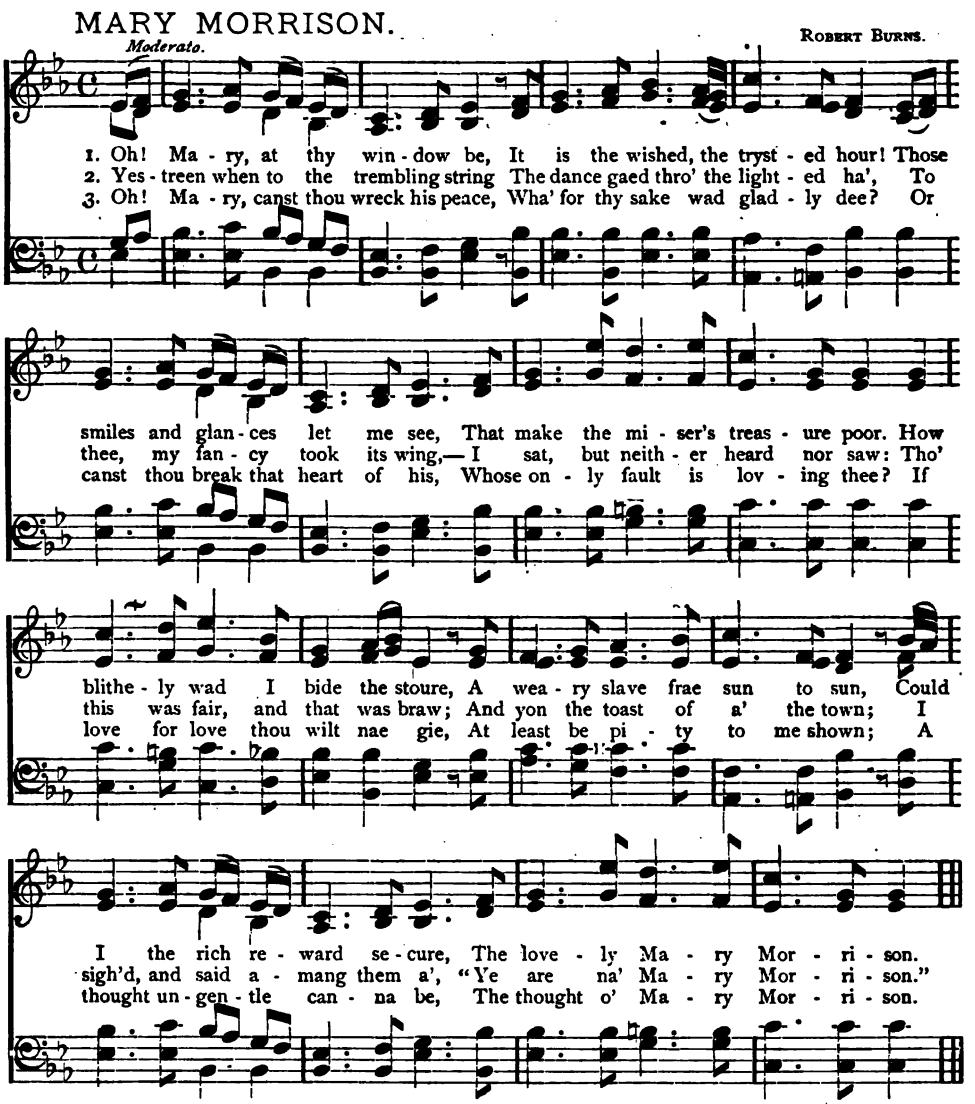
p *cres.*

That a breath can bear a-way; Oh! for a moment's time, one gold-en
Found in the realms above. Oh! for a moment's time, one per-fect

f *dim.*

space, When heart might answer heart, might answer heart, As we meet face to face.
space, When soul might rush to soul, might rush to soul, As we meet face to face.

If a revision of the code of studies should be made, then will come the question of selecting from those already in use, the most valuable as a mental, moral, and physical training during school life; for it must be admitted that the training given in the school has a very great influence on the future life of the young man and woman. There is, however, in the studies pursued regularly, a lack of moral training—a fact that must be apparent to every thoughtful student of the public school system—and that is brought too freqnently to our notice by the misdeeds of young men trained in our schools who occupy responsible positions. Unless the moral faculty of the mind is strengthened in the same ratio as are the other faculties, it becomes unbalanced, and does not have the disposition to distinguish clearly between right and wrong. Too many of our pupils are predisposed toward evil, and in giving them mental power without any restraining moral education, they too often use that power for evil instead of good. Now, music has



a powerful influence on the moral nature; it is a pleasant study, and as such will enforce and fix a thought in the mind almost unconsciously, when the strongest argument would fail to make a lasting impression. The question of time is an element that enters largely into the question of the adoption or rejection of a study, and here music has a great advantage, for the practice in music is a restful exercise, and pupils, after a short period of song, will be brighter, fresher, and more receptive, will be able to more than make up any time that is judiciously applied to music.—*W. S. Tilden.*

Music has in all ages been a source of the purest delight. In the present age its cultivation forms one of the most general and most refined sources of gratification and pleasure. All classes of people are now privileged to join in its delightful enjoyments. Lowly homes are now often elevated by the elegant practice of music, through the increased facilities for producing instruments at a cheap rate. Hence there is a more general study and a finer perception of what is good and beautiful, and this is doing much for the cultivation and the refinement of our people.

WE'LL GO TO THE MOUNTAINS.

TYROLIEN.

Allegretto con spirito.

1. We'll go to the mountains while morning is gray, For life on their summits is cheerful and gay, There
2. There Freedom's bold music is heard in the gale; There leaps the bright torrent in foam to the vale. Then

na - ture, in beau-ty, a-wakes in her prime, And gladness al-lures us, as upward we climb.
hail to the mountains! their echoes shall ring, Re - peat-ing the chor-us we joy-ous-ly sing.

Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, Tra

la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

JOHN G. SAXE.

1. Singing thro' the forests, Rattling o-ver ridges; Shooting un-der arches, Rumbling over bridges;
2. Men of different "stations" In the eye of fame, Here are ver - y quickly Coming to the same;
3. Gentlemen in shorts, Looming ver-y tall; Gen-tle-men at large, Talking ver-y small;
4. Market-woman, careful Of the precious casket, Knowing eggs are eggs, Tightly holds her basket;

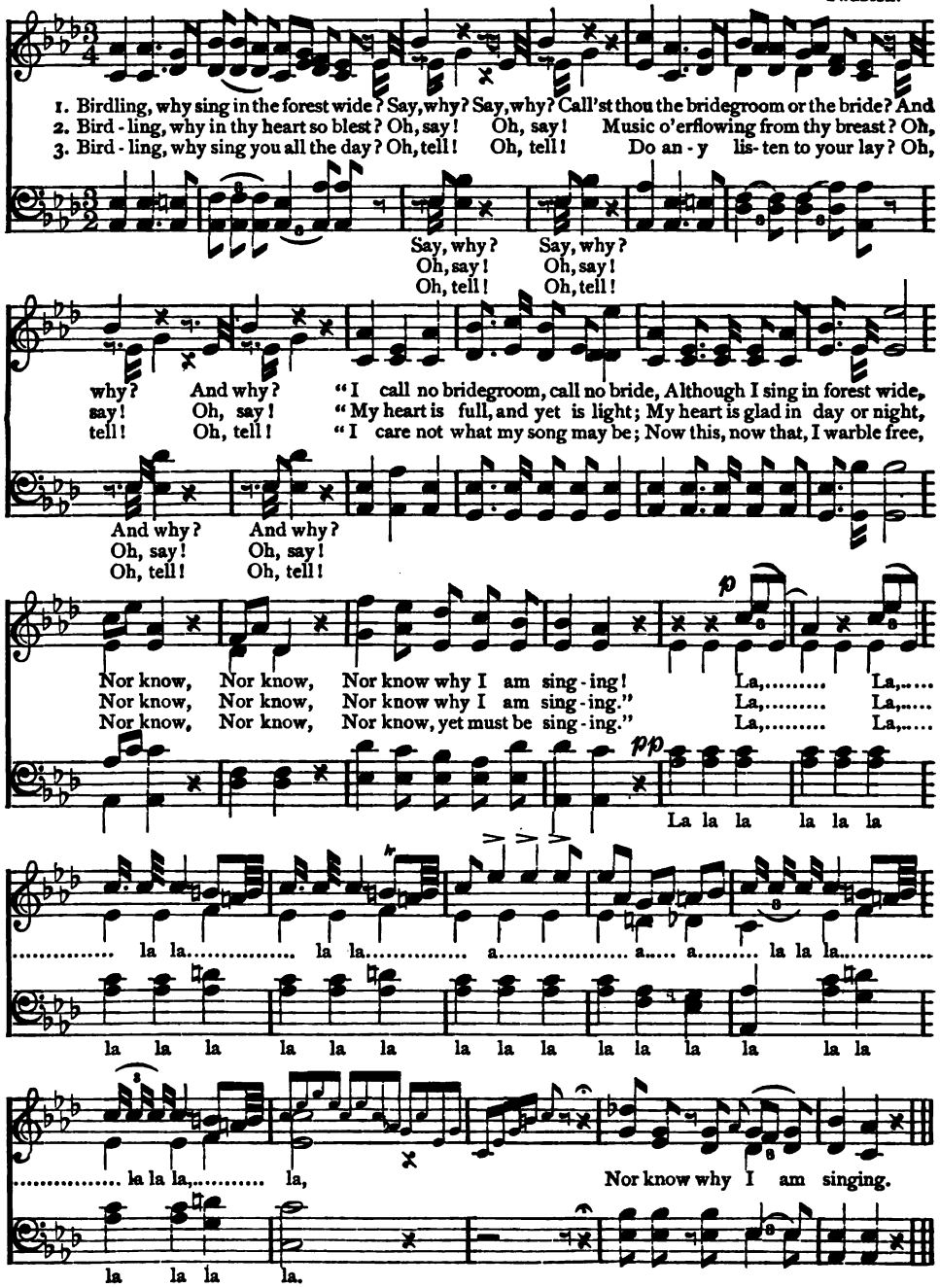
Whizzing thro' the mountains, Buzzing o'er the vale,—Bless me! this is pleasant, Riding on a rail!
High and lowly people, Birds of ev -'ry feather, On a common lev- el, Traveling to-gether.
Gentlemen in tights, With a loose-ish mein; Gentlemen in gray, Looking rather green.
Feeling that a smash, If it came, would surely Send her eggs to pot Rather prema- turely.

Sing 1st verse to close.

THE power of genius over matter, the responsiveness of metal, and tube, and string to the inmost emotion of the artist as well as to the coarser pressure of his hand, which we recognize with rare enjoyment in the organ, is only one branch of the greater law that all which we are publishes itself, that our secret quality tends to proclaim itself as from the housetop. As we are seen from the spiritual world, our latent quality, whether good or evil, is seen impressed on our conduct, breathes out upon the whole sphere that surrounds us. We play off our hidden music, whether vile or holy, upon the world. And this sensitive echo of the organ to the soul of the performer, is only one variation of the mighty truth that undertones the government of God, which it behooves us to meditate, and to apply to our states:—"There is nothing secret which shall not be made manifest, neither anything hid which shall not be known and come abroad."—*Rev. Thos. Starr King.*

JENNY LIND'S BIRD SONG.

SWEDISH.



THE sound post of the violin is a very important item in fitting an instrument. There is a marvellous power in this simple contrivance. It should fit as though it were a part of the back and belly. An instrument can frequently be cured of a bad character of tone by the slightest moving of the post. Those subject to what are termed wolfy notes can be remedied or the bad notes shifted to less important ones. It is a mistake to suppose there is a particular place for the sound post in all instruments alike. It depends upon the model of the instrument to a great extent. High models require the post nearer the foot of the bridge than flat models. Others require the post thick or thin. The regulating of the post should only be entrusted to the skilled hand, and we would impress upon amateurs that it is better never to shift the post themselves. Many good instruments have been much injured by unskilful tampering with the post.—*Pearce.*

OH; ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE?

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Moderato, with accent.

Oh, are ye sleepin', Maggie? Oh, are ye sleepin', Maggie? Let me in, for loud the linn[1] Is roar - in' o'er the warlock craigie.[2] Mirk and rain - y is the night, And
loud the linn Is roar - in' o'er the warlock craigie. Fear - fu' soughs the boor-tree bank, The
loud the linn Is roar - in' o'er the warlock craigie. Aboon[8] my breath I daur-na speak, For
loud the linn Is roar - in' o'er the warlock craigie? She oped the door, she let him in; He
no a starn[3] in a' the carrie,[4] Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,[4] And winds drive on wi'
rift - ed wood roars wild and drearie; Loud the i - ron yett[5] does clank, And cry o' how - lets[6]
fear I rouse your waukrif[9] daddie; Cauld's the blast up - on my cheek, Rise, O rise, my
cast a - side his dreep - in' plaidie; Blaw your warst, ye rain and win', Since, Maggie, now I'm

Chorus.

win - ter's fu - ry. Oh, are ye sleepin', Maggie? Oh, are ye sleepin', Mag - gie?
makes me eer - ie.[7] Oh, are ye sleepin', Maggie? Oh, are ye sleepin', Mag - gie?
bon - nie led-die. Oh, are ye sleepin', Maggie? Oh, are ye sleepin', Mag - gie?
in a - side ye. Now, since ye're wakin', Maggie! Now, since ye're wakin', Mag - gie!

Let me in, for loud the linn Is roar - in' o'er the war - lock craig - ie.
(4) What care I for how - let's cry, For boor-tree[10] bank or war - lock craig - ie!

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[1] Waterfall. [2] wizard crag. [3] star. [4] sky. [5] gate. [6] owls. [7] frightened. [8] above. [9] wakeful. [10] elder-tree.

AH, friend, give me the old songs—those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture,—of sorrow and sadness! They tell of days gone by, and time hath given to them a voice which speaks to us of those who once breathed these melodies,—of what they now are, and what we soon shall be. My heart loves those melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end, and, as I launch my boat upon the sea of Eternity, may their echoes be wafted to my ear, to cheer me on my passage from the scenes of earth and earth-land! Give me the old paths, where we have wandered and culled the flowers of love and friendship, in the days of Auld Lang Syne; sweeter far the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices, whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood's days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry playfellows, from whom we have been parted, to meet no more in the old nooks we have loved so well. May

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. The sun was clear on the o - pen lea, The sum - mer breeze had ceased to play, The strawberry girl came near the tree, To rest her on her lone - ly way; The gip - sy hat its shad - ow flung O'er eyes that beamed with hope and joy, The while a sim - ple lay she sung, Of home and friends now far a - way.
2. The straw-ber-ry girl a - way is gone, Her ber - ries in the streets to cry, And chil - dren gath - er at the sound Of "Buy my strawberries, la - dies, buy; Buy my strawberries, buy my strawberries, Buy my straw-berries, fresh to-day, Buy my strawberries, buy my strawberries, Buy my strawberries, fresh to-day."
3. Oh! wealth can - not the light im - part That spar - kles in that beam - ing eye, The feel - ings of that hope - ful heart, As thro' the town is heard her cry, Buy my strawberries, buy my strawberries, Buy my straw-berries, fresh to-day, Buy my strawberries, buy my strawberries, Buy my strawberries, come and buy.

the old paths be watered with heaven's own dew, and be green forever in our memory! Give me the old house upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through old trees, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee. And above all, give me the old friends,—hearts bound to mine in life's sunniest hours with a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder,—spirits congenial, whose hearts in life have throbbed in unison with our own! And when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust than the tear of an old friend. May my funeral dirge be chanted by the old friends I love so fondly, who have not yet passed away to the spirit's bright home!

SUCH is the sociableness of music, that it readily conforms itself to all companies, both in mirth and mourning; complying to improve that passion with which it finds the auditors most affected.—*Fuller.*

COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

LITTLE ONES.

1. 'Twas on a mer - ry time, When Jen - ny Wren was young, So neat - ly as she danced And sweet - ly as she sung. Rob - in Redbreast lost his heart; He was a gal - lant bird, He doffed his cap to Jen - ny Wren, Request - ing to be heard.
2. "My dear - est Jen - ny Wren, If you will but be mine, You shall dine on cher - ry pie, And drink nice cur - rant wine; I'll dress you like a gold - finch, Or like a pea - cock gay, So if you'll have me, Jen - ny dear, Let us ap - point the day."
3. Jen - ny blushed behind her fan, And thus declared her mind, "To - mor - row let it be, Rob, I'll take your of - fer kind; Cher - ry pie is ve - ry good, And so is cur - rant wine, But I will wear my plain brown gown And never dress too fine."
4. Rob - in Redbreast got up early, All at the break of day, He flew to Jenny Wren's house, And sang a roun - de - lay; He sang of Rob - in Red - breast, And pret - ty Jen - ny Wren, And when he came un - to the end, He then be - gan a - gain.

WIDE-WIDE-WENNE.

GERMAN.

1. Wi - de - wi - de - wen - ne, I call Hen - ny - pen - ny, Scratch and Pick call I my chick, Madam Quack call I my dnck, Wi - de - wi - de - wen - ne, I call Hen - ny - pen - ny.
1. Wi - de - wi - de - wen - ne, heisst mei - ne Putt - hen - ne, Kann - nicht - ruhn heisst mein Huhn, En - te - quent heisst, meine Ent', Wi - de - wi - de - wen - ne heisst mei - ne Putt - hen - ne.

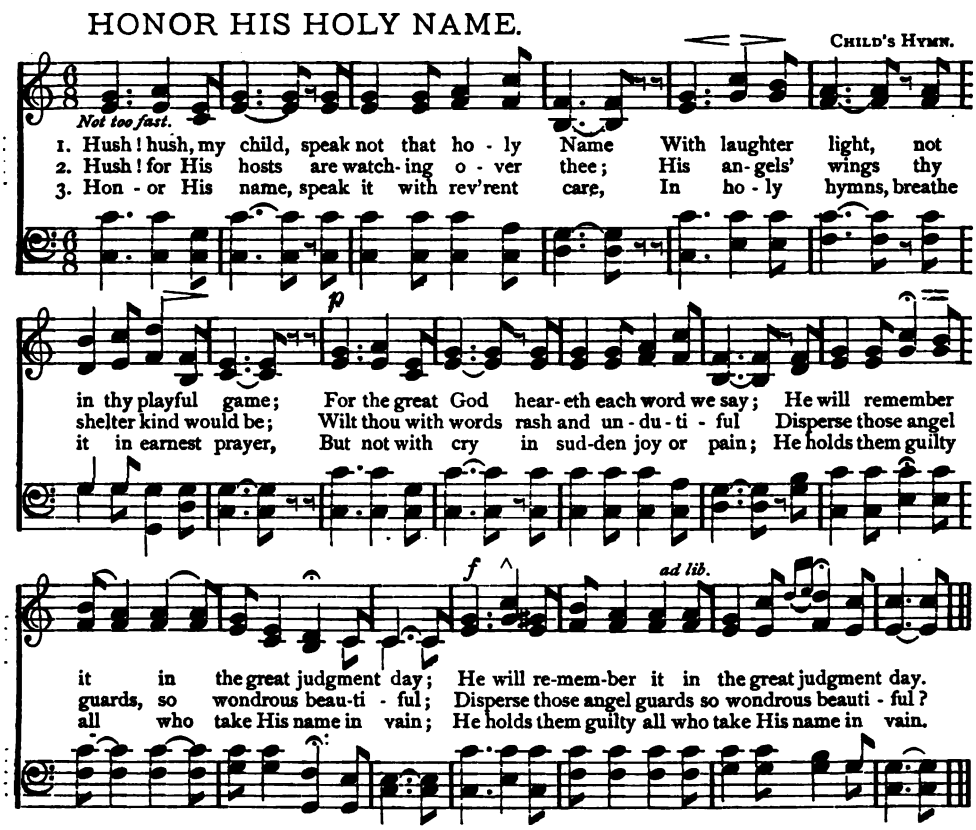
2.
Never-lag call I my nag,
Mooley-moo call I my cow.
Ehren-werth heisst mein Pferd,
Gute Muh heisst meine Kuh.

3.
Weatherman call I my hen,
Jumping frog call I my dog.
Wettermann heisst mein Hahn,
Kunterbunt heisst mein Hund!

4.
Spit and Spat call I my cat,
Sleeping log call I my hog.
Sammetmatz heisst meine Katz'
Schmortöpflein heisst mein Schwein.

Sing beginning and end as above for each verse.

"THOU shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain:" Third commandment of the decalogue, given to Moses—as is believed alike by the Jewish race and the Christian world—by Jehovah himself at Mount Sinai, under circumstances of supernatural and most awe-inspiring grandeur. "And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, so that all the people that were in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mountain quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet [supernatural] sounded long and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. And the Lord said unto Moses, Come up to me into the mount, and be there: and I will give thee tables of stone and a law, and commandments which I have written, that thou mayest teach them. And Moses went up into the mount, and a cloud covered the mount; and the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire at the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel . . . And he gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him upon Mount Sinai, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, *written with the finger of God*." . . If the crime of blasphemy, cursing, profanity (call it what we may) be thus forbidden, with the only threat of warning which the decalogue contains, "for the Lord



will not hold him guiltless"—then surely this offense against "Our Father who art in Heaven," to whom the reverent millions pray, and therefore against man's own spiritual nature, must be one of fearful moment! . . Shortly after the events above recorded a case of blasphemy occurred in the camp, such as might be of frequent daily occurrence in almost any civilized community of our own time. The offender was stoned to death for an offense no more heinous then than now. See the twenty-fourth chapter of Leviticus: "And the son of an Israelitish woman, whose father was an Egyptian, went out among the children of Israel; and this son of the Israelitish woman and a man of Israel strove together in the camp; and the Israelitish woman's son blasphemed the name of the Lord; and cursed; and they brought him unto Moses; and they put him in ward, that the mind of the Lord might be showed them. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, 'Bring forth him that hath cursed without the camp, and let all that heard him lay their hands upon his head, and let all the congregation stone him; and thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel, saying, Whosoever curseth his God shall bear his sin; and he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord shall surely be put to death, and all the congregation shall certainly stone him: as well the stranger as he that is born in the land, when he blasphemeth the name of the Lord he shall be put to death.' . . . And Moses spake to the children of Israel, that they should bring forth him that had cursed, out of the camp, and stone him with stones; and the children of Israel did as the Lord commanded Moses." Thus stands the record!

THE TEAR.

F. Gumbert.

Andante. [DIE THRÄNE].

1. With trembling step, in life we scarce ap-pear, Ere on the cheek is seen the glist'ning tear; First glad-ly springs the welcome tear of bliss, When child and moth-er share the ten-der kiss. As years advance, 'mid chequer'd joys and woes, The heart expands, like some sweet op'ning rose; The gen-tle girl, to him she holds most dear, Her love be-trays with one soft, tim-id tear, Her love be-trays with one soft, tim-id tear.
2. How beauteous shines the fond tear of the bride, When he she loves is kneel-ing by her side; Their hearts are one, the vow of truth is ta'en: To share till death each oth-er's care and pain: If o'er his soul hope lose its soth-ing power, The faith-ful wife can cheer the lonesome hour; Con-fid-ing still, she points to worlds more fair, And with a tear, says kind-ly, "Don't des-pair!" And with a tear, says kind-ly, "Don't des-pair!"
3. Age creeps a-pace, the old man's end is near; Around him stand his friends and kin-dred hearts. Serene-ly calm, as daylight's fad-ing beam, He sweetly smiles, as in some heav'nly dream; His part-ing gaze on all doth fond-ly dwell, While, with a tear, he faint-ly breathes, "Farewell!" While, with a tear, he faint-ly breathes, "Farewell!"
1. Macht man in's Le-ben kaum den er-sten Schritt, bringt man als Kind schon ei-ne Thrä-ne Kuss; man wächst empor dann zwischen Freud' und Schmerz, da zieht die Liebe in das jun-ge Herz, und of-fen-bart das Herz der Jung frau sich, spricht] ei-ne Thrä-ne: ja ich lie-be dich, spricht ei-ne Thrä-ne: ja ich lie-be dich.

Wie schön ist doch die Thräne einer Braut,
Wenn dem Geliebten sie in's Auge schaut,
Man schlingt das Band, sie werden Weib und Mann,
Da geht der Kampf mit Noth und Sorgen an.
Doch wenn der Mann die Hoffnung schon verlor,
Blickt noch das Weib vertrauungs voll empor
Zur Sternen welt, zum heitren Himmelslicht,
Und eine Thräne spricht: verzage nicht,
Ja eine Thräne spricht: verzage nicht.

Der Mann wird Greis, die Scheidestunde schlägt,
Da stehn um ihn die Seinen tief bewegt;
Und Aller Augen sieht man thränen-voll,
Die bringen sie als letzten Liebeszoll;
Doch still ver-klärt blickt noch umher der Greis,
In seiner Kinder, seiner Enkel Kreis,
Im letzten Kampf, ja selbst schon im Vergehn,
Spricht eine Thräne noch, "Auf Wiederseh'n!"
Spricht eine Thräne noch, "Auf Wiederseh'n!"

THE SCOUT.

H. B. Farnie.
Fabio Campana.

f *Con brio.*

Come! boor, your "Little blue."* I war not, friend, with you! 'Twas for this can a bold Uhlan* His

f con brio.

bri-dle drew: Merely a pet-rel I, Telling the storm is nigh. Clink we a glass, so

rall. *f*

may it pass Your homestead by! Lurking in brake by day, Reading by stars my way,

f

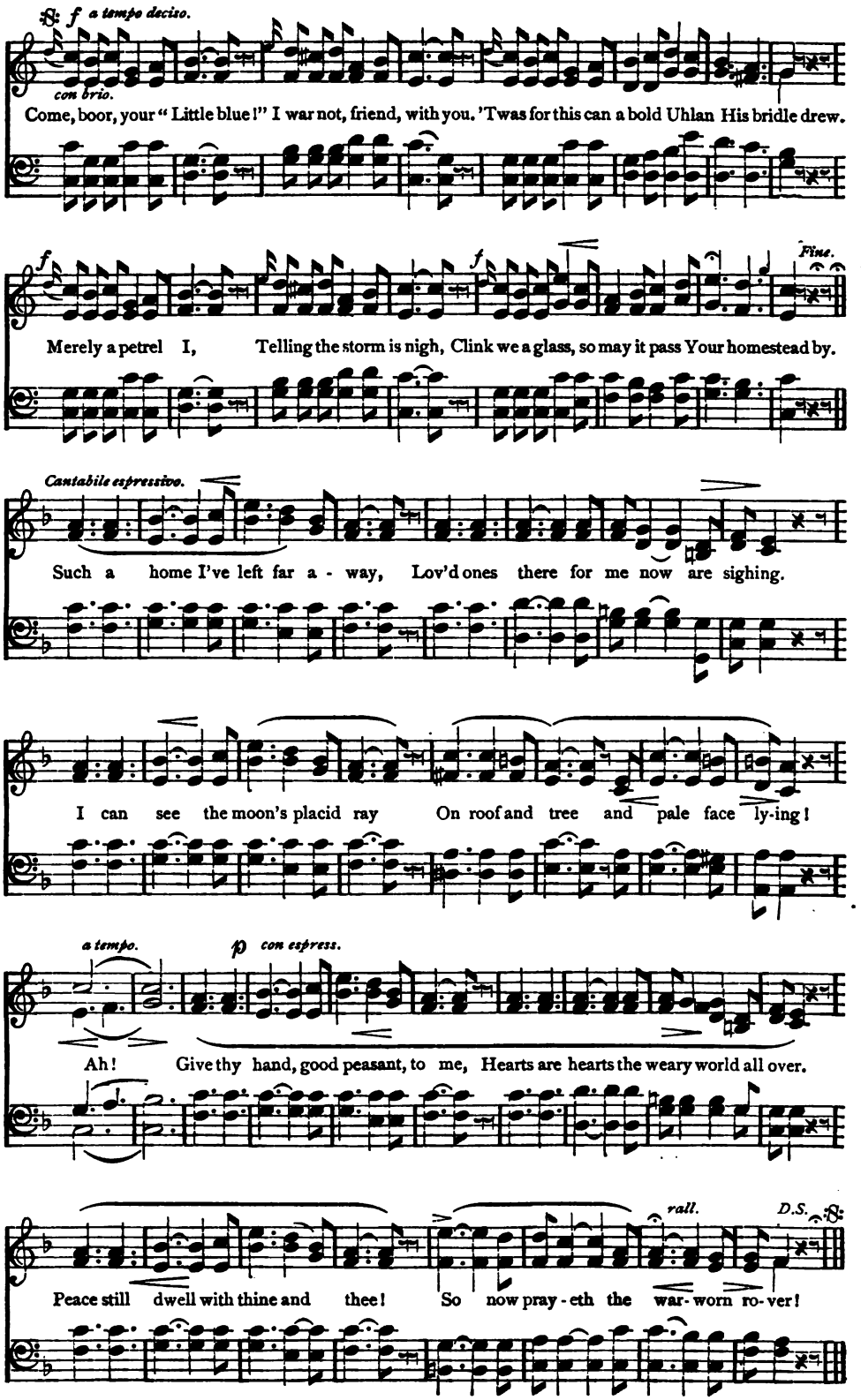
Clattering fast thro' hamlet old, O'er lonely wold, Maidens pale at my glance, Peasants cow'r 'neath my

f

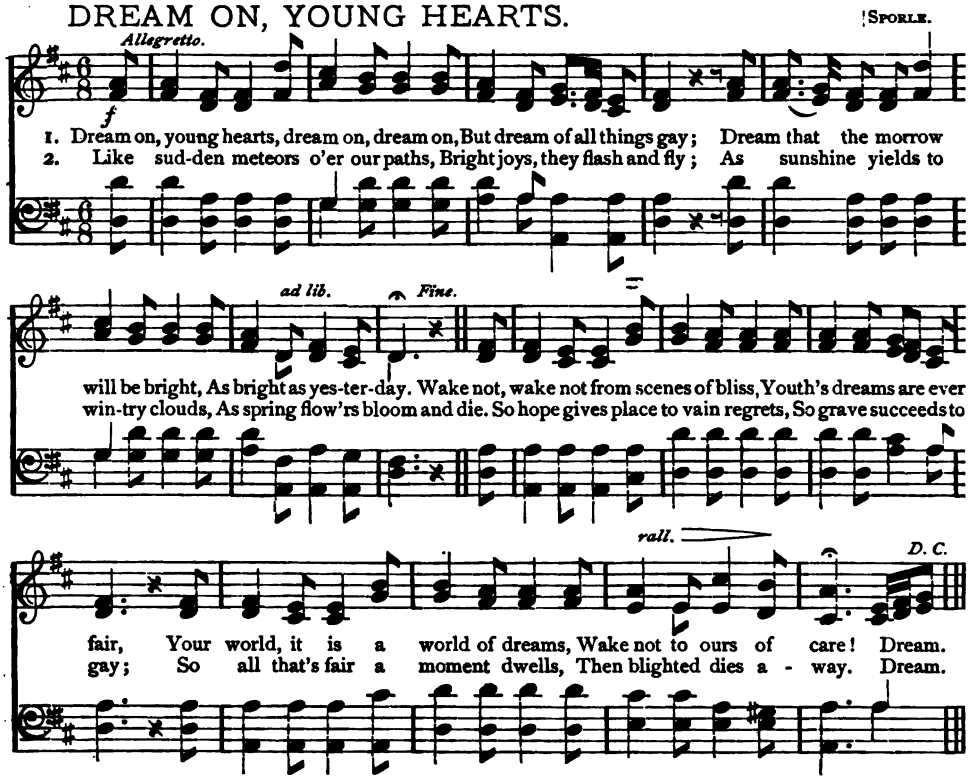
lance. Mis-er-ly souls hide fast their gold From Uh-lan bold! Yet his the risk, not theirs.

Thousand and more to one, Lit-tle for odds he cares, Rather too many than none! Ha! ha! ha!

* "Petit blue"—Small country wine. * Uh-*lan*, light cavalry, of Tartar origin, armed with lance, pistol and sabre.


f a tempo deciso.
con brio.
Come, boor, your "Little blue!" I war not, friend, with you. 'Twas for this can a bold Uhlan His bridle drew.
f
f
Fine.
Merely a petrel I, Telling the storm is nigh, Clink we a glass, so may it pass Your homestead by.
Cantabile espressivo.
Such a home I've left far a - way, Lov'd ones there for me now are sighing.
I can see the moon's placid ray On roof and tree and pale face ly-ing!
a tempo.
p con espress.
Ah! Give thy hand, good peasant, to me, Hearts are hearts the weary world all over.
rall.
D.S.
Peace still dwell with thine and thee! So now pray - eth the war- worn ro- ver!

THE sects are various stops in the organ of Christendom. Some are narrow in their range, and give us no sweeping, largely-rounded literature. Some waken for us, when they are drawn, like the Methodist, the cheering gamut of grace. Some, like the Calvinists, shake the air with the mutterings of Infinite wrath and the thunderous vibrations of the law. Some are the dulcina stops, that sprinkle sweetness and cheer, like sunshine, upon souls. Some are ranged for the mystic melodies that repeat the key-note of the Gospel of John; and some, like the Universalists, are, in the structure of Christendom, like the viol d'amour stop, repeating continually the pathos and pleadings of Infinite love. Even the three great divisions of the Christian Church—the Catholic or Ritual, the Evangelical or Sacrificial, and the Spiritual, which includes all the branches of liberal Christianity—repeat the three separate organs—pedal, choir, and swell—that are blended to complete every full-toned instrument. Of course, I do not for a moment mean to assert that the hostile dogmas of different sects are necessary to the completeness and unity of Christian truth. A dozen intellectual contradictions cannot combine into catholic verity. But the sentiments which different churches stand for and work out, though they may be connected with doctrines that are utterly uncongenial, are essential to the fullness of religious truth and the complete compass of the Spirit in the Church. Churches and sects exist by and for the sentiments they appeal to and feed. Their dogma is husk; this is corn. I do not believe the Calvinistic creed; perhaps no two consecutive or selected propositions of it coincide with the intellectual truth of heaven. But there is a severity and stringency in the law of God and in its hold upon us, as solemn, as certain, as awful as the hoarse sub-bass of Calvinism. It is not the whole music of Christendom, but it is the ground tone of the truth of



things. If you say that it arbitrarily dooms a soul to eternal woe, you misinterpret it; if you strike it out from your conception of life and the universe, you debilitate the Gospel, and strike out the pedal terrors, that, none the less for Christ's coming, roar around a deliberately evil career and character. So, too, there is truth in the love of God, his patient waiting, pleading, never-tiring love, sweet as the most cordial Universalism ever breathed. The Universalists may be wrong at a thousand points, in their rendering of texts and their combination of proofs for their doctrine from Scripture; but in this sentiment, and in their faith that the love of God for each particular soul will last as long as his justice and as long as eternity, they are not wrong. Only both the truths must go together; the grace and the bass must interblend, one giving body to the other, and one mellowing the other; neither must be hampered by fetters of time, or interpreted in regard to time, before you get the true harmony of the Spirit. Still further, there is a depravity in human life deep and dreadful as the plummet of Augustine sounded; and there is glory in human nature high and lustrous as the vision that charmed the upward gaze of Channing; there is a homely substance to all true religion, which no moralist, wedded to the Epistle of James can set forth too roughly, and there is a mystic truth in correspondences between the celestial and the visible world as penetrating and as comprehensive as the Epistle to the Hebrews and the uncounted volumes of Swedenborg would disclose. The intellectual settings may be inaccurate, but the spiritual truth, the sentiments they enclose, are right, and increase the compass of the Spirit in Christendom and the volume of its harmony.—*Rev. T. S. King*

OH, LOVED ITALIA.

Andante mosso. [PARIGI, O CARA.]

G. VERDI.
From "LA TRAVIATA."

1. O loved I - tal - ia! dear home of our childhood! Ah! with what joy we welcome thy
Yes, loved I - tal - ia! dear home of our childhood! Thou art our mo - ther, roam where we

shore. Of - ten, in sad-ness, our fond hearts have ponder'd, Sighing to tread thy valleys once
will. Oh, when the mem'-ry of all else hath fad-ed, We shall revere and cherish thee

rall.

tempo.

more As we be-hold thee, Still calmly glowing, Clothed in thy beauty, Like some fair bride,

rall.

All that in absence Warm-ly we pictured, Now fills each breast With rapture and pride.

tempo.

still. O loved I - tal - ia! dear home of childhood! We shall re - vere thee, and

tempo. *rall.*

cher-ish thee still; cher-ish thee still; O lov'd I - tal - ia! O lov'd I - tal - ia!

MUSIC is the truest and most nearly adequate expression of the *religious* emotions, and so becomes prophetic of the destiny of man as a religious being. "The soul of the Christian religion," says Goethe, "is reverence." It is also the great, inclusive act or condition of man as he comes into perfection. Goethe adds, with profound suggestiveness, that it must be taught. The highest conception of the use of creation is as a tuition in reverence. Whatever else it may teach, it teaches this, or, if it fails in this, it teaches nothing. Materialism is breaking up and disappearing under the discovery of laws and processes and causes for which it has no explanation, and all things are resolving into mere symbols of will and mind and feeling. Already matter has eluded the touch of our senses, and our recognition of it as a thing in itself is a mere conventionality of speech. The resolution of it into force or motion, and of its processes into forms of thought, is a drawing out of more than every alternate thread from the veil that hangs between creation and its Source; the veil may never be wholly put aside, but it grows continually thinner, letting through revealing rays of truth and glory. When this process gets full recognition—as it surely will—and men become tired

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

OLD SCOTCH AIR.

Allegro.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are com - in', O ho, O ho! The

FINE.

Campbells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch-lev - en, The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho!

1. Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I
2. The great Ar - gyle he goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar; Wi'
3. The Campbells they are a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi'

D.S.

look - ed down to bonnie Loch-leven And heard three bon - nie pi - pers play. The
sound of trum - pet, pipe, and drum, The Campbells are comin' O - ho, O - ho! The
ban - ners rat - tlin' in the wind, The Campbells are comin' O - ho, O - ho! The

of the senseless play of agnostic phrases and catchwords, and philosophy triumphs as it always has triumphed and always will, there will be but one voice issuing from creation—the voice of praise, and but one feeling issuing from the heart of man—the feeling of reverence before the revealed Creator. Then the heart of man will require some form of expression for its mighty and universal conviction. We have already a great oratorio of the Creation, but we shall have a greater still—profounder in its harmonies and more majestic in its ascriptions.—*Rev. T. T. Munger.*

The well-known martial air of "The Campbells are Coming" is very old. The "great Argyle" is supposed to have been John Campbell, duke of Argyle, who commanded the royal forces in Scotland during the rebellion of 1715. Sir Walter Scott refers to him in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," as follows: "Few names deserve more honorable mention in the history of Scotland during the memorable year of 1715. Soaring above the petty distinctions of faction, his voice was raised for those measures which were at once just and lenient." The author of the song is unknown.

NEW HAIL COLUMBIA.

F. Hopkinson, 1798.
Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1887.

Spirited

1798. Hail, Co-lum-bia! hap-py land, Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in
1. Look our ransomed shores around, Peace and safe-ty we have found! Welcome, friends who once
2. Graven deep with edge of steel, Crowned with Victory's crimson seal, All the world their names
3. Hail, Co-lum-bia! strong and free, Throned in hearts from sea to sea! Thy march tri-umph-ant

freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone En-
were foes! Welcome, friends who once were foes, To all the conquering years have gained,—A
shall read! All the world their names shall read, Enrolled with his, the Chief that led The
still pur-sue! Thy march triumphant still pur-sue With peaceful stride from zone to zone, Till

joy'd the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pendence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful
na-tion's rights, a race unchained! Children of the day new-born, Mind-ful of its
hosts, whose blood for us was shed. Pay our sires their children's debt, Love and hon-or,—
Free-dom finds the world her own! Blest in Union's ho-ly ties, Let our grateful

what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.
glorious morn, Let the pledge our Fath-ers signed, Heart to heart for-ev-er bind!
nor for-get On-ly Un-ion's gold-en key Guards the ark of Lib-er-ty!
song a-rise,— Ev-ery voice its trib-ute lend,— All in lov-ing cho-rus blend!

Chorus.

1798. Firm, u-ni-ted, let us be, Ral-ly-ing round our lib-er-ty,
(1-3). While the stars of heaven shall burn, While the o-cean tides re-turn,

As a band of broth-ers join'd, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.
Ev-er may the circ-ling sun Find the Ma-ny still are One!

Written, by request, for Centennial of Constitution of United States at Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1887.

SPEED, MY BARK, O GENTLY SPEED THEE.

Allegretto. CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

p

1. Speed, my bark! O gent - ly speed thee, where - so - e'er the soft tides lead thee!
2. Speed, my bark! O gent - ly speed thee, where - so- e'er the soft tides lead thee!

mf *p*

O'er the sil - ver stream ca - reer - ing Where the graceful swan is veer - ing, Speed my
Neath the fai - ry wood - land shadows, Where the wild deer roams the mead - ows, Speed my

bark! O gent - ly speed thee, Where - so - e'er the soft tides
bark! O gent - ly speed thee, Where - so - e'er the soft tides

mf

lead thee! By the moonlight's gracious beam - ing, By the golden stars' bright
lead thee! Hark! the night-bird's note so tend - er; Lov-er's song doth Heaven

gleam-ing, Oh! 'tis sweet, this course unaided, When the sum-mer day has faded!
lend her! Far a - way earth's weary noises, Round us E - den and its joys.

:S:

Speed, my bark! O gent - ly speed thee, where - so - e'er the soft tides

lead thee! Speed, my bark! O gent - ly speed thee, where - so -

1 *f*

e'er the soft tides lead thee! Let the world its strife pur -

su - ing, some up - raise and oth - ers ru - in! Naught to-night shall

p

give me sor-row; Come, re - pose, un - til the mor - row! Earth with all its

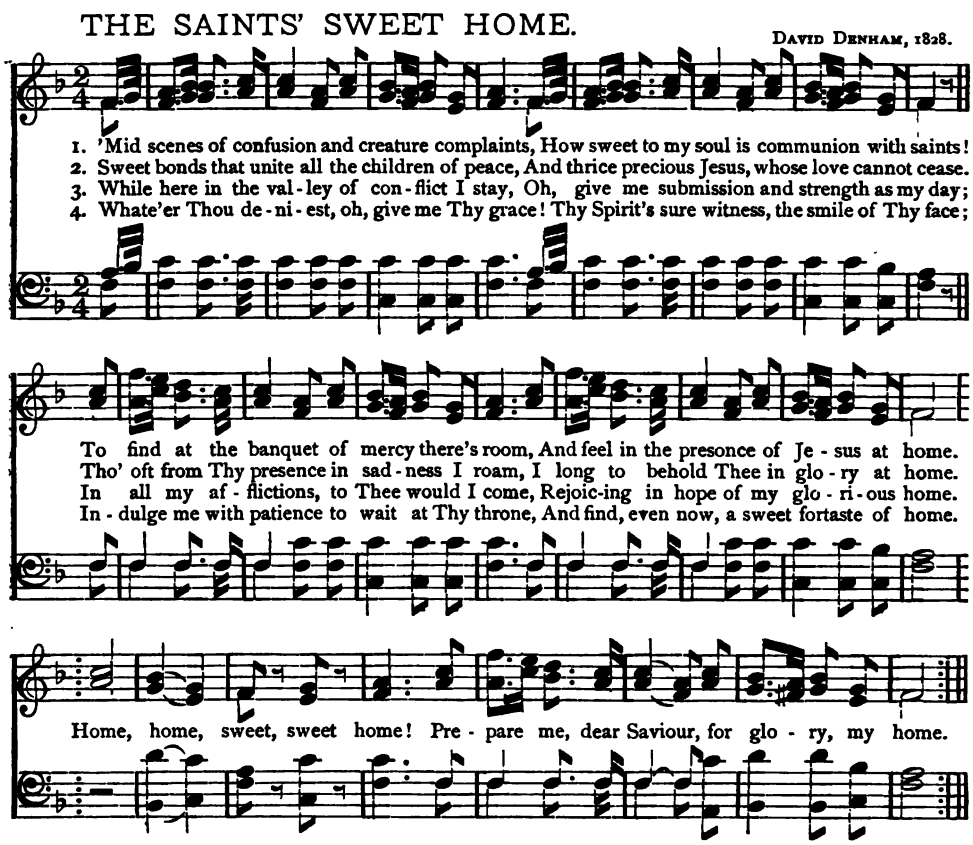
f *mf*

cares and seem - ing, Dies away in fair - y dream - ing: Oh! that here my

2

life devoting I might rest thus lightly float - - - ing, lead - - - - - - - - thee!

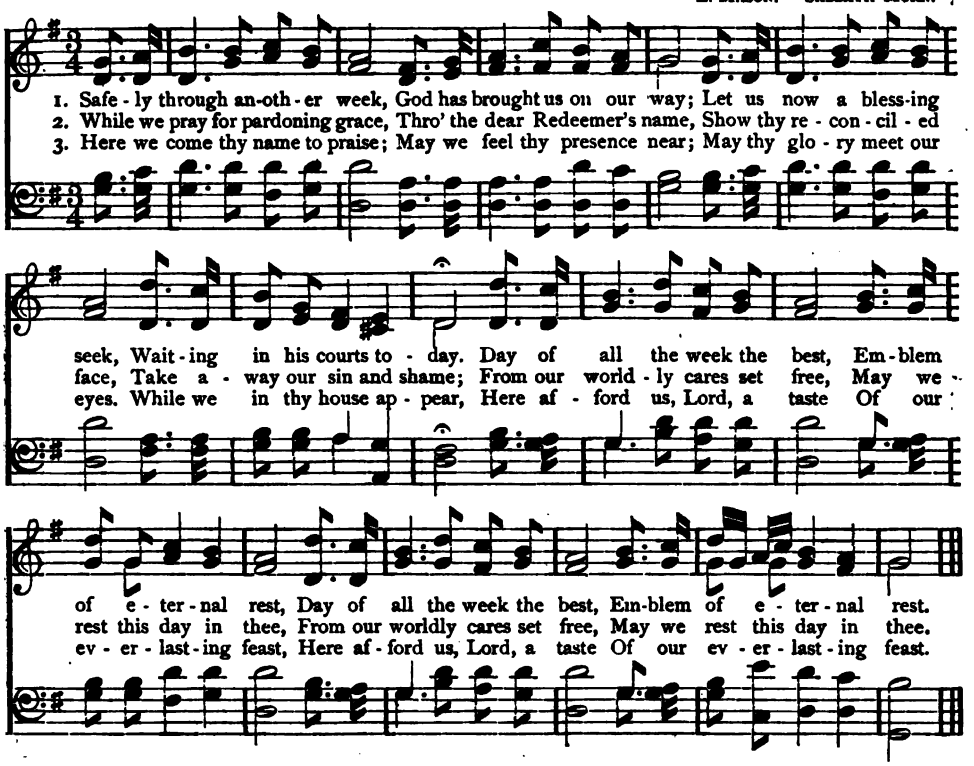
THE hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," was written by Rev. John Fawcett, an English Baptist, who died 1817, aged seventy-seven, having spent nearly sixty years in the ministry. In 1782 he published a small volume of hymns. It was in 1772, after a few years spent in pastoral work, that he was called to London to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gill. His farewell sermon had been preached near Moinsgate, in Yorkshire; six or seven wagons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure; but his loving people were not ready. They gathered about him, and "men, women and children clung around him and his family in perfect agony of soul." Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Dr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing cases and wept bitterly. Looking up, Mrs. Fawcett said, "Oh, John, John, I can not bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I, either," said the good man; "nor will we go. Unload the wagons, and put every thing in the place where it was before." The determination was hailed with tears of joy by those around, and a letter was at once sent to London explaining the case. Dr. Fawcett then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of something less than two hundred dollars a year, and this hymn is said to have been written to commemorate the event. Few hymns have had sweeter associations than this. When Mr. Coffing, a missionary at Aintab, in Armenia, set out in 1860 to explore the Taurus Mountains, he was to penetrate an entirely new and dangerous field. This fact was so keenly felt by the inhabitants of Aintab that they gathered to the number of fifteen hundred, on the sides of the road, and bade farewell to



the missionary and his family in the Armenian words of this hymn. Dr. Belcher's description of the last public service conducted by Dr. Fawcett may well be copied in full, to close this account. He says: "Let us take our last look at this excellent minister of Jesus Christ. He has ascended the pulpit of an Association in Yorkshire. A thousand eyes are fixed on him in love and admiration and all present express their conviction by nods and smiles, that a spiritual feast has been provided for them. As a good soldier of Christ, he has endured hardness for more than half a century. His praise has been in all the churches; his ministry has been greatly prized through the whole of that populous district, and his usefulness has been honored at home and abroad, in the cottage and in the palace itself. He has now come to bear his dying testimony to the doctrines of the Cross, and to bid farewell to the ministers and friends with whom he has been so long associated. Many of them have a strong presentiment that they shall see his face no more, and are prepared to receive his message as from the lips of a man who has finished his course and now stands at the entrance of Heaven. As he rises in the pulpit, a death-like silence overspreads the crowded congregation, and all ears are opened to catch the words of inspiration. With a tremulous voice, and with deep emotion, he reads the text, 'I am this day going the way of all the earth,' and long before he finishes his discourse, the house becomes a *Bochim*—the house of God—the gate of heaven. The sermon, committed to the press by its hearers, yet exists as a monument to his love of truth, his holy affection and his zeal for the extension of the doctrines of sovereign mercy."

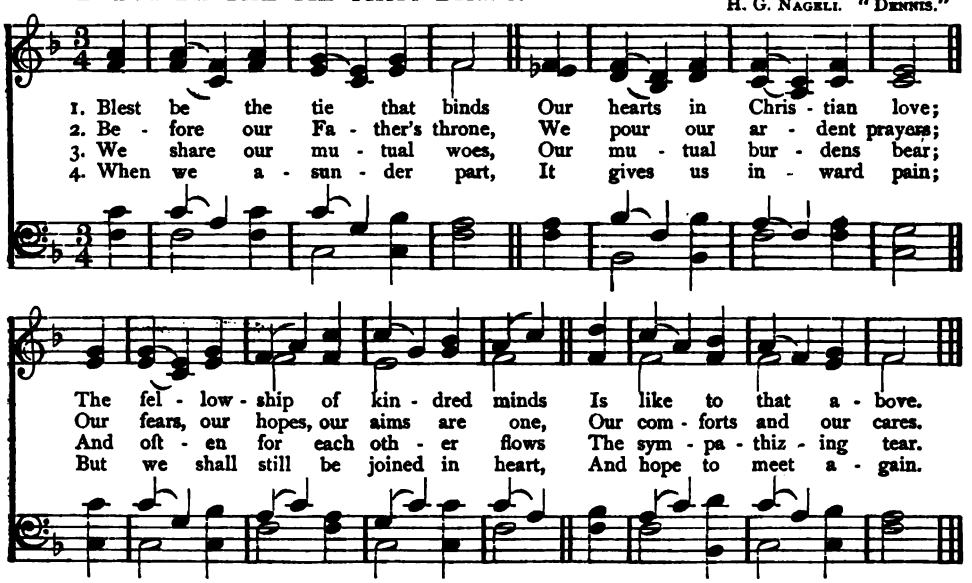
SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

JOHN NEWTON.
L. MASON. "SABBATH MORN."



BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

JOHN FAWCETT.
H. G. NAGELI. "DENNIS."



1.
A charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

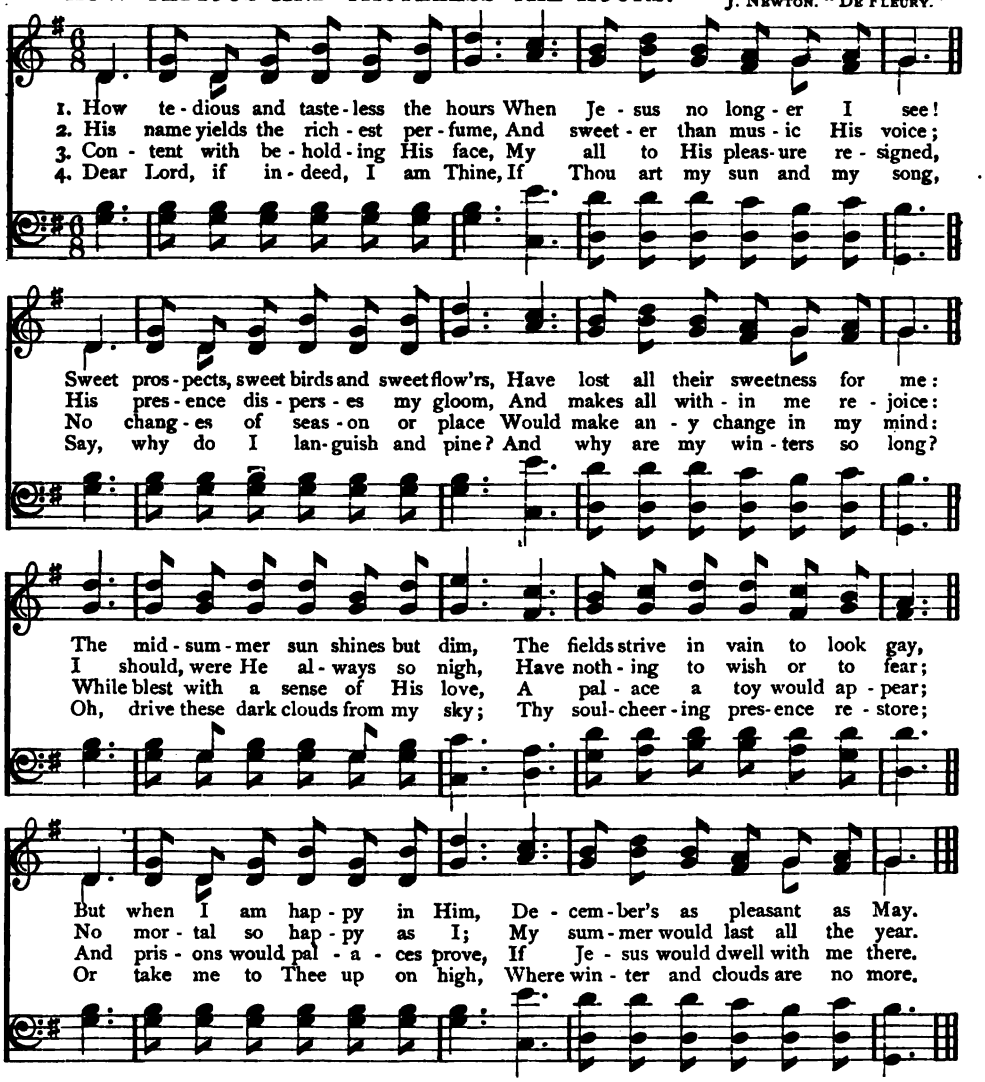
2.
Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

3.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

THIS remarkable description of our Saviour is found in an ancient manuscript, which is said to have been sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome: "There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal any kind of disease with a word or a touch. His presence is tall and he is elegantly formed. His aspect is amiable, reverent. His hair falls, in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, into graceful curls below his ears, couching on his shoulders and parting on the crown of his head, like the sect of the Nazarenes. His forehead is smooth and large. His nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry. His beard is thick and suited to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin. His eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with

HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS THE HOURS.

MARIA DE FLEURY.
J. NEWTON. "DE FLEURY."

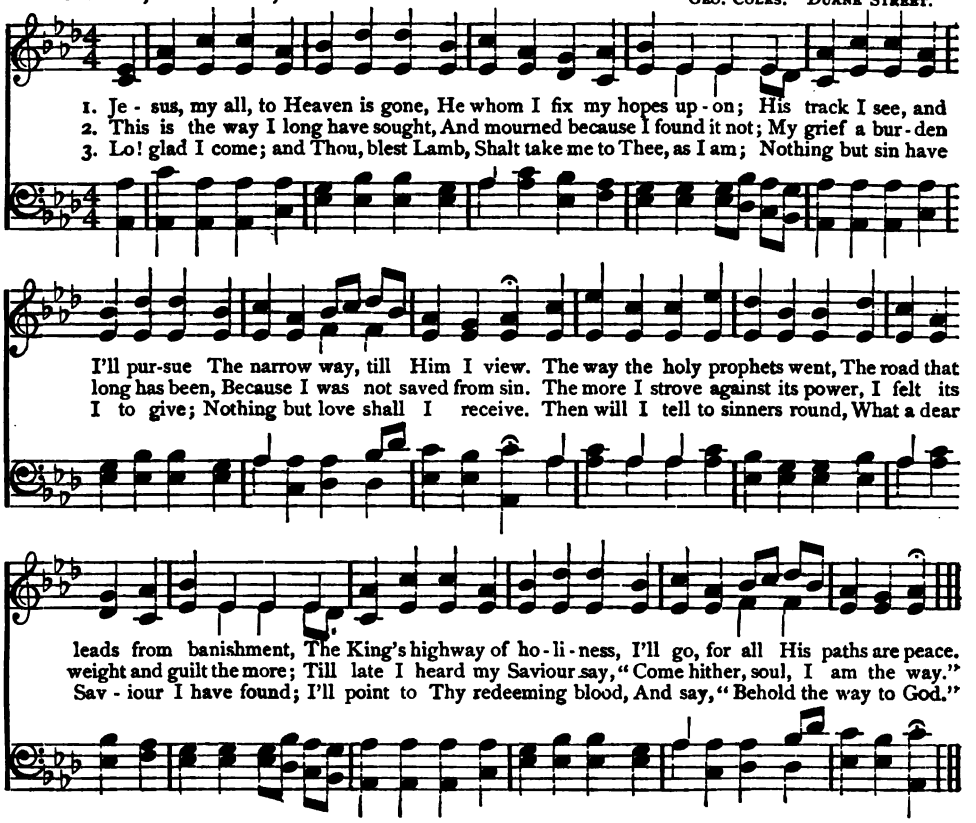


the most tender and persuasive language; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world has seen him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears that none can refrain from joining in sympathy with him. He is very moderate, temperate, and wise. In short, whatever the phenomenon may be or turn out in the end, he seems at present a man, for excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men."

INDEED, as we only come to full consciousness of ourselves in emotions—emotion or feeling being the highest exercise of our nature, and there being so much to awaken it—so far as we can reason from our nature to its origin, it indicates that we spring from a source of feeling, or an infinite Heart. Hence the highest wisdom has declared that God is Love, and that the worlds were made by the Son of God—the eternally begotten manifestation of Love; and the severest science cannot logically assert the contrary.—*Munger.*

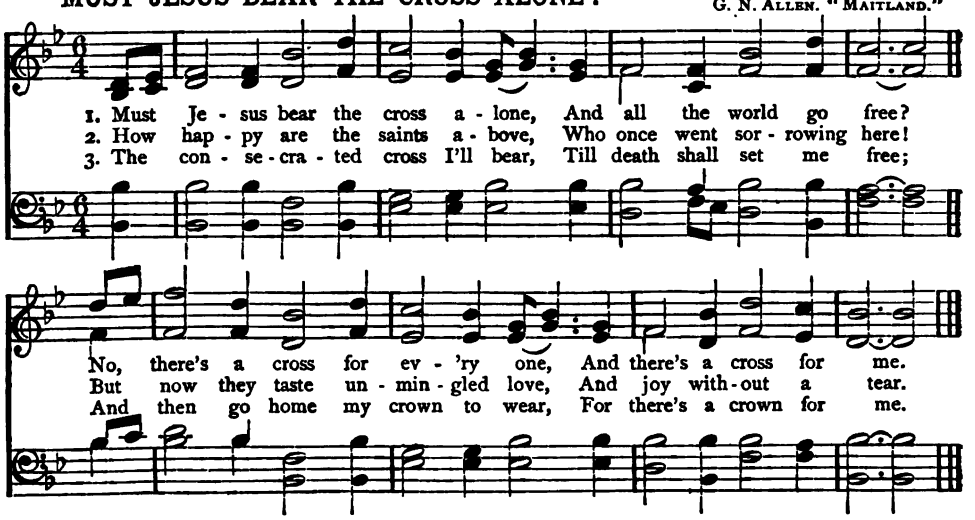
JESUS, MY ALL, TO HEAVEN IS GONE.

JOHN CENNICK.
GEO. COLES. "DUANE STREET."



MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?

THOMAS SHEPHERD.
G. N. ALLEN. "MAITLAND."



1.
Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I adored its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free,

2.
Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford,
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3.
As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

GAILY SINGS THE LARK.

MOZART.
Air—"La Ci Darem."

Andante.

1. Sigh not o'er toil and trou-ble, Grieve lightly o - ver wrong; We on - ly make grief double By
2. Fair hopes have not depart-ed, Tho' ro -ses may have fled; Then never be down-hearted, But

dwell - ing on it long. Why clasp Woe's hand so tightly? Why sigh o'er blossoms dead? Why
look for joy in - stead. Pass light - ly o - ver sad-ness, Stand not to rail at doom; We've

cling to forms unsight - ly? Why not seek joy in - stead? Why not seek joy in - stead?
pearls to string of gladness On this side of the tomb? On this side of the tomb;

Sink not in blind-ing sor - row, Tho' still the day be dark, The sun may shine to -
While stars are nightly shin- ing, And Heaven is o - ver-head, En - courage not re -

mor- row, And gai - ly sing the lark, and sing the lark, and sing the lark, sing the
pin - ing, But look for joy in - stead, for joy in - stead, for joy in - stead, for joy

lark. There's never day so sun - ny But lo! a cloud ap - pears; There's never life so
in - stead. There's never day so sun - ny But lo! a cloud ap - pears; There's never life so

glad, But hath its time of tears; There's never garden glowing With roses in each

plot — We need but seek the bor - der To find for - get - me -

not, for - get - me - not, for - get - me - not, To find for - get - me - not.

Allegro.

1. Why fear the pain that pass-es, Ye mer - ry lads and lass - es? The birds will al - ways
2. Sigh not o'er toil and trouble, We on - ly make grief double! The birds will al - ways

sing! The birds will sing, The birds will sing, will sing, The

birds will al-ways sing, The birds will al-ways sing, The birds will al - ways sing.

THERE is in music a moral law of sympathy as imperative as its mathematical laws. Hence also no one who is centrally selfish ever becomes great either as composer or performer; and often—when everything else seems perfect—the defect lies at this very point. "If I could make you suffer for two years," said a teacher to a noted singer, "you would be the best contralto in the world." It follows with sure logic that no one can truly sing God's praises who does not adore God. No training of voice or touch can compass the divine secret of praise. The feeling of praise—not as mere feeling, but as solid conviction—must enter into the utterance or it lacks the one quality of highest effectiveness. It is said that the undevout astronomer is mad, but the undevout musician is an impossibility. If we fail to distinguish between what may be called *fine* and *genuine* rendering, it is because it is not always easy to distinguish between reality and unreality. What is the matter with the music? is a question often asked. The technical rendering may be faultless and the defect lie in that inmost centre whence are all the issues of life and power. In the nature of things there is the same reason for faith, consecration, devout feeling, and holy living in the choir as in the pulpit, and there is nothing unbecoming in the conduct and feeling of the preacher that is not equally unbecoming, and for the same reasons, in singers of the divine praises.—*Rev. T. T. Munger.*

FAREWELL FOR EVER.

H. B. FARNIE.
MICHAEL CONNELLY.

1. All night thro' thy slumbers my passion-ate numbers Have thrill'd to thy dreaming
2. My heart wild-ly beat-ing would hear thee re - peat-ing Thy vow, thou art mine a-

heart, Till drawn by my sor-row, Thou wak'st with the morrow, To know that this hour we
lone; And far o'er the bil-low, My dream-haunted pil-low Shall bring thee again, mine

poco agitato.

part. The dews of last night are dry on the plain, Yet on my cheeks tears are fall-ing like
own, One touch on my hand, one kiss on my brow, O - ver! and thou art a mem-o - ry

ritard. *p*

rain. Oh! Farewell for ev - er, Farewell to thee! Mountains may sev-er
now.

p *p ad lib.*

Man - y a lea! Bright tho' our dreaming, 'Twas not to be, Farewell, my own, to thee!

BIRDS IN THE NIGHT.

[A LULLABY.]

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Gently.

1. Birds in the night that soft - ly call, Winds in the night that strange - ly sigh,
2. Life may be sad for us that wake; Sleep, lit - tle bird, and dream not why;

Come to me, help me, one and all, And mur - mur, mur - mur, mur - mur,
Soon is the sleep but God can break, When an - gels whis - per, whis - per,

f *pp*

murmur ba - - by's lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Lul - la
an - gels whis - per lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Lul - la

p

lul - la lul - la lul - la lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, ba - by, While the hours run,

Fair may the day be when night is done, Lul - la - by, ba - by, While the hours run, Lul - la -

by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

THE main office of music is to secure sympathy. When a great singer, taking words that are themselves as music, joins them to notes set with a master's skill, and, pouring into perfect tones the passion of a feeling heart, so describes some tragic tale of death, every heart of a thousand hearers beats with a common feeling, and every mind, for the time, runs in the same path of pity and sadness; for the moment there is absolute sympathy. If instead a truth or principle underlie the song, there is also a temporary agreement in thought. The moral and social value of such experiences is great; they lead away from selfishness, and point to that harmony of thought and feeling towards which humanity is struggling. So, too, in producing music, its highest effects can be gained only when the performers not only read and utter alike, but feel alike. . . . In one of Beethoven's symphonies, he opens with four full, strong chords from the entire orchestra; then the separate instruments begin to war upon them, strive to overpower them with the blare of trumpets, to drown them in the complexity of the violins, to silence them under the rattle of the drums; but the primal chords, yielding at times, still hold their own, gather force, reassert themselves, and at last overpower their antagonists by patient persistence and all-conquering sweetness, rise into full possession of the theme, and sweep on into harmonies divine in their power and beauty.

BRIGHT STAR OF HOPE.

[CALL ME THINE OWN.]

HALEVY.
From "L'ECLAIR."

1. Call me "thine own," name fond, en-dear-ing, Like mu-sic sweet it falls on mine ear;
2. Years may roll on, youth's dreams may leave us, Hope faint and die that light-ed our way;

Tells me of hope, life's pathway cheer-ing, Whis-pers of home, with thee ev-er near;
Tri-als may come, sor-rows may grieve us, Friends may de-part, or false-ly be-tray;

Call me "thine own," doubt would de-stroy, For on-ly thro' faith are we se-cure;
Call me "thine own," all else may fail, With love in our hearts, Heav'n still re-mains;

Mak-ing our hearts strong to en-dure What lies be-fore us, sor-row or joy;
Each bond with time fresh vig-or gains, And o'er life's tem-pests love shall pre-vail;

Call me "thine own," thine, thine alone; Name fond, endearing, Call me "thine own."

"ROUND THE CORNER."

ALBERT RANDEGGER.

Parlante.

p

1. Round the cor - ner wait - ing, what will peo - ple say? If you wish to see me,
2. When the church hath bound us, link'd two hearts in one, I shall care but lit - tle
3. Fif - ty things are stat - ed, things you'd ne'er sup - pose, If but something se - cret

there's a pro - per way. Vil - lage tongues are ev - er read - y, are ev - er read - y
how their tongues rail on; But un - til un - til the brid - al nev - er, nev - er let
in a neighbour shows; Boldly, bold - ly take the pathway, and their lips, their lips

p

with remark, Eyes are at the case - ment if a dog, if a dog but bark!
them find Aught to cause me blush - es, or hurt my peace, my peace of mind!
are stayed, All are quick to cen - sure if you seem, you seem a - fraid,

Round the corner waiting, What will people say? What will people say? What will peo-ple say?
Round the corner waiting, What will people say? What will people say? What will peo-ple say?
Round the corner waiting, What will people say? What will people say? What will peo-ple say?

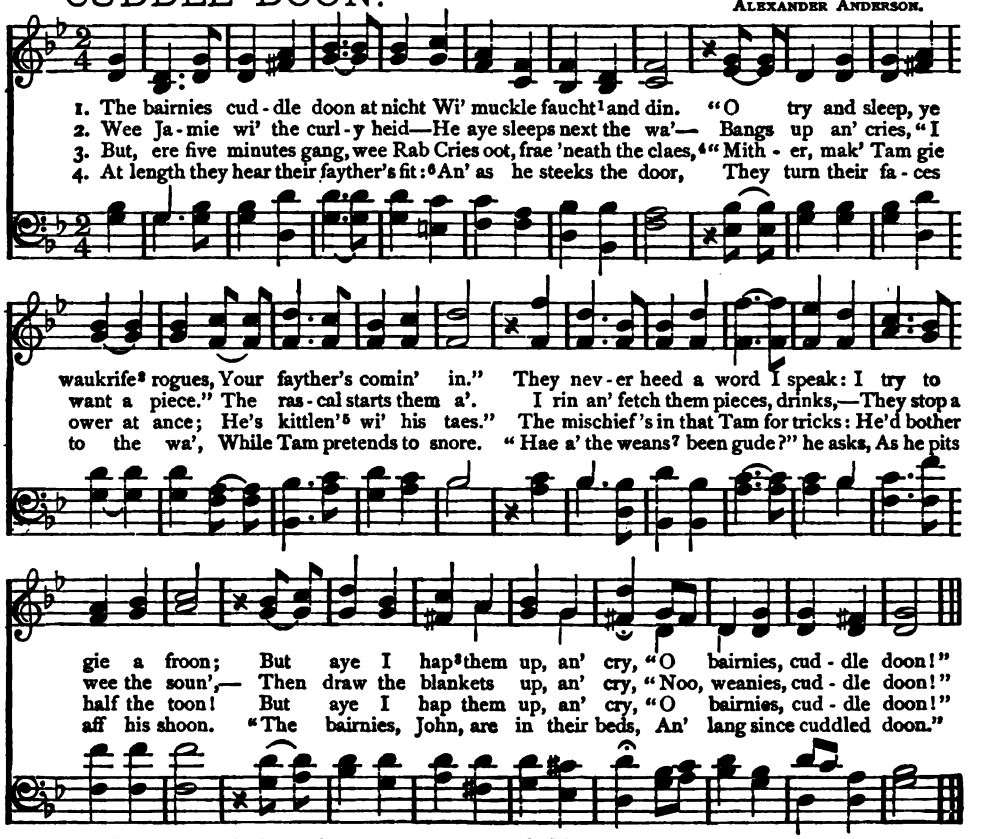
pp *slowly and distinctly.* *a tempo deciso.*

If you wish to see me, There's a proper way. If you wish to see me, There's a proper way.
Manly hearts should ever Take a manly way. Manly hearts should ever Take a man-ly way.
If you wish to see me, There's a proper way. If you wish to see me, There's a proper way.

DURING Jenny Lind's concert tour, the orchestra, composed of eighteen soloists, was promised a benefit performance at Pittsburgh, but for reasons it was not given. Prof. Waldauer, who (1887) is probably the only surviving member of the orchestra, says of it and of her: "We were feeling pretty badly about our disappointment, but on our arrival in Baltimore City, to which we went from Pittsburgh, she sent for me and gave me a check for $5000, requesting me to give it to the orchestra with her compliments, saying that she regretted she had been unable to keep her promise, but sent her check in lieu of the benefit performance. You can imagine the pleasure of the boys on receiving this, and when she came on the stage that night we gave her a flourish with drum and trumpet such as no Shakesperian king ever received. Jenny Lind's voice could fill with ease the largest hall in existence; her execution was marvellous, her technique simply incomparable, for she could imitate almost any musical instrument. In the introduction to "Alice's" air in "Robert le Diable" the orchestra has a beautiful passage, which is taken up by one

CUDDLE DOON.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.



5. An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs:
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neek,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An', as I straik each croon,[8]
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

6. The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's[9] cark an' care
Will quaten[10] doon their glee;
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,[11]
May He who sits aboon[12]
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

[1] struggling, [2] wakeful, [3] cover, [4] clothes, [5] tickling, [6] foot, [7] children, [8] head, [9] world, [10] quiet, [11] each one, [12] above.

instrument after another, until at last the bassoons finish the introduction. One night in Philadelphia we were playing that passage, when, instead of commencing her aria, she amused herself by imitating every instrument used in the introduction. The orchestra and audience were spell-bound and could hardly control their delight. * * When we arrived in New York we gave concerts at Castle Garden with the same success. She gave the orchestra another benefit there, which yielded $12,000. My engagement ended there. When I went to bid her good-bye, she tried to induce me to go on with her, but I told her I had an engagement awaiting me in St. Louis. After I had said farewell to her and returned to my room, her secretary came to me and handed me a check for $1000, a last present from the noble woman."

THE author of the above tender little heart-song was, some years since, an employé on a railroad in Dumfrieshire, Scotland. The words "Cuddle doon," are often heard from the fond mother to her children, when they are in bed, encouraging the little ones to nestle close to each other, and go quietly to sleep.

SAFE HOME AT LAST.

CIRO PINSUTI.

Andante moderato. *p*

1. The clouds across the moorland fleet, Borne by the breeze That lifts the scented meadow-
2. For me it yet is summer-time, Life still is green; And if my tree has lost some

p

sweet, And stirs the trees, And stirs the trees; The riv-er ev-er onward flows Toward the
leaves, Light shines between, Light shines between; If o'er my morning sky have swept Some threat'ning

f *p* *mf* *molto cantabile.*

sea, By bow'ry shade or rocky glade, Or flow'ry lea, Or flow'ry lea; Her untried way o'er sea and
gales, Yet still secure my vessel rides, With unrent sails, With unrent sails; Then trustingly I forth will

f *pp* *pp* *f*

land The swallow wings, The swallow wings; Content she leaves her nest, and all Fa-mil-iar
fare, With heart content, With heart content, To meet the sunshine or the shower, Whiche'er is

animando.

things, and all Familiar things. And pilgrims thro' the desert drear By stars are led, By stars are
sent, Which-e'er is sent. And love shall bless the onward way, As in the past, As in the

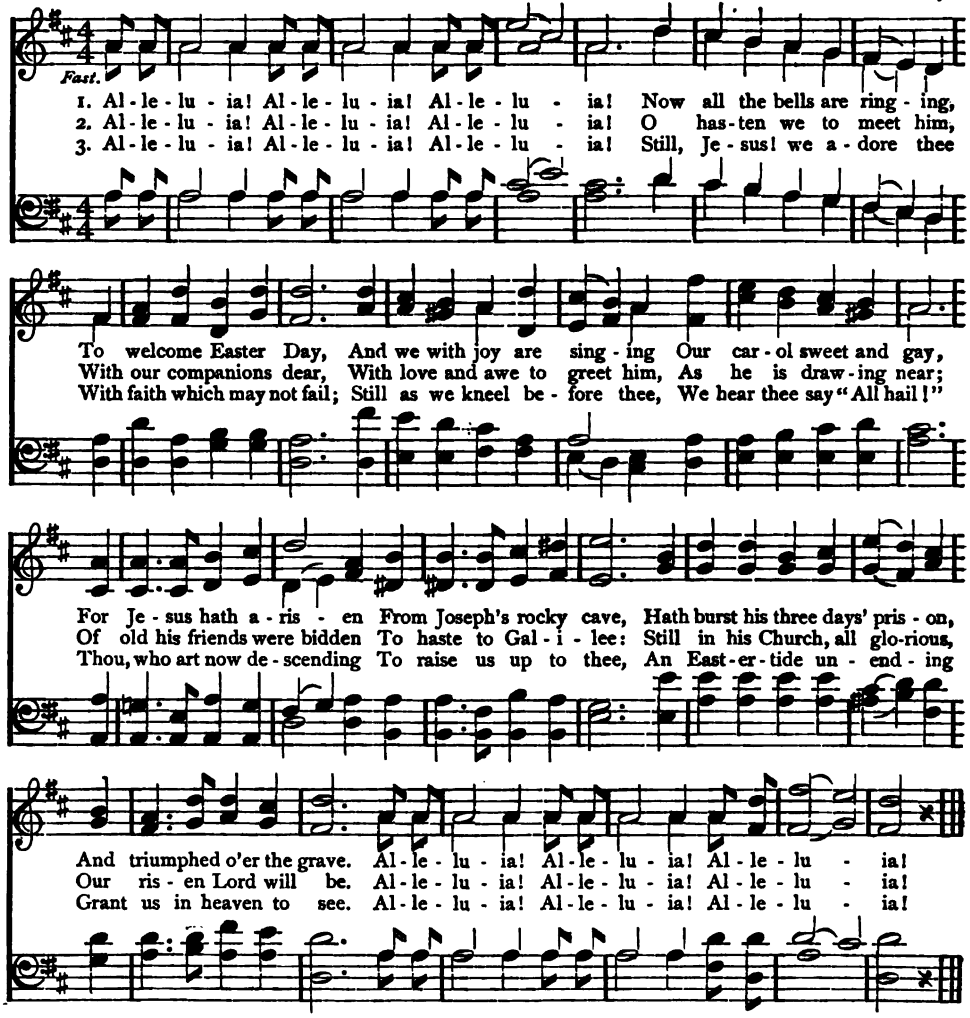
con anima un poco rit. *dim.* *p* *rit.*

led, That hold their high unchanging course Far o-ver-head, Far o-ver-head!
past, And lead me with the closing day Safe home at last, Safe home at last!

ST. STEPHANOS, the Sabaite, was a monk of the monastery of Sabas, where he was placed by his uncle, St. John Damascene. Here he found St. Cosmas, who contributed not a little to form his style—a thing not difficult, for Stephen entered the monastery as a boy of ten. He remained within these walls fifty-nine years. Dr. Neale speaks of the Latin stanzas of "Art Thou Weary," as being "very sweet"—but his own rendering is quite free. The original is of the eighth century. Stephen was born in 725 and died in 794, and this is the finest of his hymns. Miss Sally Pratt McLean has used this familiar hymn in her story of "Cape Cod Folks." It is the duet which George Olver and Benny Cradlebow sing together as they are mending the boat just before Cradlebow's heroic death. Captain Arkell tells of it thus: "By and by, him and George Olver struck up a song. I've heern 'em sing it before, them two. As nigh as I calc'late, it's about findin' rest in Jesus, and one a askin' questions, all f'ar and squar', to know the way and whether it's a goin' to lead thar straight or not, and the other answerin'. And *he*—he was a tinkerin', 'way up on the foremast. George Olver and the

NOW ALL THE BELLS.

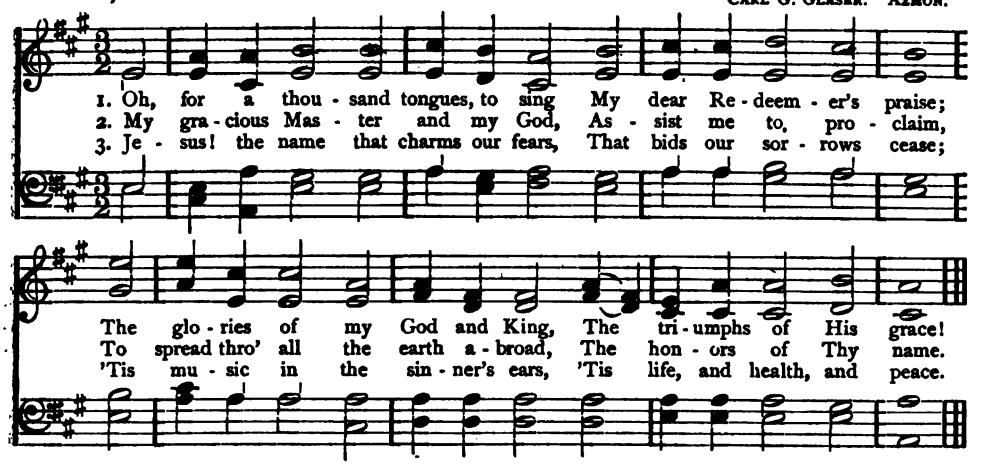
EASTER CAROL.



rest of us was astern, and I'll hear to my dyin' day how his voice came a floatin' down to us thar—chantin' like it was—cl'ar and fearless and slow. So he asks, for findin' Jesus, ef ther's any marks to foller by; and George, he answers about them bleedin' nail-prints, and the great one in his side. So then that voice comes down agin', askin' ef thar's any crown, like other kings, to tell him by; and George, he answers straight about that crown o' thorns. Then says that other voice, floatin' so strong and cl'ar, and ef he gin up all and follered, what should he have—what now? So George, he sings deep o' the trial and the sorrowin'. But that other voice never shook, a askin' and what if he held to him to the end, what then should it be—what then? George Olver answers, 'Forevermore, the sorrowin' ended—Death gone over.' Then he sings out, like his mind was all made up. And if he undertook it, would he likely be turned away?' 'An' it's likelier,' George answers him, 'that heaven and earth shall pass.' So I'll hear it to my dyin' day—his voice a floatin' down from above thar, askin' them questions that nobody could ever answer like, so soon he answered 'em for himself."

OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

CHARLES WESLEY.
CARL G. GLASER. "AZMON."

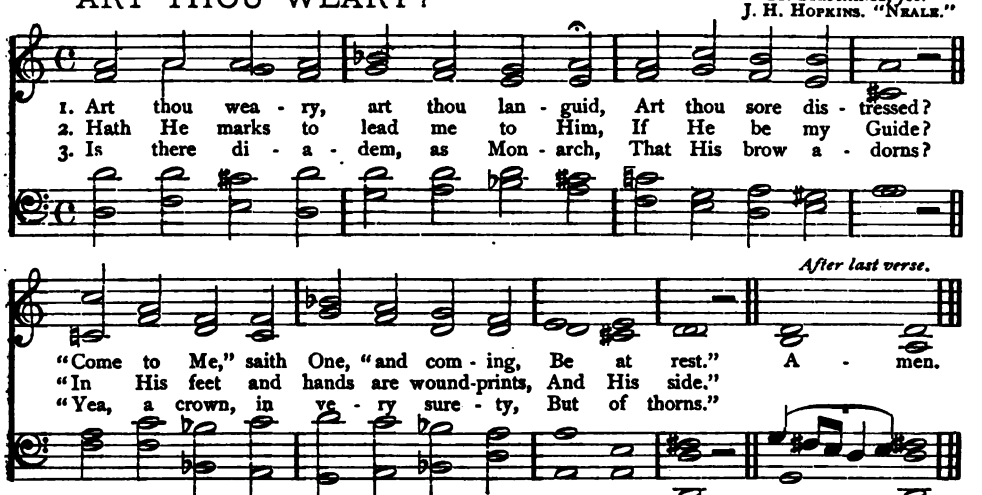


4. He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

ART THOU WEARY?

ST. STEPHANOS, 780.
J. H. HOPKINS. "NEALE."



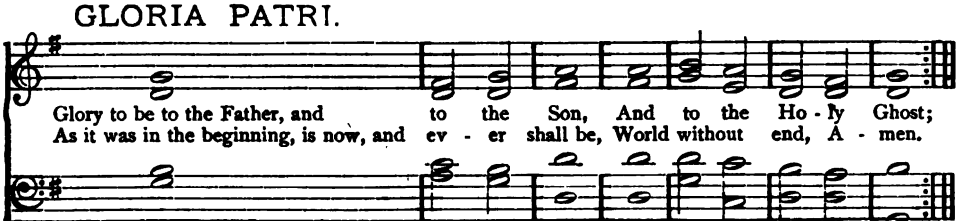
4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." Amen.

GLORIA PATRI.



THERE is evident proof of the deep interest the high-class makers took in endeavoring to advance the interests of their art. For example, Stradivarius sometimes put the widest-grained wood on the fourth string side, feeling it was the weakest and needed the open grain. Sometimes he put it on the first string side. He was evidently trying experiments. But he mostly adopted the former plan, no doubt correctly. Again, they made instruments larger at the bottom than at the upper part, gradually reducing in size and depth, an experiment which observation has since found to be correct. They also made instruments thicker under the bridge to enable them to bear the great tension to which they are subject; and many other points show how perfect they became. They left little for modern ingenuity to discover. Even the small Amatis, built when great amount of tone was not wanted and was not appreciated, are still most delightful as solo instruments. Herein is discovered the difference between violins of the three great masters and others of the same name. If a small Nicholas Amati be compared with a large model, it will be found that the quality is similar, but the quantity is greater, and the instrument becomes more valuable.—*Pearce.*

HOW FAIR ART THOU!

H. WEIDT.

Moderato.

1. Oh, at thy feet how hap - py, Heart's inmost song I raise, Whilst eve's ma - jes - tic
Wie ger - ne dir zu Füs - sen sing' ich mein tief-stes Lied, in - dess das heil' - ge
2. Oh, at thy feet how hap - py, Thy beau - ty I ad - mire, A pit - eous smile glides
3. Oh, at thy feet how hap - py, In si - lent pain to die, But ra - ther would I

cres.

gold - en light Thro' the arch'd window plays. In meas - ure moves thy love - ly head, Thy
A - bend gold in's Bo - gen fenster sieht. Im Takt - te wogt dein schö-nes Haupt, dein
o'er thy face; No pit - y I de - sire, Well do I know thou play'st with me, Yet
rise, my dear, And to thy bo - som fly, To press a thousand kiss - es On

f *p* *cres.*

heart doth lis - ten now; I lie be - fore thee sing - ing, I lie be - fore thee
Herz hört stil - le zu; Ich a - ber lieg' und sin - ge, Ich a - ber lieg' und
rest - less am I now, And lie be - fore thee sing - ing, And lie be - fore thee
thine en - chanting brow, Then, droop-ing down, and dy - ing, Yea, dy - ing, and still

rit

sing - ing, How fair, how fair, how fair art thou? How fair, how fair, how fair art thou!
sin - ge, Wie schön, wie schön, wie schön bist du! Wie schön, wie schön, wie schön bist du!

2. Wie gerne dir zu Füssen
Schau ich in dein Gesicht,
Wie Mitleid bebt es drüber hin,
Dein Mitleid will ich nicht.
Ich weiss es wohl, du spielst mit mir,
Und dennoch sonder Ruh',
Lieg' ich vor dir und singe,
Wie schön, wie schön bist du!

3. Wie gerne dir zu Füssen
Stürb' ich in stummer Qual,
Doch lieber sprange ich empor,
Und küss' dich tausend mal,
Möcht küssen dich, ja küssen dich
Einen Tag lang immer zu,
Und sinken hin, und sterben,
Wie schön, wie schön bist du!

EVE'S LAMENTATION.

M. P. King.

Andante affettuoso.

Must I leave thee, must I leave thee, must I leave thee, Par - a - dise? Thus

leave thee, leave thee, na - tive soil; these hap - py, hap - py walks, these walks and shades!

Yet must I leave thee, must I leave thee, must I leave thee, Par - a - dise? O

flow'rs that nev - er will in oth - er climate grow, Who now shall rear ye to the sun?

From thee, from thee how shall I part, how shall I part? Yet must I leave thee,

must I leave thee, must I leave thee, Par - a - dise, must leave thee, Par - a - dise?

IN the geologic ages when there was no ear to hear, you find the capacity for sound in all material things, no harmony, no music as yet, but only a note ready to be brought out, and in the forming air a law of vibration ready to turn the note into harmony, and finally the ear of man ready to catch the harmonies that his skill evokes, and behind the ear the soul ready to praise God in the sounds and harmonies so prepared from the beginning. Here is an orderly sequence of steps and adaptations mounting continually higher—proceeding from God in creaton and at last ending in hymns of praise to God the Creator.

THE materialists are much concerned about the possibility of an environment in case of a future life. Where and of what? they ask. Well, here is an environment of possible emotion transcending present knowledge, and so perhaps awaiting minds to feel it. It is difficult to believe that God has put Himself into creation in the form of emotional sounds and no ear be made to hear them. If a part of creation comes to a realized use in man, why not the whole? If creation is the path between God and man by which they come to each other, must not man journey along the whole of it, even as God has done?—*Munger.*

THE GOOD-BYE AT THE DOOR.

S. GLOVER.
J. E. CARPENTER.

1. Of all the mem'ries of the past That come like sum - mer dreams, Whose
2. But time and place have quite estranged Each ear - ly friend we knew; How

rain - bow hues still round us cast Their bright,— their bright, but fleeting beams; The
few remain,— how many changed, Of those,— of those we deemed so true; Those

dear - est, sweet - est that can be..... Of days gone long be - fore, Are
hap - py hours a - gain to me..... But mem - 'ry can re - store, The

those that oft re - call to me..... The "good-bye,"—the "good-bye" at the door, Are
ling'ring thought will ev - er be..... The "good-bye,"—the "good-bye" at the door, The

those that bring to mind to me,.....The "good-bye,"—the "good-bye" at the door.
ling'ring thought will ever be,.....The "good-bye,"—the "good-bye" at the door.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

FRENCH AIR.
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Allegro.

1. A wet sheet and a flow-ing sea, A wind that fol-lows fast, And fills the white and
2. "Oh, for a soft and gen-tle wind!" I heard a fair one cry; But give to me the
3. There's tempest in yon horn-ed moon, And lightning in yon cloud, And hark the mu - sic,

Accompaniment.

rust - ling sail, And bends the gal - lant mast; And bends the gal - lant
roar - ing breeze, And white waves heav - ing high; And white waves heav - ing
mar - i - ners! The wind is pip - ing loud; The wind is pip - ing

Melody with downward stems to notes.

mast, my boys! While like an ea - gle free, A - way the good ship
high, my lads! The good ship tight and free; The world of wa - ters
loud, my boys! The light - ning flash - es free; While the hol - low oak

f

flies and leaves Old Eng - land on our lea. Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea, And a
is our home, And mer - ry men are we. Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea, And a
our palace is, Our her - i - tage the sea. Oh! give me a wet sheet, a flowing sea, And a

Voice.

wind that fol-lows fast, And fills the white and rust-ling sail, And bends the gal - lant mast.

PIERROT.

WEATHERLY.
W. M. HUTCHINSON.

Moderato. *f* *mf* *f* *pp*

"Pierrot!" "Pierrot!" "Pierrot!"

1. "Pier - rot! Pier - rot!" Babette is call-ing sweet and low, "Pier - rot! Pier -
2. "Ba - bette! Pier - rot!" The birds are call-ing sweet and low, "Ba - bette! Pier -

"Pierrot!" "Pierrot!"

mf

"Pierrot!"

rot!" He rows across, he takes her hand, And then they float a-way, Be-side the si - lent
rot!" "Ba - bette," he heard them as he pass'd, "Babette," his heart replied, The war is o - ver

"Pierrot!"

f *p*

meadow-land, In - to the dy - ing day: And on and on! the boat drifts on; To-morrow night he
now at last, He came to find his bride. He sees the bed of mar - i - gold, The wicket o - pen

1

will be gone! "Babette, the world is cold and wide!" She on - ly nes - tles to his side, "Oh,

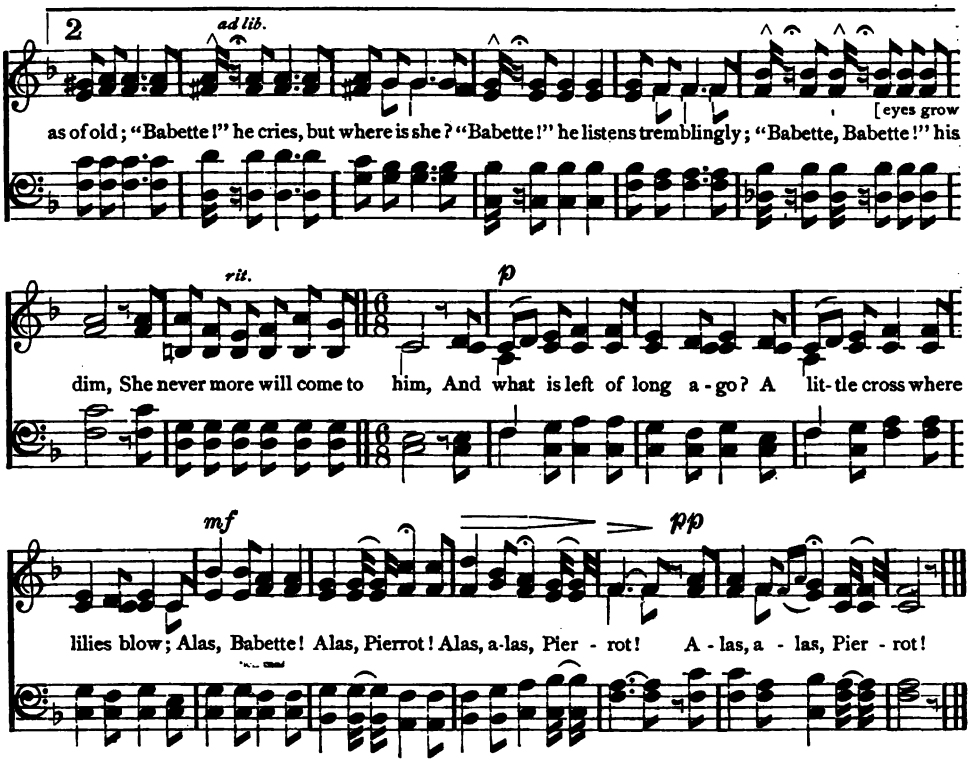
ad lib. *rit.* *pp*

love, I care not what it be, If on - ly I can be with thee!" The poplars sigh, the moon is low, The

f

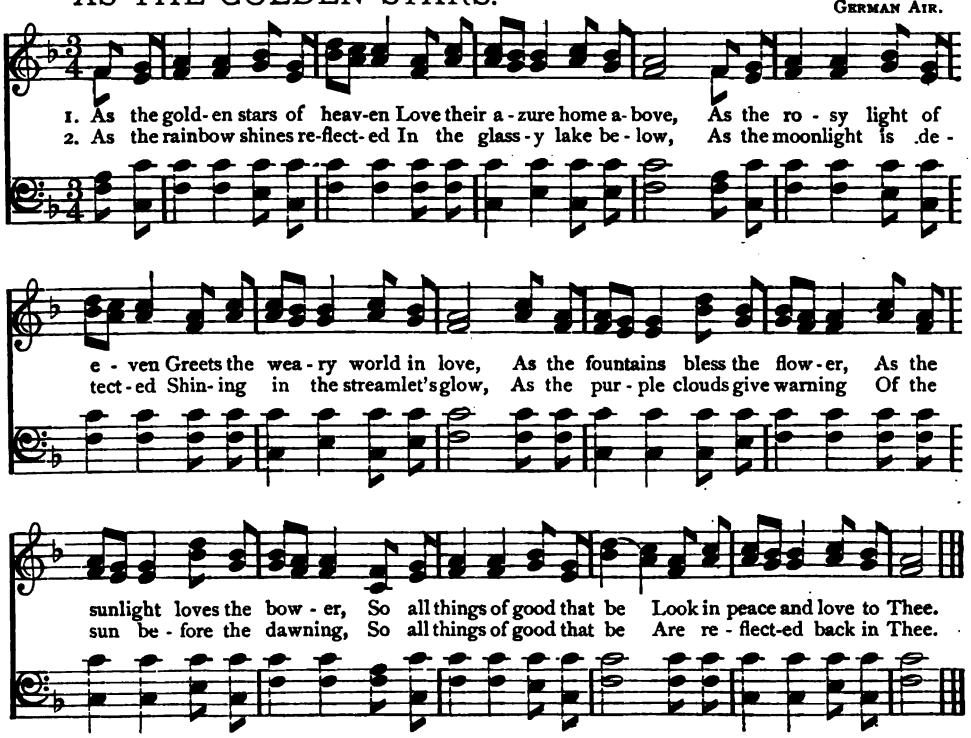
wa-ters ech - o as they flow, Good-bye, Babette! Good-bye Pierrot! Good-bye, good-bye, Pierrot!

Pronounce Ba-*bet* and Pier-*ro*.

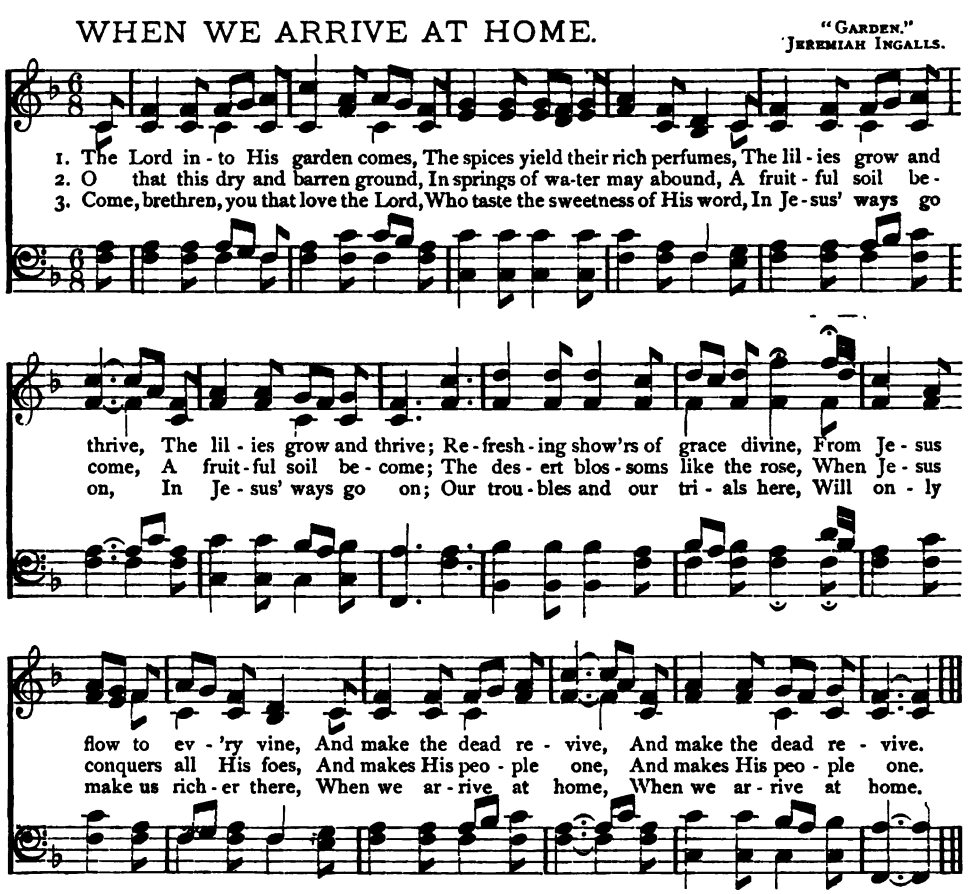


AS THE GOLDEN STARS.

GERMAN AIR.



In response to a letter of inquiry to Mr. S. Fillmore Bennett as to the origin of the popular hymn, the "Sweet By and By," he writes: In the year 1861 I became a resident of the village of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, the home of the composer, J. P. Webster, and shortly after became associated with him in the production of sheet music (songs) and other musical works. In the summer or fall of the year 1867 we commenced work on the "Signet Ring," a new Sabbath school music book, afterwards published in Chicago. The "Sweet By and By" was one of the songs written for that work. Mr. Webster, like many musicians, was of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to periods of depression, in which he looked upon the dark side of all things in life. I had learned his peculiarities so well that, on meeting him, I could tell at a glance when he was in one of his melancholy moods, and had found that I could rouse him from them by giving him a new song or hymn to work upon. On such an occasion he came into my place of business, and, walking down to the stove, turned his back to me without speaking. I was at my desk writing. Presently I turned to him and said, "Webster, what is the matter now?" "It is no matter," he replied; "it will be all right by and by." The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunlight, and I replied, "'The Sweet By and By!' Why would not that make a good hymn?" "Maybe it would," said he, indifferently. Turning to the desk, I penned, as fast as I could write, the lines of the hymn as it is now sung. In the



meantime two friends, N. H. Carswell and S. E. Bright, had come in. I handed the hymn to Mr. Webster. As he read it, his eye kindled and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes in a moment. Presently he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin and he played the melody. In a few moments more he had the notes for the four parts of the chorus jotted down, I think it was not over thirty minutes from the time I began to write the words before the two gentlemen above named, Mr. Webster, and myself were singing the hymn in the same form in which it afterward appeared in the "Signet Ring." While singing it Mr. R. R. Crosby, now a resident of Richmond, Illinois, came in, and after listening awhile, with tears in his eyes, he uttered the prediction, "That hymn is immortal." I think it was sung in public shortly after, for, within two weeks, almost every child on the streets was singing it. The "Sweet By and By" was published in the "Signet Ring" in 1868. The publishers of the book, Messrs. Lyon & Healy, Chicago, heralded its advent by distributing a very large number of circulars upon which selections from the work were printed, among them the "Sweet By and By." These circulars first brought the hymn to the notice of the public and created the principal demand for the book. Sometime in the year 1868, I think, the hymn was first published in sheet music form. It is now published in numerous collections of vocal music in America, and a newspaper account says it is translated into various foreign languages and "sung in every land under the sun."

It is well that childhood and youth should be happy. Every life should begin in Eden, should have its blest traditions to return to, its holy places on which an eternal consecration rests. The dew of the birth of each most hallowed, most human thought and impulse within us is of the womb of the morning, and there is surely a literal meaning in our Saviour's words, "Unless ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." The moments that set its doors widest open show us this; at times, when the great unseen world is nearest to us, the thought of childhood will return, and at the sound of the everlasting ocean, we stoop down to pick up the shells we used then to play with. When a great happiness floods our life, and lifts it far above its accustomed level, it sets it down upon no peak or summit of ecstasy, but brings us upon its wave some childish, trivial joy, some song of home, some fondly recollected pleasure; it fills the heart with the sunshine of some long, golden afternoon of holiday, or with the fireside warmth of some long-deserted parlor. Do you remember how Joan of Arc, when crowned at Rheims, sees the kind, homely faces of her sisters in the crowd, and is at once carried back to the green valley, the silent mountain, the free simplicity of her childhood's early days. All she has attained since then seems dream and shadow. "The evening and the morning make our day."—*Two Friends.*

Next to theology I give to music the highest honor. We see how David and all the saints wrought their godly thoughts into verse, rhyme, and song.—*Luther.*

THE SWEET BY AND BY.

J. P. Webster.
S. Fillmore Bennett.

With feeling.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a - far, For the Father waits o - ver the way, To prepare us a dwelling place there.
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days!

By and by.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beauti - ful shore!
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beauti - ful shore!
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beauti - ful shore!

by and by, by and by, by and by,

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beauti - ful shore.

by and by, by and by,

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ONE of the saddest experiences of life comes with the recognition of past and on-going changes which we are powerless to mend or to hinder. The ruthless hand of time leaves its destructive traces upon everything that we love. We go away from the old homestead, and return with glad anticipations after a dozen years, only to find that the well-remembered scene is no longer the same; that the ancient landmarks have been removed; that the grove in whose shadow we played has given place to unpoetical brick and mortar. Old faces have disappeared for ever; and those that remain have suffered change. Even we ourselves have changed; and we look into old comrades' faces with half-alien eyes. The clasp of the hand is colder, and there is a ring of disappointed longing in the voice. When we turn our back once more upon the unforgotten past, it is with the feeling that something has gone out of life which will never be restored to it. It is in such moments as these that one turns for comfort to that promise of the Book: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten. . . . And ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied, and shall praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you." And there is comfort in such a promise, for it is the promise of Him who changes not; and it means that even we shall one day be redeemed from change, where youth is immortal.

WHEN THE SOFT TWILIGHT.

R. SCHUMANN.
J. E. CARPENTER.

Moderato e molto legato.

1. Come when the soft twi-light falls And the meadow's bright green seems to fade,
2. Come when the shadows de - scend And the twi-light in-vites us to stray,

Come when the nightingale calls, When the nightingale calls, Her mate in the depths of the
Come and our voices we'll blend, And our voi-ces we'll blend, In songs all too sweet to be

deep forest glade. Come when the leaflets fall light on the ground, Come when the moon-beams are
sung in the day. Come when the glow-worm is seen in the grove, There hand in hand 'twill be

danc - ing a - round, Come when the bat spreads his wings, Come when the nightingale
rap - ture to rove Down by the fountains and springs, Come when the nightingale

molto rall.

sings, When the nightingale sings, the nightingale sings, Come when the nightingale sings.

THE STORM.

JOHN HULLAH.
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Con moto.

1. The tempest rag - es wild and high, The waves lift up their voice and cry Fierce answers to the
2. The thunders roar, the lightnings glare, Vain is it now to strive or dare; A cry goes up of
3. Warm curtain'd was the lit - tle bed, Soft pil - low'd was the lit - tle head, The storm will wake the

ad lib. *a tempo primo.*

an - gry sky. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne! Thro' the black night and driving rain, A
great de - spair, Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne! The storm - y voi - ces of the main, The
child, they said. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi-ne! Cow'ring a-mong his pillows white, He

rit.

ship is strug - gling, all in vain To live up - on the storm - y main.
moan - ing wind and pelt - ing rain, Beat on the nurs - 'ry win - dow pane.
prays, his dim eyes wild with fright, Fa - ther, save those at sea to - night!

ad lib. *A little slower.*

Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne, Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne. 4. The morning shone, all

ad lib.

clear and gay, On a ship at an-chor in the bay, And on a lit - tle child at play!

ad lib. *f*

Glo - ri - a Ti - bi, Do - mi - ne! Glo - ri - a Ti - bi, Do - mi - ne!

RETIRING to a monastery, it is said, after the death of his wife, Jacob Steiner, the noted German violin maker, there passed the remainder of his life. While there he resolved to distinguish the close of his career by the construction of some violins of rare beauty and melody. This he accomplished by the aid of the superior, who obtained for him some very fine wood, out of which those most famous instruments known by the name of "Elector Steiners" were made by him. These are the violins which by common consent most entitle this artist to rank with the greatest masters. They are of the very highest quality of the Steiner tone, which has been described as "a pure, ringing, ethereal tone, comparable to that of a woman's perfect voice—a shape of elegance—studied finish in every detail, and a diaphanous varnish of golden hue." Such are the characteristics, says an enthusiastic admirer, of these last productions of Steiner. There were sixteen of these violins, one of which he presented to each of the twelve Electors, and the remaining four to the Emperor. Unfortunately thirteen of these appear to have been lost, and the remainder have all been in royal hands—the Empress Maria Theresa, the Duke of Orleans, and Frederick William of Prussia—who have presented them to eminent foreign violinists.

MANY people foolishly imagine that *any* violin may be made to produce as sweet sounds in the hands of a skilful player as a high-class instrument. This is a great mistake, and a convincing proof of its fallacy may be drawn from the fact that all the great soloists play upon high-class violins. They did this also at a time when they would gladly have saved the expense, had it been possible. Joachim played upon a Stradivarius, Vieuxtemps on a Guarnerius, Ole Bull on a Guarnerius and an Amati, De Beriot on a Magini, Paganini on a Guarnerius, and Ernst a Stradivarius.

FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

Quasi recitative. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

1. I'll sing you an old bal - lad that was made by an old pate, Of a poor old Eng - lish gen - tle - man, who had an old es - tate; He kept a brave old mansion at a boun - ti - ful old rate, With a good old por - ter to re - lieve the old poor at his gate, Like a fine old English gen - tle-man, all of the old - en time.
2. His hall so old was hung a - round with pikes, and guns, and bows, With swords, and good old buck - lers, that had stood 'gainst many foes; And there his wor - ship sat in state, in doublet and trunk-hose, And quaffed a cup of good old wine to warm his good old nose, Like a fine old English gen - tle-man, all of the old - en time.
3. When win - ter cold brought Christmas old, he oped his house to all, And, though threescore and ten his years, he feat - ly led the ball; Nor was the houseless wan-der - er then driv - en from the hall, For, while he feast - ed all the great, he ne'er for - got the small, Like a fine old English gen - tle-man, all of the old - en time.
4. But time, though old, is strong in flight, and years rolled swift - ly by, When au - tumn's fall - ing leaf fore - told this poor old man must die! He laid him down right tran-quil - ly, gave up life's latest sigh, While heav - y sad - ness fell a - round, and tears bedewed each eye, For this good old English gen - tle-man, all of the old - en time.

OUR WAY ACROSS THE SEA.

Andante.

1. Home, fare thee well! the o - cean's storm is o'er,..... The wea - ry pen - non
2. We wreathe no bowl to drink a gay good-bye,..... For tears would fall un -
3. See where yon star its dia-mond light dis - plays,.... Now seen, now hid be -

woos the sea-ward wind; Fast speeds the bark, and now the less'ning shore
bid - den in the wine; And while re - flect - ed was the mournful eye, The
hind the swelling sail; Hope rides in glad - ness on its streaming rays,

Sinks in the wave, with those we left be - hind. Fare thee well! Land of the
spark - ling sur - face e'en would cease to shine. Then fare thee well! Farewell once
And bids us on, and bribes the fav'ring gale. Then, Hope, we bend In joy to

free; No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee. Fare thee
more; The o - cean's swell Now hides my na - tive shore. Then fare thee
thee; And care - less wend our way a - cross the sea. Then, Hope, we

well! Land of the free, No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee.
well! Fare - well once more, The o - cean's swell now hides my na - tive shore.
bend In joy to thee, And care-less wend our way a - cross the sea.

THE truth that music is for religion is clearly evident in the fact that nothing calls for it like religion. Men fight better under the stir of music, but they can fight well without it. Business does not require it. Pleasure craves it, but the voice and the zest of young life supply its lack. It is not needed in the enacting of laws, nor in the pleadings of courts. It might be left out in every department of life save one, and nothing would be radically altered; there would be lack, but not loss of function. But religion as an organized thing and as worship, could not exist without it. When song dies out where men assemble for worship, the doors are soon closed. When praise is repressed and crowded aside for the sermon, the service sinks into a hard intellectual process for which men do not long care. Eloquence and logic will not take its place—why, it is difficult to say until it is recognized that music is the main factor of worship—a fact capable of philosophical statement, namely: Worship being a moral act or expression, it depends upon the

ONE OR TWO.

W. T. WRIGHTON.

con espress.

1. If you to me be cold, Or I be false to you, The world will still go on, Just as it used to do,— The clouds flirt with the moon, The sun still kiss the sea; But the sun will shine less bright, And the clouds seem not so fair. So 'tis wis - er to be kind, And bet - ter to be true, And let old love go on Just as it used to do.
2. If all the page be read, The book be finished through, Still will the world read on, Just as it used to do, For oth - ers dear will con The pa - ges we have passed, Which o - pen not to one, But two read to the last. So 'tis wis - er to be skies—Does gain then come to you That I have lost my prize? So 'tis wis - er to be
3. We who to - geth-er sailed Sink from each oth-er's view—The world will still sail on, Just as it used to do!

rall. *tempo.*

rhythm and harmony of art for its materials; they are the substances—so to speak—ordained by God and provided in nature out of which worship is made. And so the church in all ages has flowered into song. It takes for itself the noblest instrument and refuses none. It draws to itself the great composers, whom it first attunes to its temper and then sets to its tasks, which invariably prove to be their greatest works. In no other field do they work so willingly and with so full exercise of genius. There is a freedom, a fulness and a perfection in sacred composition that are to be found in no other field. In all other music there is a call for more or for something different, but the music of adoration leaves the spirit in restful satisfaction. Dryden, the most tuneful of poets, divided the crown between old Timotheus and the divine Cecilia, but surely it is greater to "draw an angel down" than "lift a mortal to the skies."—*Munger.*

MUSIC AT NIGHTFALL.

C. Jefferys.
Sidney Nelson.

Allegretto.

1. I hear not a foot-fall, There is not a tone; Oh, greet thou mine ear With a
2. The song that hath cheered me Shall nev - er de - part, Tho' it pass from the ear It will

song of thine own. There is not a foot-fall, Nor voice save thine own, But nev - er seemed
dwell in the heart. In sun-shine or sad-ness, In good or in ill, The heart thou hast

mu - sic So sweet in its tone. Pour thy dear mel - o - dy Light-ly a - long;
welcomed Shall beat for thee still. To list to thy mu - sic I'd leave the gay throng;

rit. *a tempo.*

Love wakes the lay, And my heart's in the song. What has earth dear - er in pal - ace or
Love wakes the lay, And my heart's in the song. What has earth dear - er in pal - ace or

grove, Than mu - sic at night - fall From lips that we love? Mu - sic at

Chorus. *Adagio.*

night - fall, Mu - sic at night - fall, Mu - sic at night - fall From lips that we love?

* Or Soprano and Alto, in turn, may sing these three words, closing with Chorus.

STAY, MY DARLING, STAY.

(BLEIB BIE MIR.)

A. Reichardt.

Con espress.

1. Now the day is slow - ly wan - ing; Evening breez - es soft - ly, soft - ly
2. Canst thou thus unmov'd be - hold me, Still untouched by love, by love so
1. Wie die Blüm - lein draussen zit - tern In der A - bend - lüf - - - te
2. Hab' ge - liebt dich oh - ne En - de Hab' dir nie ein Leid..... ge -

moan; Wilt thou ne'er heed my complaining? Canst thou leave me thus a - lone? Stay with
deep? Nay, thine arms more closely fold me, And thine eyes be - gin to weep! Stay with
wehn Und du willst mir's Herz verbit - tern, Und du willst schon wie - der geh'n. Bleib bei
than Und du drückst mir still die Hän - de Und du fängst zu wei - nen an. Wei - ne

un poco rit. *un poco.*

me, my dar - ling, stay, And like a dream thy life shall pass a - way; Stay with
mir und geh'nicht fort In mein-em Herz-en ist der schön - ste Ort. Bleib bei
nicht und geh'nicht fort In mein-em Herz-en ist der schön - ste Ort. Wei - ne

più cres. *cres - cen - do.*

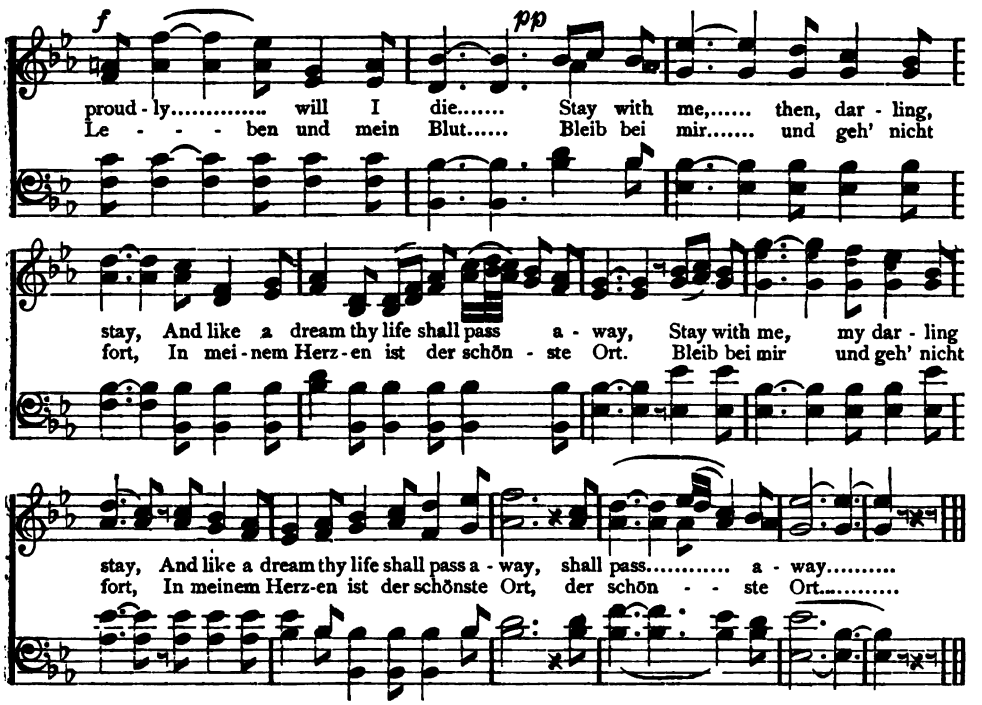
me, my dar-ling, stay, And like a dream thy life shall pass a - way, like a -
mir und geh'nicht fort In mein - em Herz-en ist der schön-ste Ort,..... der
nicht und geh'nicht fort In mein - em Herz-en ist der schön-ste Ort,..... der

rit. *poco animato.*

dream shall pass a - way. 3. No re - gret shall e'er at - tend thee, Ne'er shall
schönste, der schön - ste Ort. 3. Oh, da drau - ssen in der Fer - ne Sind die

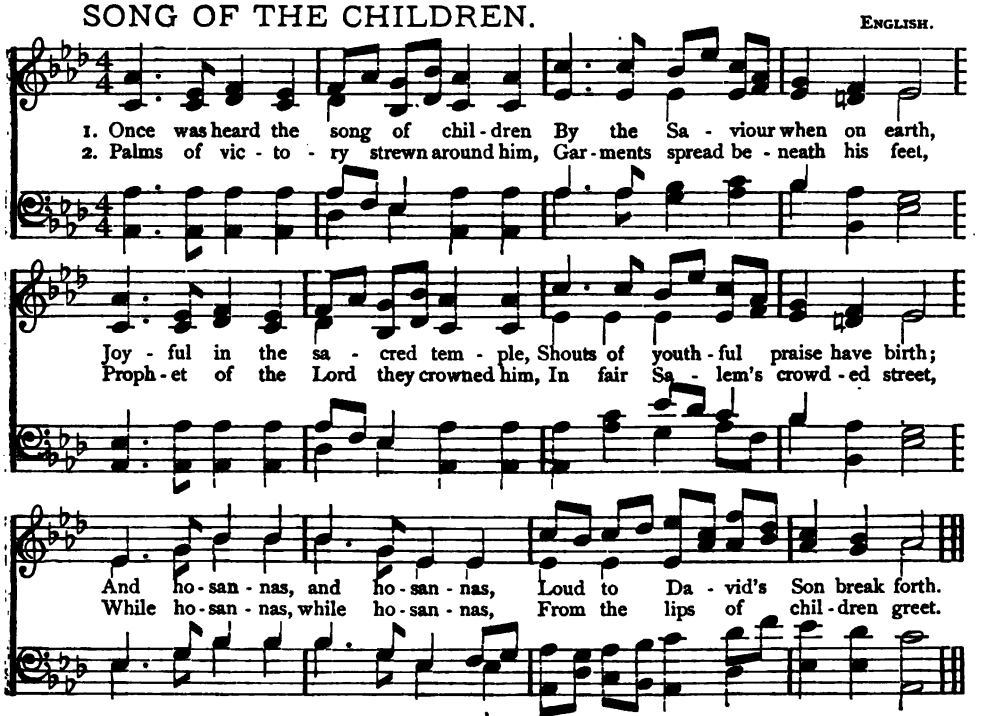
cres - cen - do.

sor - row dim thine eye; 'Gainst the world's alarms to fend thee, Glad - ly,
Men - schen nicht so gut Und ich gäb' für - dich so ger - - ne, Mein



SONG OF THE CHILDREN.

ENGLISH.



3. God o'er all, in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring.
Glad hosannas, glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest and King.

4. O, though humble is our off'ring,
Lord, accept our grateful lays!
These from children once proceeding
Thou didst deem "pefected praise."
Now hosannas, now hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

GOING TO MARKET.

LOUIS DIEHL.
HAROLD WYNN.

Con espress.

1. She was standing by the wick-et, and she droop'd her pret-ty head, "I am go-ing to the market," with a lit-tle sigh, she said, "And the bas-ket is so heav-y, and I think that it will rain, And the road is long and lone-ly thro' the cop-pice and the lane!" With a ten-der glance he answered, as her troubled look he met, "I am sure it will be wea-ry, and it might be ver-ry wet, And the hay is hard-ly rip-en'd, so I-

2. Ma-ny mer-ry words were spok-en, and the sun-light round them fell, But at ev-en, when re-turning, he had something more to tell, "Oh! the road of life we trav-el, has its burdens we must bear, And the road is long and drea-ry, will you wish me with you there?" Then her dim-pled cheeks grew ro-sy, as the sun-set in the west, And she answered, look-ing shy-ly at the lil-ies in her breast, "You were kind to come to mar-ket, and you

poco rit.

poco rit.

a tempo.

hav - n't much to do, And if you will let me, Jen-nie, I should like to go with
al - ways tell me true, So I think I'll have you, Donald, for the oth - er jour - ney

poco a poco rit.

you, And if you will let me, Jen - nie, I should like to go with you."
too, So I think I'll have you, Don - ald, for the oth - er jour - ney too."

Andante con espress.

"You and I to - geth - er, love, Nev - er mind the weath - er, love, You and

f

I to - geth - er, love, All the way, all the way, You and I to -

geth - er, love, Nev - er mind the weath - er, love, You and I to -

1 2

geth - er, love, All the way, all the way,..... way, all the way."

BID ME GOOD-BYE.

F. Paolo Tosti.
F. E. Weatherly.

Con espress. *a tempo.*

pp

1. If in your heart a cor - ner lies that has no place for me,.....
2. Man's love is like the rest - less waves, ever at rise and fall,..... The

2nd verse. rit. *a tempo.* *p*

You do not love me as I deem that love should ev - er be;..... Is there a
on - ly love a wo - man craves, it must be all in all..... Ask me no

cres.

sin - gle joy or pain, that I may nev - er know? Take back your love, it
more if I re - gret; you need not care to know; A woman's heart does

p

is in vain, bid me good - bye and go..... You do not love me, no!.....
not for - get, bid me good - bye and go..... You do not love me, no!.....

cres.

bid me good-bye and go..... Good - bye, good - bye, 'tis bet - ter so, Bid me good -

rit. *cres.* *cres.*

bye and go..... You do not love me, no!..... Bid me good - bye and

ritenuto.

go,..... Good-bye, good-bye, 'tis bet - ter so, Bid me good-bye..... and go,.....

rit. *ppp* *rit.* *ten.*

go,..... Bid me good-bye and go..... Good - bye, bid me good-bye aud go.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Andante affettuoso.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1. Au - tumn leaves, autumn leaves Lie strewn around me here; Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, How
2. Withered leaves, withered leaves, That fly be - fore the gale; Withered leaves, withered leaves, To

sad, how cold, how drear! How like the hopes of childhood's day, Thick-clust'ring on the bough; How
tell a mournful tale Of love once true, and friends once kind, And happy moments fled, Dis -

like those hopes is their decay, How faded are they now! Au-tumn leaves, autumn leaves Lie
pelled by every breath of wind, For - got-ten, changed, or dead. Au-tumn leaves, autumn leaves Lie

strewn a - round me here; Au - tumn leaves, autumn leaves, How sad, how cold, how drear!

ENGLISH collectors, with that splendid contempt for cost which distinguishes them, allow no fine instruments to leave the country if they know it, and the consequence is that at the present day, and for some time past, England ranks first in the number and value of the Cremona violins she possesses. Next comes France, which has some able connoisseurs; then Russia and Germany. Italy, strange to say, has suffered them all to leave her, and though the native country of Stradivarius and Guarnerius, it is doubtful whether other nations have not attracted all the finest instruments out of her own possession. The great rise in the value of these extraordinary instruments is no doubt due to the fact that they were built very strong in wood, the effect of which would be to depreciate the tone when they were built, but which—now that time has ameliorated them and the wood has become capable of free vibration—has refined the quality and increased the tone. Fifty years ago a Guarnerius of the best time might have been bought for one-tenth of

GREEN FIELDS OF AMERICA.

MARY O'NEIL.

1. Let us go to the land where the green fields are blooming, O - ver the wa-ter, far, far away, Where the
2. Let us go to the land where the green fields are blooming, O friends of our youth, we bid you adieu; And
3. Afar to the land where the green fields are blooming! Kathleen, my darling, the ship's by the strand; We'll

ban - ner of freedom o'er us will be waving, Where all should be joy - ful, happy, and gay. We'll
oh, while our footsteps are far distant roaming, Dear ones of our kindred we'll oft think of you. Then
cross the great ocean, 'mid billows all foaming, All perils and dangers we've learned to withstand. Then

take a last look on the home we are leaving, And sigh for the fate of our own native shore; We'll
bear us a - way to the land of the stranger, The home of the pilgrim, the land of the free; Cheer
cheer up, my loved one, let sorrow no longer Dim the fond eye that once beamed with light, There's

go to the land where the green fields are blooming, The home of the stranger, our new home, Astore!
up, my own Kathleen, we'll brave every danger, And go to the green fields far o - ver the sea.
plen - ty, they say, in the land where we're going, The fields of A - mer - i - ca ev - er are bright!

its present cost, and they are yearly increasing in value.

THERE is no violin maker now who does not put, whether into the instruments he has to repair or those which he makes, a much stronger bar than those which were employed by the great makers themselves. They must have felt the necessity of doing this, or they would not all act in this way. Now what is the reason of this mode of working? I have seen in the hands of rich amateurs, several instruments which have been preserved with a religious care, absolutely in the form which Amati and Stradivarius had given to them. The bridges of these violins had only an inch and a fraction of height above the belly, while now bridges have a height of an inch and three-eighths. All judges concur that the pitch having been so greatly raised since the old instruments were built, a stronger bar has been found necessary, to counterbalance the increased tension of the higher bridges.—*Pearce's "Violin Makers."*

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE.

OLD ENGLISH SONG.

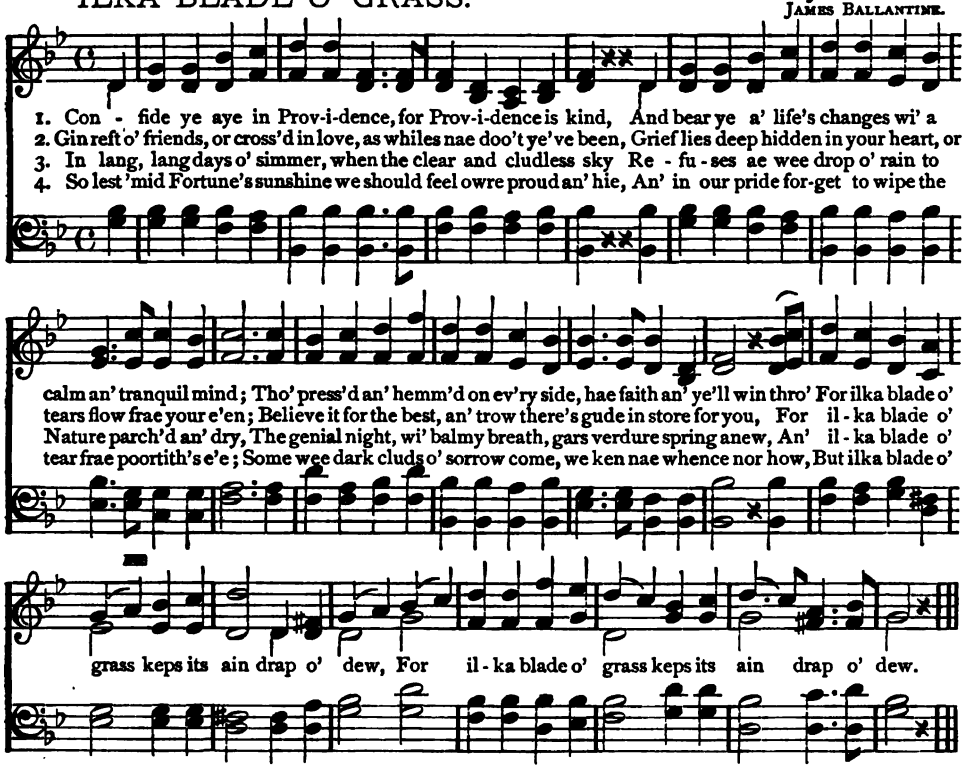
Moderato.

1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a - gain; My peace - ful home has no charm for me, The bat - tle - field no pain; The La - dy I love will soon be a bride, With a di - a - dem on her brow. Oh! why did she flat - ter my boy - ish pride, She's go - ing to leave me now, Oh why did she flat - ter my boy - ish pride, She's go - ing to leave me now.
2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en suit; I thought no more of my mas - ter's sword When I played on my mas - ter's lute; She seemed to think me a boy a - bove Her pag - es of low de - gree. Oh! had I but loved with a boy - ish love, It would have been better for me, Oh! had I but loved with a boy - ish love It would have been better for me.
3. Then I'll hide in my heart ev - 'ry sel - fish care; The hope of my life I'll re - sign; When smiles shall greet the brid - al pair, I'll has - ten to give them mine; I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the fes - tive train; And if I sur - vive it I'll mount my steed And I'll off to the wars a - gain, And if I sur-vive it I'll mount my steed And I'll off to the wars a - gain.
4. But one gold - en tress of her hair I'll twine In my hel - met's sa - ble plume, And then on the field of Pal - es - tine I'll seek an ear - ly doom; And if by the Sar - a - cen's hand I fall Mid the no - ble and the brave; A tear from my La - dy - love is all I ask for the war - rior's grave. A tear from my La - dy - love is all I ask for the war - rior's grave.

SAID the boy after a pause, "I have never lived amongst, or seen anything, since I was born, but what was natural and real—the forests, the fruit-trees in blossom, the gardens, and the flowers. I have never heard anything except of God—of the wretchedness of sin—of beautiful stories of good people. My grandfather, when he was alive, used to talk to me, as I sat with him at his charcoal-burning in the forest, of my forefathers, who were all honest and pious people. 'I shall then find all my forefathers in Heaven?' I would say to him. 'Yes, that thou wilt! We shall be of high nobility. Do not lose this privilege.' If I lose this privilege, how sad that will be! But here, in this palace, they think nothing of these things—instead of hymns they sing the strangest, wildest songs, so strange and beautiful that I fear and tremble at them as if the sounds were wicked sounds. I was very happy in my village outside the palace gates. I had none of these things, I only taught the little peasants, yet I was happy. From morning to night the path was straight before me—a bright and easy path, and the end was always light. Now all is difficult and strange. Since I passed through these gates with the golden scrolls, all goes crooked and awry; nothing seems plain and righteous as in the pleasant old days. I have come into an enchanted palace, the air of which I cannot breathe and live, I must go back." "No, not so," said the princess, "you are wanted here. Where you were you were of little good. There were at least others who could do your work. Here none can do it but you. They never saw any one like you before. They know it and speak of it. All are changed somewhat since you came." Mark looked sadly before him for some moments before he said, "Even if it be true what you say, still I must go. It is killing me. I wish to do good and right to all; but what good shall I do if it takes all my strength and life? I shall ask the prince to let me go back." "No," said the princess, "not that—never that. It is impossible—you cannot go back. What is passed can never happen again. It is the children's phrase, 'Do it again.' It can never be done again. You have passed, as you say, the golden gates into an enchanted world; you have known good and evil; you have tasted the fruit of the so-called Tree of Life. You cannot go back to the village. Think." Mark was silent for a longer space this time. His eyes were dim, but he seemed to see afar off. "No," he said at last, "it is true; I cannot go back. The village, and the school, and the children have passed away. I should not find them there, as they were before. If I cannot come to you, there is nothing for me but to die." "The Pagans," said the princess, "the old Pagans, that knew their gods but dimly, used to say—'The God-beloved die young.' It has been said since by Christian men, Do not be afraid to die. Instead of your form and voice there will be remembrance and remorse; instead of indifference and sarcasm there will be contrition; in place of thoughtless kindliness, a tender love. Do not be afraid to die. The charm is working now; it will increase when sight is changed for memory, and the changeful irritation of time for changeless recollection and regret. The body of the sown grain is transfigured into the flower of a spiritual life, and from the dust is raised a mystic presence which can never fade. Do not be afraid to die." Mark walked slowly back to the palace. He could not think; he was stunned and bewildered.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS.

JOHN WILSON.
JAMES BALLANTINE.



THE BIRDS MUST KNOW.

HELEN HUNT.
ARBOR DAY SONG.

p

1. The birds must know! Who wise - ly sings Will sing as they, will sing as they; The
2. Then late at night, when by his fire The trav' - ler sits, the trav - 'ler sits, By

f

com - mon air has gen - 'rous wings, Songs make their way. No mes - sen -
snatch - es thro' his wea - ry brain The sweet song flits! When next he

p

ger to run be - fore, No men - tion of the place or hour, No wait - ing
goes that road a - gain An emp - ty nest will make him sigh, "Just here I

f

till some sound be - trays A list' - ning ear, a list' - ning ear; No diff' - rent
heard, in pass - ing by, That sweet bird sing, that sweet bird sing." But while he

p

voice, no new de - lays, If steps draw near, if steps draw near. "What bird is
sighs, re - mem - ber - ing, The lit - tle bird is borne a - long, And oth - er

that? Its song is good." And eag - er eyes peer thro' the wood.
men with wea - ry feet The sim - ple strain are find - ing sweet!

STILL SO GENTLY O'ER ME STEALING.

V. Bellini.
From "La Sonnambula."

Allegro Moderato.

Still so gent-ly o'er me steal-ing, Mem'ry will bring back the feel-ing, Spite of
Ah! per-che non pos-so o-diar-ti in-fe-del com' io vor-re-i, Ah! del

all my grief re-veal-ing That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still. Tho' some
tut-to ancor non se-i can-cel-la-ta, can-cel-la-ta del mio cor, Possa un

oth-er swain may charm thee, Ah! no oth-er e'er can warm me, Yet ne'er
altro ah! possa a-mar-ti qual t'a-mo que-st' in-fe-li-ce, Al-tro

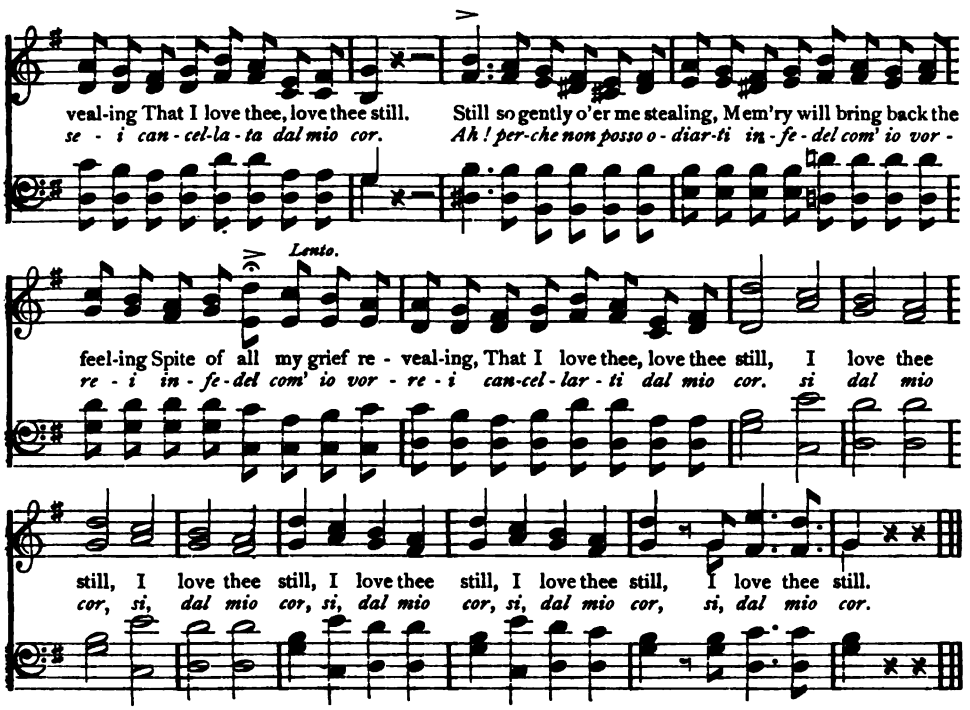
fear, I will not harm thee, No, thou false one, No, no, I fondly love thee still, Ah! ne'er fear, I will
vo-to o tra-di-tri-ce, no, ah! non te-mer, non te-mer dal mio do-lor, al-tro vo-to non te-

Lento.

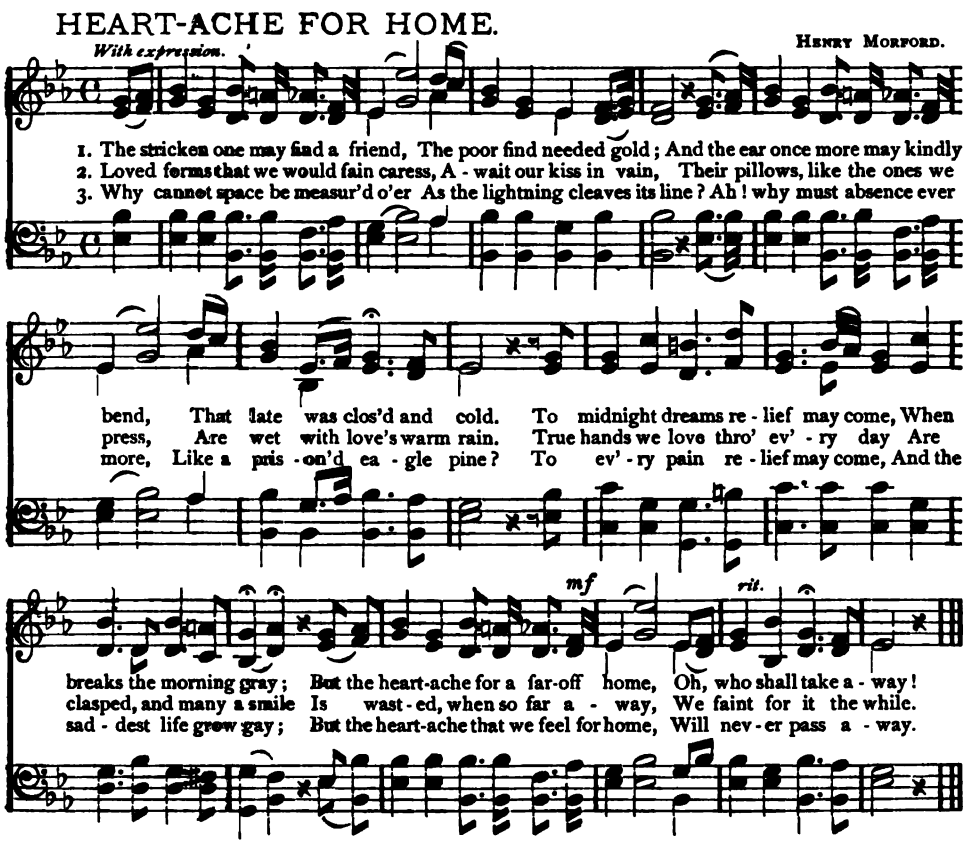
not harm thee; ne'er fear, I will not harm thee, No, false one, No, I love thee, I love thee, false one, still.
mer, non te-mer dal mio do-lor, al-tro vo-to ah! non te-mer, non te-mer dal mio do-lor.

Rall. un poco. *Con abbandono.*

Still so gent-ly o'er me steal-ing, Mem'ry will bring back the feel-ing, Spite of all my grief re-
Ah! per-che non pos-so o-diar-ti in-fe-del com' io vor-re-i Ah! del tut-to ancor non



HEART-ACHE FOR HOME.



Jenny Lind's little estate in England is called by the country people Wind's Point. The little granite house with a tower was known as the "Nightingale's Nest." It stands on the eastern slope of Herefordshire Beacon, and, except from the hill, is entirely hidden from view by a small wood of laurel, spruce, and fir trees. In a prominent spot, whence the view is particularly charming, stands a round pavilion, in the shape of a temple, which was built after her own design. Here she would often sit, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. It is four miles from Malvern Abbey where she was buried November, 1887. At her funeral tributes of respect and affection were as marked as during the days long past, when she was the Queen of Song. There were wreaths, bouquets and cut flowers from nearly all the gentry of Hereford and Worcester, and the myrtle wreath, made from the shrub she had planted on her wedding day, and cared for all her life, was placed inside the coffin. The wreath sent by Queen Victoria was one of tiny laurel leaves, interspersed with small white chrysanthemums. A cross, upon a lyre of white azaleas, was from the Prince of Wales; a wreath of imperial pale blush roses and violets came from the Crown Princess of Sweden; another, of the same material, was from the Royal College of Music, in

SWEDISH CRADLE SONG.

Andante con espressione. Sung by JENNY LIND.

1. Light and ro - sy be thy slum - bers, Rocked up - on thy mother's breast,
2. When thy look her care in - vit - eth, All the moth - er turns to thee,

She can lull thee with her num - bers, To the cra - dled heaven of rest.
And her in - most life de - light - eth, Drink - ing from thy cup of glee.

In her heart is love re - volv - ing, Like the plan - ets or the moon;
O'er thee now her spir - it bend - eth; Child of prom - ise, cher - ished well!

Hopes and pleas - ures fond - ly solv - ing, Keep - ing ev - 'ry thought in tune.
With thine own her be - ing blend - eth, Hal - low'd by af - fec - tion's spell.

Sweden, which Jenny Lind had founded, representing the common wild flowers of that country, and one, of white lilies and forget-me-nots, was sent by the Swedish Minister. The precentor of Worcester Cathedral and all his choristers were present. Beneath a wealth of flowers on the rose-wood casket—which lay on a bier of royal purple velvet—was a plate bearing the name "Jenny Maria Lind-Goldschmidt," with the dates of her birth, death and burial. The anthem was from "Elijah," which Jenny Lind had often sung—"He that endureth to the end shall be saved." As the bearers were removing the casket to a cemetery near by, I observed a village woman, who led a child, stop to pick up a few violets that had fallen from the casket-top upon the greensward and press them to her lips. The hillsides around the church and cemeteries were fairly black with people, not only of the vicinity, but from distant villages, whose tearful demeanor was remarkable. After the remains were deposited in the grave, I talked with some of the villagers, and their grief for their dead benefactress was most pathetic. The remains were not shown, but I learned that her face grew hourly after death more sweet and pleasant than in life.

SLUMBER SONGS.

FRENCH LULLABY.

1. Sleep, sleep, my darling, Sleep tranquilly. Mother is watching, Praying for thee, May holy an-gels
2. Sleep, sleep, my darling, Sleep tranquilly. Thy heav'nly Father Careth for thee. In thy soft cra-dle

On wings of light, Bring to my ba - by, Dreams fair and bright. Dodo, my darling, peacefully sleep.
Peacefully sleep; While thou dost slumber Watch He will keep. Dodo, my darling, peacefully sleep.

GERMAN LULLABY (WIEGENLIED.)

Not too Slow.

1. Brother, thou and I, Brother, thou and I, We'll sing our lul - la - by. Hush thee, dear, sing
2. Brother, thou and I, Brother, thou and I, We'll sing our lul - la - by. Hush thee, darling,
1. Bru-der, ich und du, Bru-der, ich und du, wir schla - fen im - mer zu. Still und still und

sweet and low, Ba - by now to rest would go; Hush thee, hush thee, Sing - ing soft and low.
have no fear, Lov - ing arms en-fold thee here; Hush thee, hush thee. Mother's watching near.
im - mer still, weil mein Mädchen schlafen will. Stil - le, stil - le, kein Geräusch gemacht.

OLD GAELIC LULLABY.

WHITTIER'S CHILD LIFE.

Tenderly.

1. Hush! the waves are roll - ing in, White with foam.— white with
2. Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, On they come,— on they
3. Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes, Where they roam,— where they

foam; Fa - ther toils a - mid the din, But ba - by sleeps at home.
come! Broth - er seeks the wand'ring sheep, But ba - by sleeps at home.
roam; Sis - ter goes to seek the cows, But ba - by sleeps at home.

PERHAPS the most thrilling quarter of an hour of John Howard Payne's life was that when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home" to him. The occasion was the Jenny Lind concert at Washington, one night in December, 1850. The assembly was one of the most distinguished in this country. The immense National Hall, hastily constructed for this occasion on the ruins of the burned National Theatre, was filled to overflowing. Among the notables present and occupying front seats were President Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Winfield Scott, and John Howard Payne. Jenny Lind opened with the "Casta Diva," and followed with the "Flute Song"—in which her voice contested in rivalry for purity and sweetness with a flute in the duet—then the famous "Bird Song," and next the "Greeting to America." All were applauded apparently to the full capacity of an enthusiastic audience, and Mr. Webster emphasized the plaudit by rising from his seat and making Jenny a profound bow, as if responding for the country to her

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

1. Come, all ye jol - ly shepherds that whistle thro' the glen, I'll tell ye of a se - cret that
2. There the blackbird builds his nest for the mate he loves to see, And upon the topmost bough, oh, a
3. When the blewart bears a pearl, and the daisy turns a pea, And the bonnie lucken[2] gowan[3] has
4. A - wa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gie?—And a' the arts that prey upon man's

courtiers din - na ken: What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to
hap - py bird is he! There he pours his melting dit - ty, and love 'tis a' the theme, And he'll
fauldit up his e'e; Then the lavrock[4] frae the blue lift[5] draps doun, and thinks nae shame, To
life an' lib - er - tie! Gie me the high-est joy that the heart o' man can frame— My

woo a bon-nie las - sie when the kye[1] come hame; When the kye come hame, When the
woo his bon-nie las - sie when the kye come hame; When the kye come hame, When the
woo his bon-nie las - sie when the kye come hame; When the kye come hame, When the
bon - nie, bon-nie las - sie when the kye come hame; When the kye come hame, When the

kye come hame, 'Tween the gloamin'[6] an' the mirk, when the kye come hame.

[1]cows. [2]looking. [3]daisy. [4]lark. [5]sky. [6]twilight.

"Greeting." But when the "Swedish Nightingale" answered the encore by turning in the direction of John Howard Payne and giving "Home, Sweet Home," with all the wonderful tenderness, purity, and simplicity fitting both the words and the air of the immortal song, the difference was at once seen between the mechanical applause called out by a display of fine vocalization, and that elicited by the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Before the first line of the song was completed the audience was fairly "off its feet," and could scarcely wait for a pause to give expression to its enthusiasm. People ordinarily of the undemonstrative sort clapped, stamped, and shouted as if beside themselves. Meantime all eyes were turned upon Payne, a small-sized, elegantly-moulded, gray-haired gentleman, who blushed violently at finding himself the centre of such general observation.

THE OLD, OLD SONG.

G. Lefort.
H. B. Farnie.

1. How sweet-ly falls on heart and ear A quaint and sim - ple childhood's tune; Its
2. My old tune brings a sound of leaves, The dash of wavelets on the shore, The

express.

greeting is half smile, half tear, And gently sad, as rain in June! There's melody in friendship's
song of birds in cot-tage eaves, And voices hush'd for-ev - er - more! A gentle hand lies clasp'd in

tone, There's music in fond lov-er's sigh, But one strain lives, and one a - lone, When
mine, Tho' well I know the touch is vain, And, with a tenderness di - vine, The

poco rall. *dolce.*

love's brief rhap - so - dy will die! Ah! 'tis the old, old song that lull'd our
loved and lost join in the strain! Ah! 'tis the old, old song that lull'd our

in - fant care to rest; It is the song we sang when love first ruled the breast; It is the

a piacer.

old, old mel-o - dy, that nev-er will depart, For oh! it floweth, floweth from our beating heart!

ON THE MOUNTAINS.

JULES BENEDICT.
CAROLINE NORTON.

f *p*

Andante.

1. On the mountains, when our toil is done, Late at eve I take my stand, Till love's call the Alpine horn hath
2. Tho' the home be humble where we live, Palace walls less bliss contain; Tho' our hearts be all we have to

f *p*

blown, In my faithful shepherd's hand. Full and clear that distant note To my heart appears to float,
give, Kings have sighed for love in vain. And the trumpets, pealing high, Echo thro' the vaulted sky,

f

All the echoes bringing Sounds more sweet than singing: "Come, darling, come!" All the echoes bringing
While the vic-tor lone-ly Pines for one note only: "Come, darling, come!" While the hero lonely

pp *più mosso.*

Sounds more sweet than singing, "Come, darling, come!" Cold in mist the shadows darken, Fades the golden
Pines for one note only: "Come, darling, come!" So, tho' storms may break in thunder, And the snow-drifts

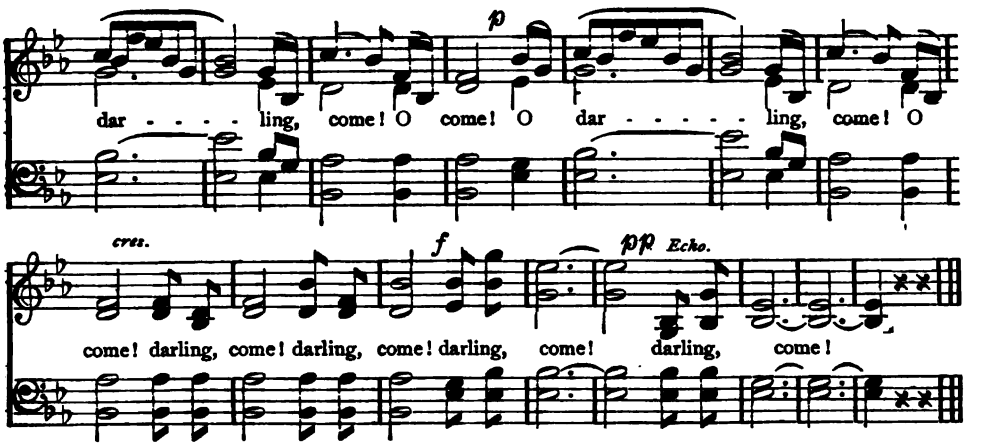
p *cres.* *f*

light of morn, Fear-less still I wait and hearken For that far - off Al - pine horn:
fall for-lorn, I would stand the dark rocks un - der List'ning for that Al - pine horn:

poco meno. *ff* *tempo primo.*

All my pulses beating With the joy of meeting. Come, come, come, come, O

As sung by Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt.



THE LAND OF DREAMS.

F. Enoch.
Arthur Wilton.

Moderato.

1. There's a land, a radiant land, That the spir - it of - ten seeks, Up - on whose golden
2. In that land, that radiant land, Is ma - ny a dwell - ing place, Whose beau - ty human
3. To that land, that radiant land, Whose spir - it hath not sailed, To seek the golden

strand The wave of fan - cy breaks, The wave of fan - cy breaks: There the
hand Could nev - er, nev - er trace, Could nev - er, nev - er trace; There
strand, When the joy of earth - life failed, When the joy of earth - life failed? In

p

skies are ev - er fair, And the sunlight ev - er beams, And the flow'rs are bright and rare, In that
joy - ous songs are heard, In the vales of crystal streams, From breeze, and voice, and bird, In that
thought's brave barque alone, To the realm of changeless beams, For the radiance only known In that

cres.

land—the land of dreams, And the flowers are bright and rare, In that land, the land of dreams.
land—the land of dreams, From breeze, and voice, and bird, In that land, the land of dreams.
land—the land of dreams, For the radiance on - ly known, In that land, the land of dreams?

DREAM FACES.

Andante.

Wm. M. Hutchinson.

1. The shad - ows lie a - cross the dim old room, The fire - light glows and fades in - to the gloom, While mem'ry sails to childhood's distant shore, And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more.
2. Once more I see, a - cross the dis-tant years, A face long gone with all its smiles and tears; Once more I press a ten - der lov-ing hand, And with my dar- ling 'neath the old oak stand.

p Allegro. Refrain.

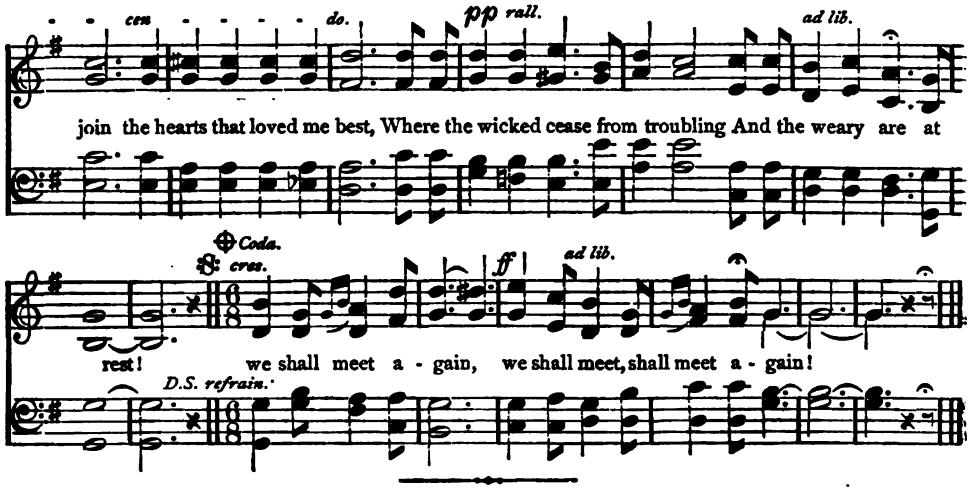
Sweet dream-land fa - ces, pass - ing to and fro, Bring back to mem' - ry days of long a - go, Mur - muring gent - ly thro' a mist of pain, "Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet a - gain."

After 3d verse go to Coda.

p Andante.

3. But all I loved are gone, And I a-lone in life, To wait, and wait, and wait, Till death shall end the strife; Un - til once more I

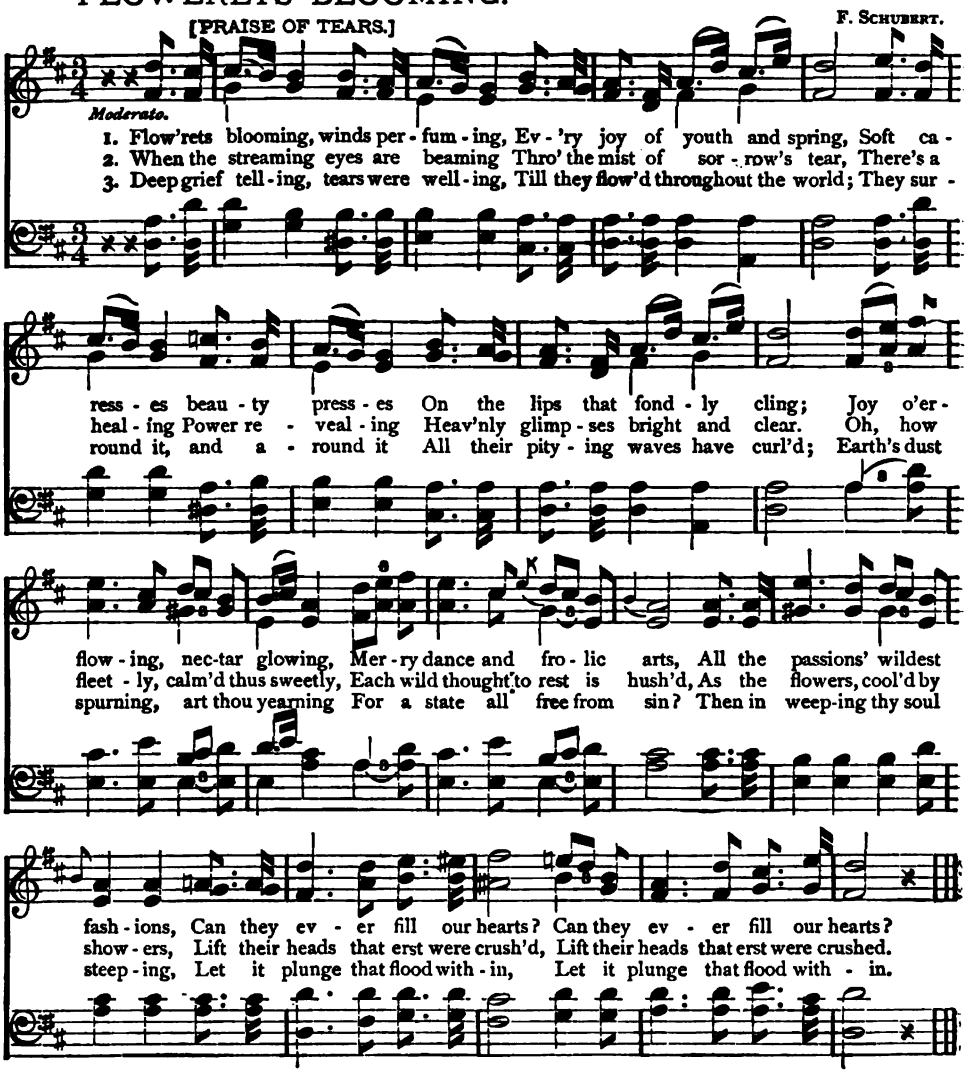
pp cres - - -



FLOWERETS BLOOMING.

[PRAISE OF TEARS.]

F. SCHUBERT.



THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

R. S. WILLIS.
C. F. ALEXANDER.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was
2. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might go at
3. Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has he loved, And we must love him too, And trust in his re-

cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we can-not tell What
last to Heaven, Saved by his precious blood. There was no oth-er good enough To
deeming blood, And try his works to do. For there's a green hill far a-way, With-

pains he had to bear; But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
pay the price of sin; He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of Heaven, and let us in.
out a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.

SAW YE MY SAVIOUR?

"BDELLIUM."

1. Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Sa-viour? Saw ye my Saviour and God? Oh! he
2. He was ex-tend-ed, He was ex-tend-ed, Pain-ful-ly nail'd to the cross; Here he
3. Dark-ness pre-vail-ed, darkness pre-vail-ed, Darkness prevail'd o'er the land, And the
4. Hail, migh-ty Saviour! Hail, migh-ty Sa-viour, Prince, and the Author of peace! Oh! he

died on Cal-va-ry, To a-tone for you and me, And to purchase our par-don with blood.
bow'd his head and died, Thus my Lord was cruci-fied, To a-tone for a world that was lost.
sun refused to shine, When His majes-ty di-vine Was de-rid-ed, in-sult-ed, and slain.
burst the bars of death, And, triumphant from the earth, He as-cend-ed to mansions of bliss.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY.
J. BLUMENTHAL. "BLUMENTHAL."

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? Can my God His
2. Kindled His re-lentings are; Me He now de-lights to spare; Cries, "How shall I

wrath forbear, Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? I have long withstood His grace; Long pro-
give thee up?" Lets the lift-ed thun-der drop. There for me the Saviour stands, Shows His

voked Him to His face; Would not hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
wounds and spreads His hands; God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps, and loves me still.

COME, HOLY GHOST.

CHARLES WESLEY.
WM. TANSUR. "ST. MARTIN'S."

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, our hearts in-spire; Let us Thine in fluence prove;
2. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for, moved by Thee, The proph-ets wrote and spoke.
3. Ex-pand Thy wings, ce-les-tial Dove, Brood o'er our na-ture's night;

Source of the old pro-phet-ic fire, Foun-tain of life and love.
Un-lock the truth, Thy-self the key; Un-seal the sa-cred book.
On our dis-or-dered spir-its move, And let there now be light.

1.
Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2.
"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3.
Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

A DAY or two after Lee's surrender, in April, 1865, I left our ship at Dutch Gap in the James River, for a run up to Richmond, where I was joined by the ship's surgeon, the paymaster, and one of the junior officers. After "doing" Richmond pretty thoroughly we went in the evening to my rooms for dinner. Dinner being over and the events of the day recounted, the doctor, who played well, opened the piano, saying, "Boys, we have our old quartette here, let's have a song." As the house opposite was occupied by paroled Confederate officers, no patriotic songs were sung. Soon the lady of the house handed me this note: "Compliments of General ——— and Staff. Will the gentlemen kindly allow us to come over and hear them sing?" Of course we consented, and they came. As the general entered the room, I recognized instantly the face and figure of one who stood second only to Lee or Jackson in the whole Confederacy. After introductions and the usual interchange of civilities, we sang for them glees and college songs, until at last the general said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, you sing delightfully, but what we want to hear is your army songs." Then we gave them the army songs with unction, the Battle Hymn of the Republic, John Brown's Body, We're Coming, Father Abraham, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," through the whole catalogue to the Star Spangled Banner, to which many a foot beat time as if it had never stepped to any but the "music of the Union," and closed our concert with Rally Round the Flag. When the applause had subsided, a tall, fine-looking fellow in a major's uniform exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if we'd had your songs we'd have licked you out of your

THE GUM-TREE CANOE.

S. S. STEELE.

1. On Tom-big-bee riv-er so bright I was born, In a hut made of husks of the tall yellow corn, And
2. All the day in the field the soft cotton I hoe, And think of my Ju-lia and sing as I go; Oh, I
3. With my hands on the banjo and toe on the oar, I sing to the sound of the river's soft roar; While the
4. One night the stream bore us so far, far away, We couldn't come back, so we tho't we'd just stay, But we

Chorus.

there I first met with my Ju-lia so true, And I rowed her about in my Gum-tree canoe. Singing
catch her a bird, with a wing of true blue, An' at night sail her 'round in my Gum-tree canoe. Singing
stars they look down at my Ju-lia so true, And dance in her eye in my Gum-tree canoe. Singing
spied a tall ship with a flag of true blue, And it took us in tow, with our Gum-tree canoe. Singing

row a-way, row, o'er the waters so blue, Like a feather we'll float in my Gum-tree ca-noe.
row a-way, row, o'er the waters so blue, Like a feather we'll float in my Gum-tree ca-noe.

boots! Who couldn't have marched or fought with such songs? While we had nothing, absolutely nothing, except a bastard Marseillaise, the Bonnie Blue Flag and Dixie, which were nothing but jigs. Maryland, my Maryland, was a splendid song, but the tune, old 'Lauriger Horatius,' was about as inspiring as the Dead March in Saul, while every one of these Yankee songs is full of marching and fighting spirit." Then turning to the general he said, "I shall never forget the first time I heard Rally Round the Flag. 'Twas a nasty night during the Seven Days Fight and, if I remember rightly, it was raining. I was on picket, when just before 'taps' some fellow on the other side struck up that song and others joined in the chorus until it seemed to me the whole Yankee army was singing. Tom B——, who was with me, sang out, 'Good heavens, Cap, what are those fellows made of, anyway? Here we've licked 'em six days running and now, on the eve of the seventh, they're singing Rally Round the Flag?' I am not naturally superstitious, but I tell you that song sounded to me like the knell of doom and my heart went down into my boots; and though I've tried to do my duty, it has been an up-hill fight with me ever since that night." The little company of Union singers and Confederate auditors, after a pleasant and interesting interchange of stories of army experiences, then separated, and as the general shook hands at parting, he said to me: "Well, the time may come when we can all sing the Star Spangled Banner again." I have not seen him since.
—*Richard Wentworth Browne, in Century Magazine.*

ALL BY THE SHADY GREENWOOD TREE.

G. Rossini.
From "Maid of Judah."

f Allegretto mosso.

1. All by the sha - dy greenwood tree, The merry, merry arch - ers roam; Jo - vial and bold, and
2. All by the sha - dy greenwood tree, The merry, merry arch - ers roam; Jo - vial and bold, and

ever free, They tread their woodland home. Roving beneath the moon's soft light, Or in the thick, em-
ever free, They tread their woodland home. Sweet is the song that fills the air, Floating a - far o'er

bowering shade, List'ning the tale, with dear de - light, Of a wan - d'ring syl-van maid.
the forest glades; Welcome the mer - ry hunt - er's horn, Ere the twi - light glo - ry fades.

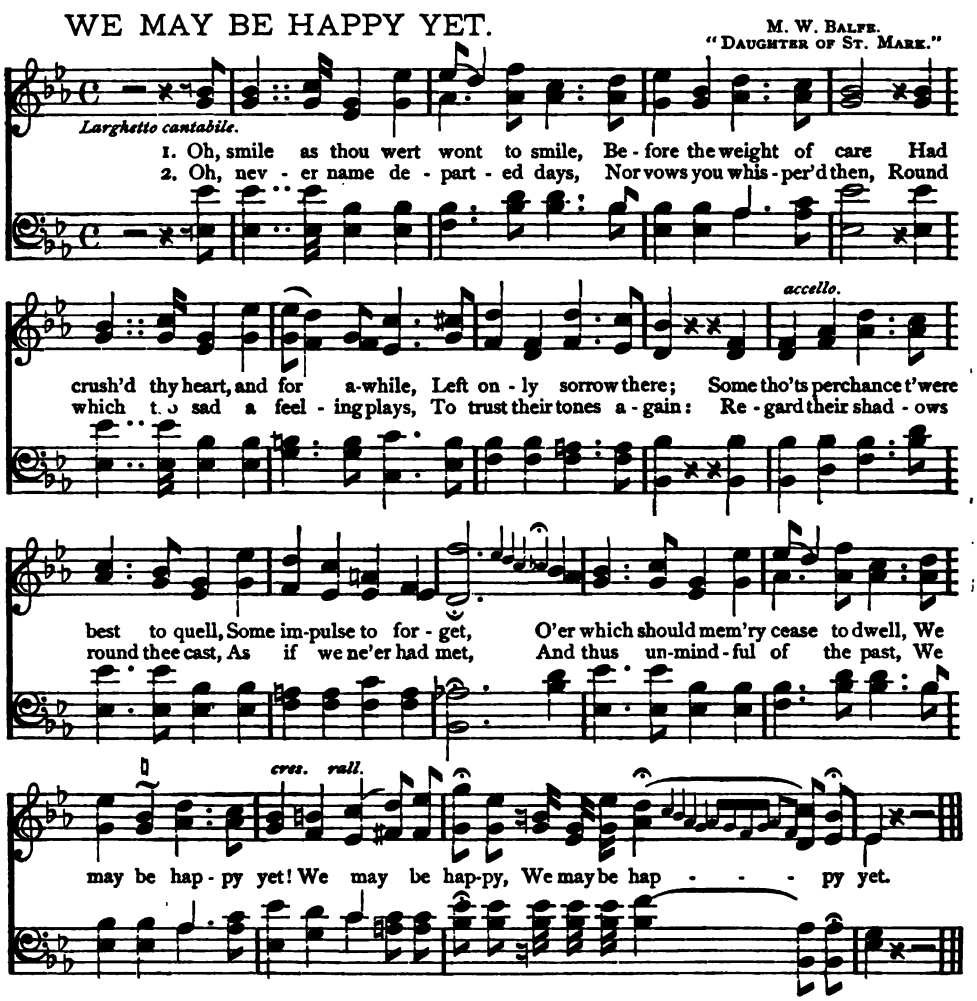
p All by the sha - dy greenwood tree, The mer-ry, mer-ry arch-ers roam; *f* Jo - vial and bold, and

ever free, They tread their woodland home! Jovial and bold, and ev - er, ev - er free, They tread, they

tread their woodland, woodland home, their woodland home, their woodland home, their woodland home.

OH, did we but know when we were happy! Could the restless, feverish, ambitious heart be still, but for a moment still, and yield itself, without one farther-aspiring throb, to its enjoyment; then were I happy,—yes, thrice happy! But no; this fluttering, struggling, and imprisoned spirit beats the bars of its golden cage;—disdains the silken fetter; it will not close its eye and fold its wing; as if time were not swift enough, its swifter thoughts outstrip his rapid flight, and onward, onward do they wing their way to the distant mountains, to the fleeting clouds of the future; and yet I know that ere long, weary and wayworn and disappointed, they shall return to nestle in the bosom of the past!—*Longfellow.*

SLOW and thick the evening shadows were settling around the grey, sombre walls of the prison, and a Sabbath calm had fallen on its weary corridors, while the mute and lonely habitants of the cells were holding communion, each with his own sad thoughts—perhaps of home and happy firesides, of friends and kindred associations. To themselves they seemed abandoned, forgotten by the outside world, and dull despair, as dark and heavy as the night fast falling round them, enshrouded their thoughts as they dwelt upon their hard and bitter lot. But stay! Forgotten, abandoned, are they? Music, in sweet, soft, deep strains, is now rolling, floating, vibrating along the gloomy corridors;



organ notes and notes of human voices blended in sacred song, make the place resound with sweet harmony, before which the sadness and bitterness of the prisoner's lonely reveries melt away; notes of sacred song which could not but break down the barriers of sin around hardened hearts and give forth an echo there. Ladies and gentlemen, from the Church, had come quietly into the jail, and with all their power for good were exerting a Christian influence upon the souls there confined—souls listening, while earnest faces pressed against the grates and eyes blinded with tears tried hard to pierce the gloom. The visitors sang into the evening; then there came a pause, and soon a certain prisoner beckoned to one of the jail attendants who approached and bent forward to hear what he had to say. "'Home—Sweet—Home'—please," he faltered. The good warden hurried away to the place whence the music had proceeded, but the singers were gone.

WHEN we are not enough in sympathy with nature to feel new born ourselves with every new birth of spring buds and blossoms, then only are we dead, and a dreadful death that is. George Macdonald says, "Then only is man growing old, when he ceases to have sympathy with young people. That is a dreadful old age."

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

L. Heath.

1. On a lone bar-ren isle, where the wild roaring bil - low As - sails the stern rock, and the
2. Oh, shade of the might-y, where now are the le - gions That rush'd but to conquer when
3. Yet, spir - it im - mor - tal, the tomb can-not bind thee, For, like thine own ea - gle that

loud tempests rave, The he - ro lies still, while the dew-drooping willow, Like fond weep-ing
thou led'st them on, A - las! they have perish'd in far hil - ly regions, And all save the
soar'd to the sun, Thou springest from bondage, and leavest be-hind thee A name, which be -

mourner, leans o - ver his grave. The light'nings may flash and the loud thunder rat - tle, He
fame of their tri - umph is gone. The trum-pet may sound and the loud can-non rat - tle, They
fore thee no mor - tal had won. Tho' na - tions may com - bat, and war's thunder rat - tle, No

heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain; He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, No
heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain; They sleep their last sleep, they have fo't their last battle, No
more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain; Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fo't thy last battle, No

sound can awake him to glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake him to glo - ry a - gain.
sound can awake them to glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake them to glo - ry a - gain.
sound can awake thee to glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake thee to glo - ry a - gain.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

G. C. Bingham.
Odoardo Barri.

Recitative. Maestoso.

When wild the night, and dark the stormy way, When from the path our wandering footsteps stray, Hark to the voice that speaks o'er life's wide sea, "I am the Good Shepherd, come to me!"

Andante.

mf

1. The night fell fast upon the wold Shone forth the even-ing star; The Shepherd watched an emp-ty fold, The sheep had wandered night; Tho' still to guide us on our way, Shines forth Thy Word's true

dim.

f

far, O'er thorny path and sto-ny plain In lov-ing search He passed, And gath-ered them to Him a-gain, And led them home at last! . . . . .

2. Oft from the path we wil-ful stray, And round us falls the light; We give no an-swer to Thy call, We long for pastures new; Ah! Fath-er ours, Thou knowest all, We know not what we do! . . . . .

Con sentimento.

Lord, thou art our Shep - herd! Guide us, lest we stray; Gath - er us when the night

f

com - eth, In - to Thy fold for aye. Lord, Thou art our Shep - herd!

a tempo.

Guide us, lest we stray; Gath - er us when the night com - eth, Safe in Thy fold for

D.S. for ad verse. *Coda.*

aye. For aye, For aye, In - to Thy fold for aye . . . . .

THE MERCY-SEAT.

HUGH STOWELL.
THOMAS HASTINGS. "RETREAT."

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads;

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HOW BRIGHT AND FAIR.

G. Rossini.

Andante grazioso. *cres.* *f*

1. How bright and fair the morn is break-ing! We'll hail it with a mer - ry
2. From fields of bloom come bud and flow - er, To deck fair brows with gar - lands

p *ff*

sound Of tune - ful chords, soft ech - oes wak-ing, Or notes that from far hills rebound;
gay; With grate - ful hearts we thank the Power That lends such beauty to the day;

p

Of tune - ful chords, soft ech - oes wak - ing, Or notes that from far hills re - bound.
With grate - ful hearts we thank the Power That lends such beau - ty to the day.

Then ply our work, just tribute mak - ing, To Him who guides, the seasons

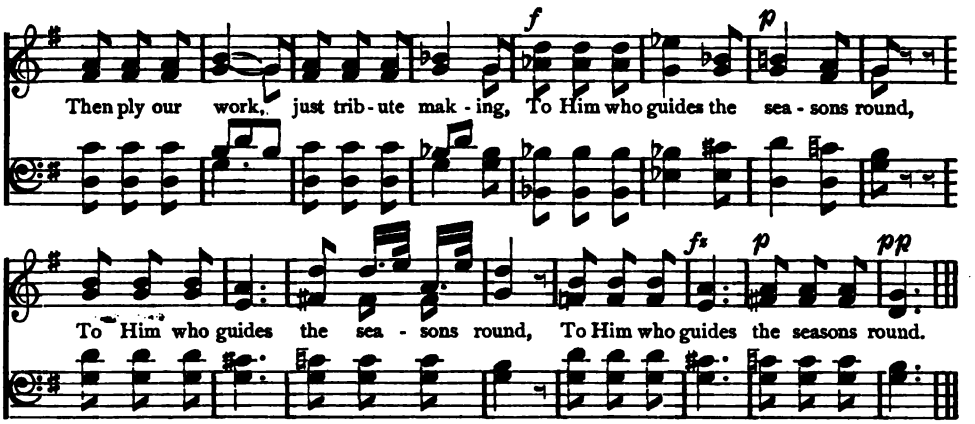
To Him who guides

cres. *f*

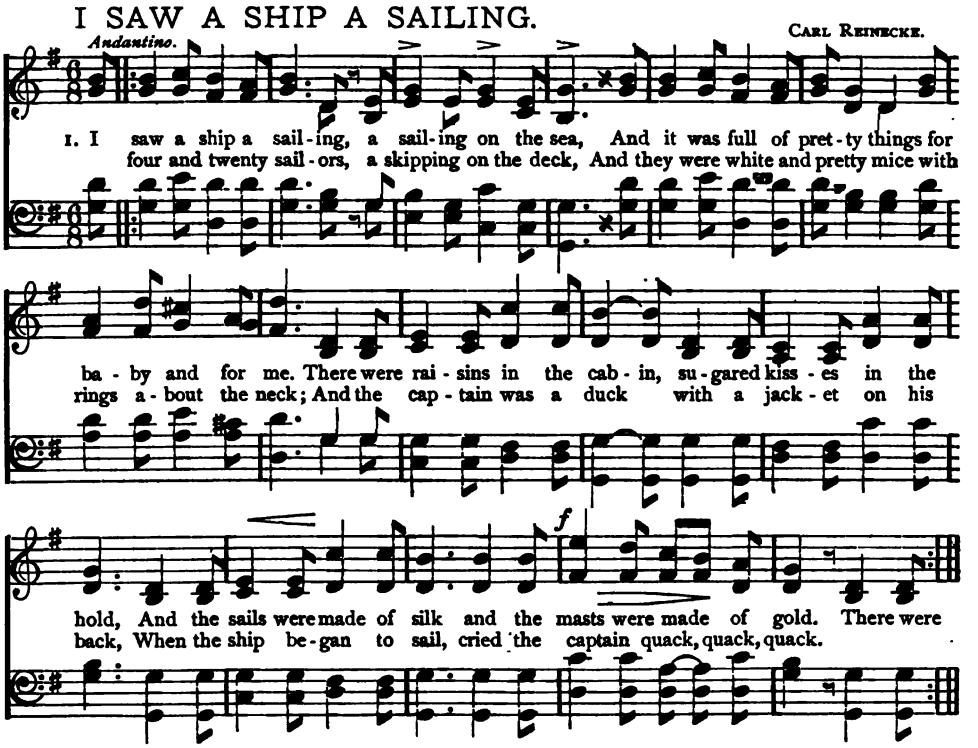
round, How bright and fair the morn is breaking! We'll hail it with a mer - ry sound.

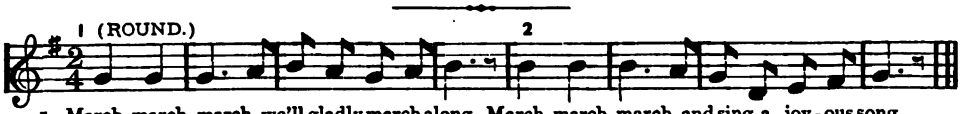
p *fz* *p*

Then ply our work, just trib-ute mak - ing To Him who guides the sea - sons round.

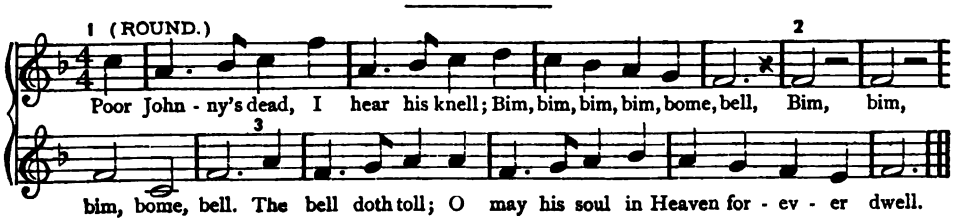


I SAW A SHIP A SAILING.





1. March, march, march, we'll gladly march along, March, march, march, and sing a joy-ous song.
2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, across the the vale and hill, Tramp, tramp, tramp, along the sha-dy rill.



JUDITH.

BELANGER.
J. CONCONE. "JUDITH."

Recitative.

Allegro.

Beneath the ramparts of Bé - thu - la Ho-lo-pher - nes hath marshalled his in - fam-ous hosts.
Sous les remparts de Bé-thu - li - e Holopherne a con - duit ses in - fa - mes sol - dats.

He hath de-vot-ed us to their im - pi - ous fu - ry, And to-morrow the sun shall look down for my
Il nous a dé-vou-és à sa fu-reur im - pi - e; et demain le so - leil cherche - ra ma pa-

Moderato.

f

country, But will find it no more. Our God a - lone can save us From
tri - e qu'il ne re-ver-ra pas. Pour no - tre de - li - vran - ce Dieu

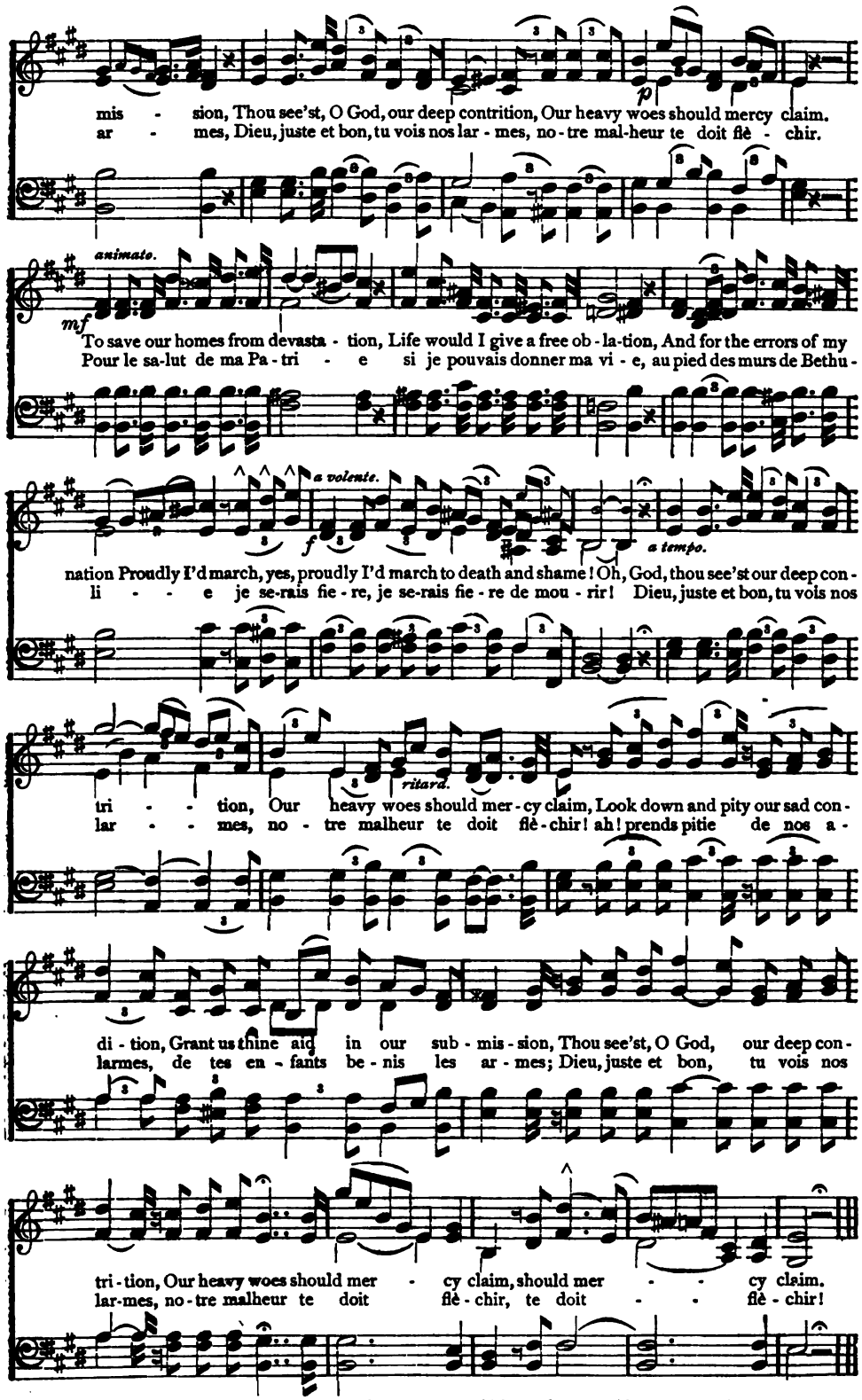
foes that would en - slave us, His arm can aid af - ford, His arm can aid af - ford: A -
seul en sa puis - san - ce pour - rait, combattre en - cor, pour - rait combattre en - cor: He -

las! a God un - bend - ing, In wrath at our of - fend - ing, Devotes us to the sword, De-
las! un Dieu se - ve - re, nous livre en sa co - le - re, au glai - ve de la mort, Au

Largamente.

votes us to the sword. Look down and pity our condi - tion, Grant us thine aid in our sub -
glai - ve de la mort. Ah! prends pitie de nos a - lar - mes, de tes enfants benis les

dolce.



Another part of "Judith" is found on next page, which may be sung with this if desired.

'TIS GOD WHO ORDAINS ME.

BELANGER.
J. CONCONE. "JUDITH."

f *Allegro moderato.*

Ah! what a rapturous thought inspires within my bo - som a pro - ject sub -
Mais, quel trans - port sou - dain me fait ger - mer dans l'ame un pro - jet glo - ri -

a volonte.

lime; Is not the glorious dream a ray of light ce - les - tial, whose blaze illumes mine eyes!
eux! N'est ce pas le ra - yon du - ne ce - les - te flam - me qui vient frapper mes yeux!

Allegretto. With energy.

Yes, 'tis God who or - dains me, and to vic - t'ry con - strains me,
Oui, c'est Dieu qui m'ap - pel - le, et je mar - che fi - de - le,

'Tis his voice that sus - tains me, that im - pels me a - long, When this sword of sal -
a la voix im - mor - tel - le qui prè - cé - de mes pas! Quand ce fer le - gi -

va - tion strike the foe of our na - tion Fill'd with ho - ly e - la - tion, My
ti - me, frap - pe - ra sa vic - ti - me le de - voir qui m'a - ni - me af -

arm shall then be strong. Yes, 'tis God who ordains me, And to vic - t'ry con - strains me,
fer - mi - ra mon bras! Oui, c'est Dieu qui m'appelle, et je mar - che fi - de - le,

1 ad lib.

and to vic-t'ry con-strains me, that im-pels me, that im-pels me a-long.
a la voix im-mor-tel-le, qui pre-ce-de, qui pre-ce-de mes pas.

a volonte. D.S. 2

Is it not God, the Lord, who comes to touch my heart? 'Tis his voice that sus-
N'est ce pas le Seigneur, qui vient toucher mon coeur? a la voix immor-

a volonte. a tempo.

tains me, That im-pels me, that im-pels me a-long. Ah! yes, 'tis God or-
tel-le, qui pre-ce-de, qui pre-ce-de mes pas! Oui, c'est Dieu qui m'ap-

a volonte.

dains me, to vic-t'ry he constrains me, His voice from heav'n sustains me, And impels me a-
pel-le et je mar-che fi-de-le, a la voix im-mor-tel-le, qui pre-ce-de mes

a tempo.

long. By heav'n's own conse-cra-tion This sword shall save our nation With God's own an-i-
pas! quand ce fer le-gi-ti-me frap-pe-ra sa vic-ti-me le de-voir qui m'a-

ad lib. ad lib.

ma-tion My arm shall then be strong, My arm shall then . . . . be strong.
ni-me af-fer-mi-ra mon bras, af-fer-mi-ra . . . . mon bras.

It is holiday time. The shop windows are already gay. Even now the spicy fragrance of the pine woods is in the air. The red holly berries gleam suggestively through their dark green leaves, and one can easily fancy that he hears in the distance the faint sweet sounds that will soon burst forth in the glorious melody of Christmas chimes. People begin to have a manner suggestive of Christmas. There is a growing air of general festivity. The children begin to talk about Kris Kringle. Beyond all doubt the merry yule-tide is now upon us. Centuries ago when the mystic stars were gleaming in their silent courses, and the lowly shepherds were quietly watching their sleeping flock, celestial choirs rang out the first Christmas carol, "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will." The echoes of that refrain have not died away, but to-day they ring out as sweet and clear as on the first Christmastide. Let this holiday time bring peace and good-will to all. Peace to tired, aching hearts, peace to the busy, struggling world—peace and rest. Let us make it in truth a holiday season. No one so poor or miserable but can make a glad Christmas for some one else. Let us get out of the shell of selfishness and indifference that encloses us so tightly all the year, and see that some one has a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"Comme dresse the house wyth Hollie boughs,
'Tis Chrystmas tyme.
Onne frosty ayre, fromme yondere slender spire,
Bells sweetlie chyme."

A HERMIT THERE WAS.

Peter Parley.

Animato.

mf *p*

1. A hermit there was, and he lived in a grot, And the way to be hap-py he said he had got; As I
2. "The way to be hap-py they say you have got, And as I would learn it I've come to your grot, Now I
3. "'Tis being, and do-ing, and having that make All the pleasures and pains of which mortals partake; To

p

wanted to learn it I went to his cell, And when I was there the old hermit said "Well!" Tra la
beg and entreat if you have such a plan, That you'll write it me down just as plain as you can." Tra la
be what God pleases, to do a man's best, And to have a good heart is the way to be blest." Tra la

p *f*

la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la,..... Tra

p *f*

la la la la la la, la, Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra la, la, la, la,

la la la la la la, la, Tra la..... Tra la la la la.

From ten to fifteen minutes judiciously devoted to music each day will enable many pupils to acquire during school life the ability to read music at sight as intelligently as they read an English author. It has also been shown that music has a disciplinary value equal to that of any other branch taught in our common schools, and rated among the essentials. It remains then for teachers to say whether their pupils shall have the inestimable advantages of a musical education.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

C. W. Glover.
J. E. Carpenter.

Andantino.

1. Sunshine and cloud, love, still there must be, Then if for others, oh! why not for me?
2. Sunshine and cloud, love, pleasure and care, Oth - ers must bow to, and I too must bear;
3. Sunshine and cloud, love! would there be flowers Were not the sunshine oft mingled with showers?

a piacere.

Bid me be hap - py oft as ye may, Thoughts will unbidden darken life's ray.
Thankful that o'er me still 'tis al - low'd Sunshine to mingle when there's a cloud;
So o'er our pathway clouds have been cast, But, shining through them, hope beam'd at last!

Still when 'tis darkest, light I can see, Thou art the sun-shine beam - ing for me!
That when 'tis darkest, light I can see, Thou art the sun-shine beam - ing for me!
So when 'twas darkest, light I could see, Thou wert the sun-shine beam - ing for me!

MUSIC OF LABOR.

Kindergarten.

1. Banging of the hammer, whirling of the plane, Crashing of the hand-saw, creaking of the crane;
2. Buzzing of the spindle, rattling of the loom, Puffing of the engine, fan's unceasing boom;
3. Clinking of the type, earnest talk of men, Toil-ing of the press, scratching of the pen;
4. Busy sound of thrashers mid the ripened grain, Husker's glee so merry, moonlight on the plain;

Ringing of the an - vil, grating of the drill, Cutting of the power-lathe, whirling of the mill.
Clipping of the shears, driving of the awl— These the sounds of labor, and I love them all.
Bustling of the market man hast'ning to the town, Halloo from the tree-top as ripened fruit comes down.
Kind voice from the dairy, shepherd's gentle call—These the sounds of labor, and I love them all.

We are inclined to think that all the great violins of the famous makers are well known. Most of the celebrated instruments are given names of distinction, such as the Yellow Stradivarius, the Blood Red Knight Guarnerius, the De Beriot Magini, the General Kidd Stradivarius Violoncello, the Servais Stradivarius Violoncello, and others. The reason why Italian instruments are so superior to all others must be ascribed to their exquisite make, the careful adjustment of the various thicknesses of wood and the varnish, the secret of which appears gone for ever. Perhaps another reason may be named in the wood being so ripe and dry as to permit free vibration. The Cremonese obtained their color in oil. The moderns get it in spirit, which imparts a hardness to the tone. Compare a Cremona with the German and other imitations. The former is mellow and rich—the latter too often flinty and harsh. This arises no doubt

O WHAT CAN YOU TELL?

J. C. Lowry, 1820.
Rossiter W. Raymond by per.

1. O what can you tell, lit - tle peb-ble, lit - tle peb-ble, O what can you tell, lit - tle
2. O what can you tell, lit - tle flow-er, lit - tle flow-er, O what can you tell, lit - tle
3. O what can you tell, lit - tle bird, lit - tle bird, O what can you tell, lit - tle
4. O what can you tell, lit - tle child, lit - tle child, O what can you tell, lit - tle

pebble by the sea? The se-cret of your si-lent life, Now whisper it to me!
flower on the lea? The se-cret of your sweet perfume, Now whisper it to me!
bird up-on the tree? The se-cret of your joy-ous song, Now whisper it to me!
child upon my knee? The se-cret of your hap-py smile, Now whisper it to me!

Full Chorus.

It is the love of God in Heav'n, The God who made both

D.S. Thus to the love of God in Heav'n, The God who made both

D. S. after last verse.

you and me, And ev'-ry day I think his praise In si-lence by the sea.
you and me, And ev'-ry day I breathe his praise In fragrance on the lea.
you and me, And ev'-ry day I sing his praise Up-on the sum-mer tree.
you and me, And ev'-ry day I seek his praise Up-on my bend-ed knee.

you and me, The praise of all things here is giv'n! And ev-er-more shall be!

from the varnish, which, including the color, it seems impossible to imitate. None of the famous makers seem to have adhered to one color only. Now a fine violin appears of a deep, rich yellow, almost approaching orange; another is a fine red, having something of a most lovely light cherry tint; again, these colors are mixed by the best makers with amber varnish of the purest and clearest consistency, and both colors and varnish are perfectly free from that clouded appearance which so often disfigures modern instruments. The effect is that of perfect transparency. You look at a clear, perfect, rich color, as it were, through the purest crystal. This is one of the certain indications of a genuine instrument. The moderns, as has been said, seem unfortunately to have lost the secret of making this lovely, transparent, clear-colored varnish.

OH, HAPPY DAY!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

1. Oh, happy day, that stays my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart re-
2. Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill his
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me, and I followed
4. Now rest, my long-di-vided heart! Fixed on this blissful centre, rest; Here have I found a nobler

joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus
house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus
on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus
part, Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus

Chorus. *Fine.* *D. S.*

washed my sins a-way! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

MAJESTIC SWEETNESS.

SAMUEL STENNETT.
THOS. HASTINGS. "ORTONVILLE."

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-iour's brow; His
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re-lief; For

head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
er is He than all the fair That fill the heavenly train, That fill the heavenly train.
me He bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5. Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

IN THE GOLDEN EVENTIDE.

CIRO PINSUTI.
MARY MARK-LEMON.

Dolce. *cres - cen - do.*

Andante Moderato.

1. I gave her a rose in the gold - en days When the mill-stream's song was still, And
gave her a rose in the af - ter days When the stream of life flow'd on, And

clouds were float - ing to gild the west, Where the sun set o - ver the hill. And it
dreams were float - ing to gild our path, As they shone o'er mem - o - ries gone. And it

animando. *cres.* *f dim.* *p con espress.*

spoke the words I fain had said, And it told her all my dream. Once in the gold - en
spoke the love she knew so well, And it woke the old sweet dream. Once in the gold - en

cres. *f con anima,* *dim.*

e - ven-tide, On the banks of the sil - ver stream. Once in the gold - en e - ven-tide, On the
e - ven-tide, On the banks of the sil - ver stream. Once in the gold - en e - ven-tide, On the

diminuendo. *p* *affrettando.* 1 2 *dolce.* *Dolcissimo.*

banks of the silver stream. 2. I 3. I laid a rose on her silent heart, When the
banks of the sil - ver stream.

cres - cen - do. *diminuendo.* *cres - cen - do.*

tide of her life was o'er, And an - gels float - ed to gild her path,

diminuendo. *p* *poco cres - cen - do.* *diminuendo.*

Near-er the heav'nly shore. No long-er need the rose's voice awake the old sweet dream.

p con espress. *cres.*

Dreamt in the gold - en e - ven-tide, On the banks of the sil - ver stream.

f con anima. *dim.* *p*

Dreamt in the gold - en e - ven-tide, On the banks of the sil - ver stream.

THE WEARY ARE AT REST.

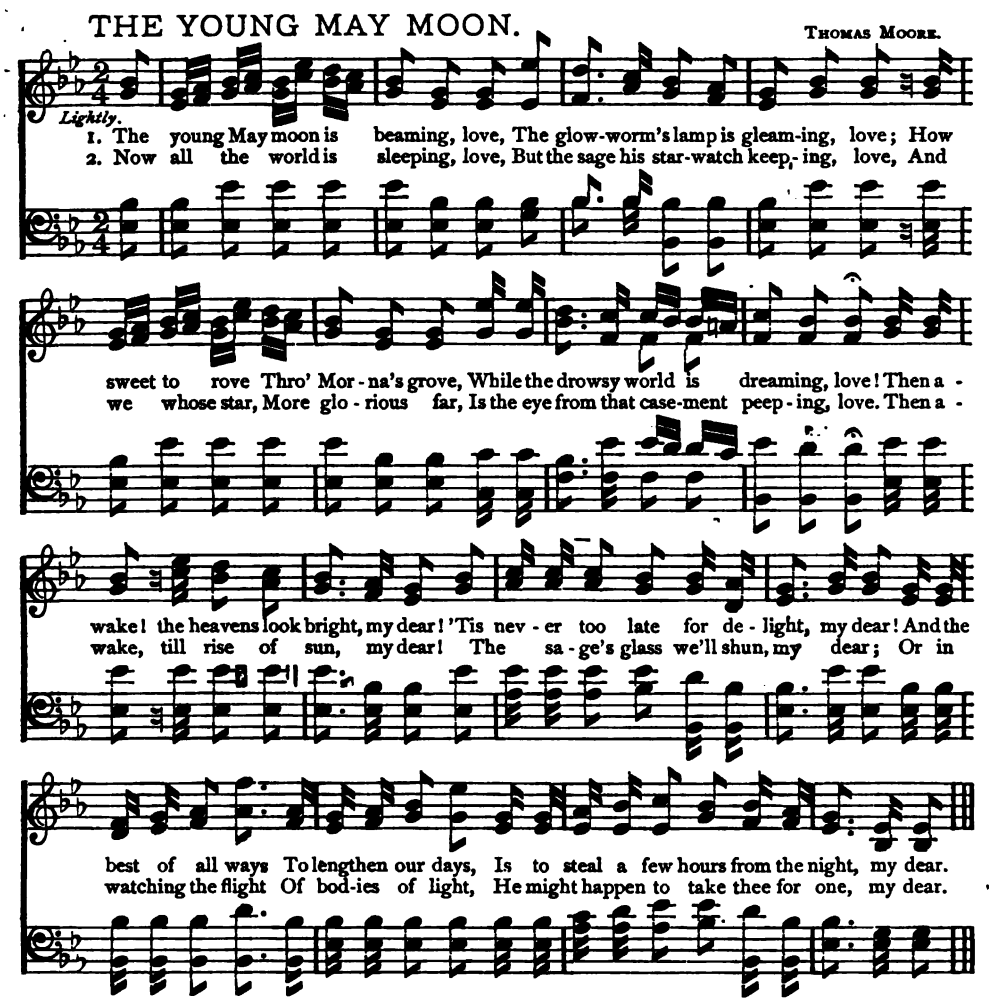
"MOYLE."
ANCIENT IRISH DIRGE.

1. Brother, thou art gone be - fore us, Where thy saintly soul is flown Tears are wiped a -
2. Sin no more can taint thy spir - it, Nor can doubt thy faith as - sail; Thou thy wel - come
3. To thy grave we sad - ly bear thee, Here in dust we place thy head; O'er thee now the

way for - ev - er, And all sor - row is unknown From the bur - den of the bo - dy,
hast re - ceiv-ed, Now thy strength shall nev-er fail; And thou'rt sure to meet the ho - ly,
turf is pressing, And grows green thy nar-row bed; But thy spir - it soars to glo - ry,

From all care and fear released, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.
Whom on earth thou loved'st best, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.
Free, among the faithful blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

To the left was placed a harpsichord, near which was standing a young girl whose face they could not see; by her side, at the harpsichord, was seated an elderly man upon whom the boy gazed with wonder, so different was he from anything he had ever seen before; opposite to them, in the window, hung a canary in a cage, and the boy perceived, even in the surprise of the moment, that the bird was agitated and troubled. The Prince looked up as the two came in and waved his hand for them to stand back, and the next moment there burst into the room the most wonderful voice which even the Maestro and the Prince had well-nigh ever heard. The first chord of that voice penetrated into the boy's nature as nothing had ever done before. He had never heard any singing save that of the peasants at church, and of the boys and girls who sang hymns round the cottage hearths in the winter nights. The solemn tramp of the Lutheran measures, where the deep basses of the men sometimes drown the women's soft voices, and the shrill unshaded singing of the children, could hardly belong to this art, which he heard now for the first time. These sudden runs and trills, so fantastic and difficult; these chords and harmonies, so quaint and full of color, were messages from a world of sound, as yet an unknown country to the boy. The Prince



moved his hand slightly in unison with the notes. Then suddenly in this world of wonders a still more wonderful thing occurred. There entered into this bewitching, this entrancing voice, a strange, almost a discordant, note. Through the fantastic gaiety of the theme, to which the sustained whirr of the harpsichord was like the sigh of the wind through the long grass, there was perceptible a strain, a tremor of sadness, almost of sobs. It was as if, in the midst of festival, some hidden grief, known beforetime of all, but hidden or suppressed, should at once and in a moment well up into the hearts of all, turning the dance-measures into funeral chants, the love-songs into the loveliest of chorals. The Maestro faltered in his accompaniment, the Prince left off marking the time and leaned forward eagerly in his seat. The pathetic strain went on, growing more tremulous and more intense, when suddenly the singing stopped, the girl buried her face in her hands in a passion of tears; the boy sprang forward, he forgot where he was—"It is the bird," he cried, "the bird!" The canary, whose dying struggles the singer had been watching through her song, gave a final shudder and fell lifeless from its perch.—"*Little Schoolmaster Mark.*"

ONCE AGAIN.

LIONEL H. LEWIN.
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

p

Andante express.

1. I lin - ger round the ve - ry spot Where years a - go we met, And won-der when you
2. For, ev - er yet my thoughts incline, And back my mem'ry slips! I feel warm fin - gers

quite for - got— Or if you quite for - get! And tender yearnings rise anew, For love, that used to
lock'd in mine, I see those quiv'ring lips, Whose murmurs came like music thro', When mine had set them

rall.

be!— If you could know that I was true, And I that you were free! Ah,.....
free! That all the world was naught to you, Who on - ly want - ed me! Ah,.....

con tenerezza.

Love, once a - gain, Meet me once a - gain! Old love is wak - ing, Shall it wake in

con passione.

vain? Love, once a - gain, Meet me once a - gain! Old love is wak - ing,

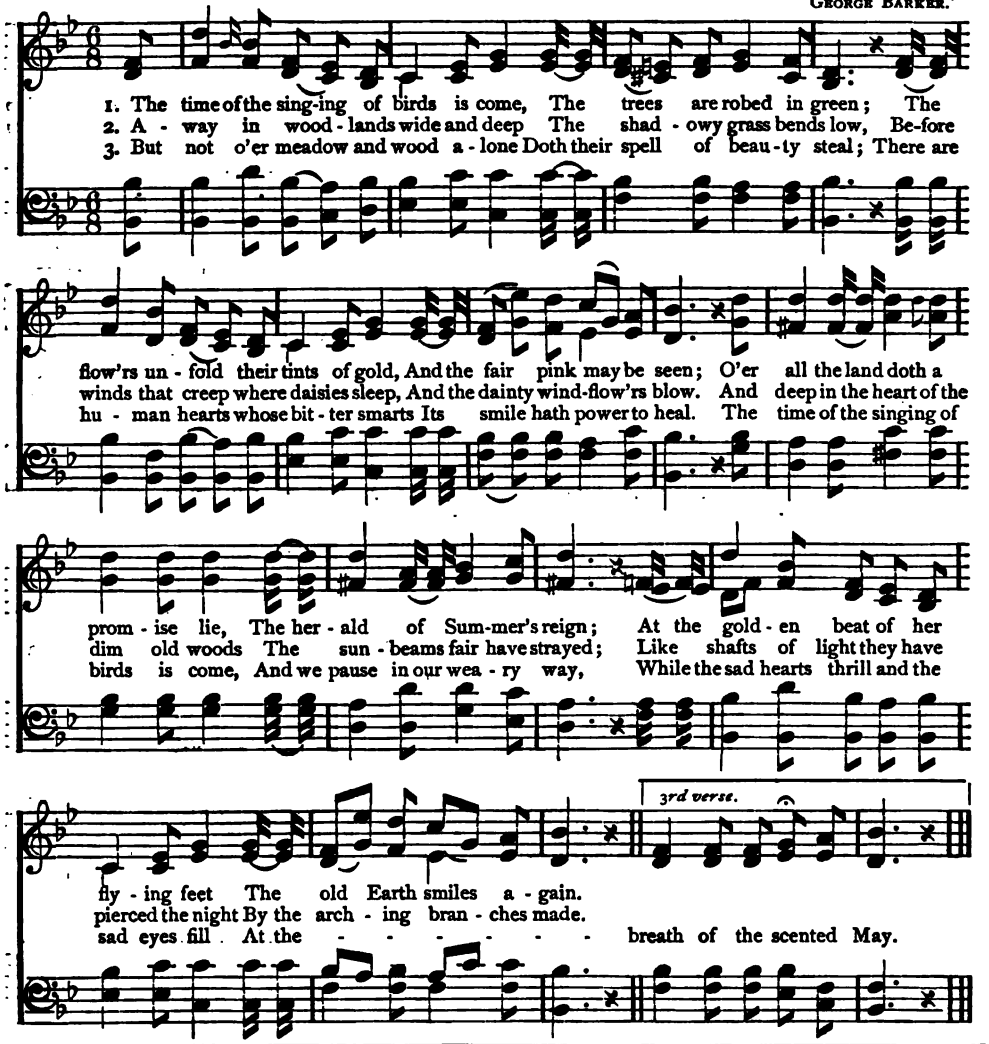
con forza.

Shall it wake in vain? Shall it wake in vain? Shall it wake, shall it wake in vain?

THE Dark Angel of Death was standing outside the musician's door, for little Anita, Maestro Narditti's child, was fading away; no tears, no prayers, could avail, not even Carissima's lovely voice. Carissima's voice was hushed; the Maestro had no heart to take up his dearly-loved violin and play to soothe his sorrow, as he had done many years ago when his wife died and left this little one behind. Heaven had given him the divine gift of genius and had bidden him call aloud to the world. So Carissima and he had played aloud together through sickness, through sorrow and success, and through all the changing scenes of life they had been faithful friends. They had just come back from the crowded hall; the people said that never before had the Maestro played so beautifully, and that never before had the violin's voice sounded so mournful and pathetic. Well, you see, they did not know the reason, but we do; for both were thinking of the little dying girl, and how could their thoughts be anything but sorrowful, or the outward expression of those thoughts be anything but mournful? The father was

THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

GEORGE BARKER.



weeping by his child's bedside. But she said, "Do not weep, sing to me—sing me to sleep, for I am so weary, dear father, and the evening has been so long without thee." Then he rose and he played to her, and she closed her eyes and listened happily to Carissima's voice. It sang a song without words—the music alone told the tale—of a pure young life, too pure for earth, and therefore to be taken away to that fair land where only the good and pure and true dwell. Yet it was hard to leave the earth, harder still to leave the dear ones behind, and to know that they would be desolate; and here the violin's voice sobbed and trembled as if from sorrow, and the melody came sadder and softer, as describing the very parting which was soon to take place; then the lingering notes died away, and the Maestro's hand was still. "Is that all?" murmured the child; "oh, play again." Once more, and the air resounded with a psalm of triumph—the same melody, but no longer soft or sad, for the gates of that Fair Land were opened wide, and amidst this jubilant strain the child had passed away with the Angel of Death.—*Belgravia.*

A SPRING SONG.

Allegretto moderato. *stac.* CIRO PINSUTI.

p

1. I sat be-neath the ma-ples old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And
2. The bus-y bab-bling wa-ter-fall Me-lo-dious-ly kept time to all, The
3. O love-ly, love-ly, love-ly spring! O robed in sunbeams! bridegroom, king! Breathe

un poco rall. *pp* *leggero scherzoso.*

un-der-neath my feet there rolled The lit-tle sil-v'ry Gad; The cuck-oo and the
rich May mu-sic mys-ti-cal, Toned to the fresh-'ning air; Each rip-'ning bud that
on my heart and bid me sing, Or rath-er praise and pray; For em-blems are these

thrush were sing-ing, singing, singing, The sheep bells on the hills were ringing, ringing,
o-pen, fresh-ly o-pen flies, Seemed gasping with a gay sur-prise, a gay sur-
sun-ny, bright and sunny hours, These golden meads and stream and flow'rs, and stream and

la la la la

ff *meno.* *dim.*

ring-ing, All life was gay and glad, all life was gay and glad, All life was gay and
prise To greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair, To greet a world so
flowers, Of ev-er-last-ing May, of ev-er-last-ing May, Of ev-er-last-ing

p *cres.* *f* *rall.* *f* *rit.*

glad! . . . . Was gay and glad, all life was gay, was gay and glad!
fair! . . . . To greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair!
May! . . . . Of ev-er-last-ing May, of ev-er-last-ing May!

THE DISTANT SHORE.

W. S. Gilbert.
Arthur Sullivan.

Allegro commodo.

1. A maid-en sat at her door, And sighed as she looked at the sea; "I've a
2. The maid-en dried her eyes, And a smile shone o-ver her face, For she

cres.

dear, dear love, on a dis-tant shore, A-dy-ing for news of me, I've a dear, dear love, on a
saw bright hope in the changing skies, As the wind flew off a-pace, She saw bright hope in the

p

dis-tant shore, A-dy-ing for news of me." And the wind was lis-ten-ing near, And
changing skies, As the wind flew off a-pace. And she bade the kind wind good speed,

cres.

saw that the maid was fair, So the kind wind whispered a hope in her ear, As he
"Hur-ry, O wind," said she, "Oh, say that I love him in-deed, and in-deed." And the

rit *a tempo.*

played with her bright brown hair. "Be of good cheer, sweet heart, I fly to that dis-tant
wind cried o-ver the sea,— "Be of good cheer, sweet heart, I fly to that dis-tant

cres. *f* *rall.* *D.S.*

shore, Thy lov-er I'll tell thou lov-est him well, Ev-er and ev-er more." 3. The

Animato. *cres.* *f*

wind tore o - ver the wave, Scat - ter - ing o - cean spray, But a - lack! the lov - er he

dim.

flew to save, He met on his homeward way, And his good ship sank in the gale, And

rit

ev - 'ry soul be - side, And the wind came sobbing to tell the tale, And the maiden drooped and died.

p *Slower.*

Be of good cheer, poor heart, At rest on a distant shore, Where thou and thy love walk hand in hand,

p

Ev - er and ev - er - more! Be of good cheer, dear heart, At rest on a dis - tant

cres *rit.* *al fine.* *dim.*

shore, Where thou and thy love go hand in hand, Ev - er and ev - er - more.

We do not find in nature what may properly be called music, but only its materials and its laws. Man only can create music, for nothing is perfect in creation until, in some way, it touches or passes thro' man. He is the end and object of creation, and its processes are full and have meaning only when they issue in him. Everything in nature is a puzzle until it finds its solution in man, who solves it by connecting it in some way with God, and so completes the circle of creation. Like everything else in nature, music is a *becoming*, and it becomes its full self when its sounds and laws are used by intelligent man for the production of harmony, and so made the vehicle of emotion and thought. But sound even before it becomes music may be the occasion of emotion, though not of complex emotions, or, we may say, intelligent emotion. It is the peculiarity of the sounds of nature that they awaken but a single emotion; each thing has its note and some one corresponding feeling. Enter at evening a grove of pines and listen to the wind

THE FOOT-TRAVELER.

German Students' Song.

Animato.

1. On foot I gaily take my way, Tra la la la la la, O'er mountain bare and meadow gay, Tra
2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, Tra la la la la la, At ev-'ry step to pause and sigh, Tra
3. This is the mer-ry singer's way, Tra la la la la la, His footpath is with ros-es gay, Tra
4. Foot-trav-el to the gay is sweet, Tra la la la la la, But heavy hearts make heavy feet, Tra

la la la la la, And he who is not of my mind, Another trav'ling mate may find, He
la la la la la, No gloomy man to scowl and groan, And over other's sins to moan, I'd
la la la la la, In every land where song is known, Where music meets an answering tone, That
la la la la la, The man who loves the sunshine bright, And never peeps behind for night, That

can-not go with me, He can-not go with me, Hurrah! hurrah! tra la la la la, hurrah! hur-
rath-er trudge a-lone, I'd rath-er trudge alone, Hurrah! hurrah! tra la la la la, hurrah! hur-
land his own must be, That land his own must be, Hurrah! hurrah! tra la la la la, hurrah! hur-
is the man for me, That is the man for me, Hurrah! hurrah! tra la la la la, hurrah! hur-

rah! tra la la la la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la la la la la la.

sighing through the branches; the term by which we spontaneously describe it indicates the one feeling of pensive melancholy it awakens, but an orchestra could not render it more effectively. It lacks, however, the quality of intelligence because it is not combined with other sounds for some end. The song "What are the wild waves saying?" raises a question hard to answer. It is not a hymn to the great Creator until it has passed through the adoring and reflecting mind of man. But even if there is no music in nature—not even in the notes of birds, as the men of science tell us, for the birds but whistle—there are the materials of music, all furnished with their notes set to corresponding emotions; and the gamut is broader than has been compassed. Beyond the reach of the ear of man is a universe of sound—vibrations slower and deeper than those of Niagara, quicker and finer than those of the mosquito's wing, and each is dowered with power to awaken some emotion that now we do not feel because we do not hear the sound.—*Munger.*

OUR HOME IS ON THE SEA.

J. Offenbach.

Allegretto.

1. Our home is on the sea, O'er the waves as we gaily glide, Our songs are of the free,
2. We never think of care, Now with gladness our spirits beat, Our hopes are bright and fair,

As we float o'er the tide, Now joy-ous-ly we ride, Ev - er singing cheer - i - ly,
As our songs we re - peat, And ne'er can we de - spair While our days are ev - er sweet,

Chorus.

We gai - ly ride, we gai - ly ride, We gai - ly ride, we gai - ly ride. We joy-ous-ly
We gai - ly ride, we gai - ly ride, We gai - ly ride, we gai - ly ride. We joy-ous-ly

ride, joyously ride, We gaily ride, joyously ride, Ev - er singing cheeri - ly, Ev-er singing cheeri-

ly! Oh, merrily we're singing, Joy is ever bringing Roses fair to crown the hours of merry, laughing

day; Onward as we're flying, Ne'er we think of sighing, But our hearts are gay as birds in May.

Horatius Bonar is one of our most successful hymn-writers. No other name appears so frequently as his since the days of Watts and Wesley, Newton and Cowper. He has had the rare fortune to express the deepest of Christian feeling and the loftiest of Christian praise. But, strange to say, even his own congregation are rigid Psalm-singers to this day. He comes of a poetical family. His grandfather, Rev. John Bonar, also wrote hymns, some of which found acceptance. Dr. Bonar was born at Edinburgh in 1808, and educated at the high school and the University there. His theological instructor was the celebrated Dr. Thomas Chalmers. At the time of the disruption, he followed his old teacher, and Dr. Guthrie, and the rest of the illustrious leaders, in the establishment of the Free Church, with which he has ever since been ecclesiastically connected. In 1837 he was ordained and settled at Kelso, on the river Tweed, near the English border. In this charge, he succeeded his father-in-law, Rev. Robert Lundie. In 1866 he removed to Edinburgh, where he has since remained the pastor of the Grange, or Chalmers' Memorial church. His pen has been constantly busy through all the years of his mature life. His "Kelso Tracts" were the early fruit of that productive zeal which has so enriched the literature of the church at large. He has seen at least one extensive revival which can be traced to those pages scattered broadcast. Some of the later writings of this spiritually-minded and marvellously acute man have been circulated on both sides of the ocean with great ac-

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

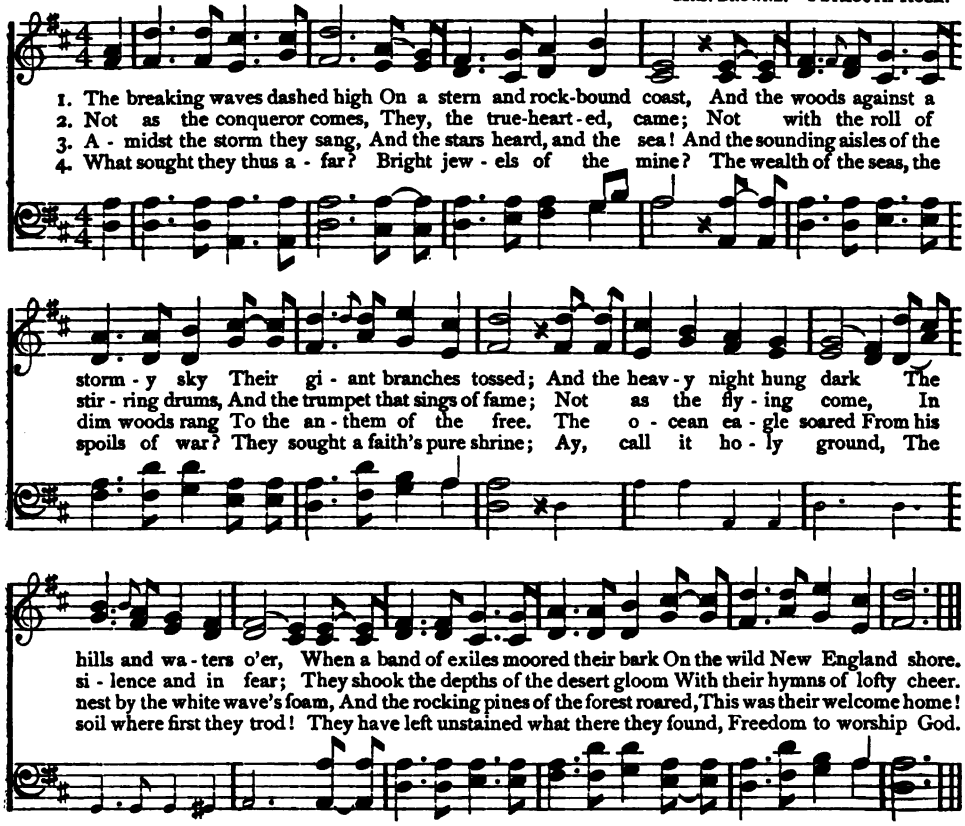
HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.
REV. DR. HAYNE. "CHELVEY."

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in - the tomb: Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins a - way.
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - ren - er clime: Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that blest day; O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins a - way.
3. A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more: Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that bright day; O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins a - way.
4. 'Tis but a lit - tle while And He shall come a - gain, Who died that we might live, Who lives That we with Him may reign: Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that glad day; O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins a - way.

ceptance. His two little books, "God's Way of Peace" and "God's Way of Holiness," would relieve many a troubled Christian if he would turn to them in preference to abstract theology. Like all that Dr. Bonar does, they are eminently scriptural and practical. A visitor to Dr. Bonar's church (about 1876) has given this pen portrait of him: "The striking feature of his face is the large, soft, dark eye, the power of which one feels across the church. There are no bold, rugged lines in his face; but benevolence, peace and sweetness pervade it. The first thought was, 'He is just like his hymns—not great, but tender, sweet and tranquil.' And every thing he did and said carried out this impression. His prayer was as simple as a child's. His voice was low, quiet, and impressive. His address, for it could scarcely be called a sermon, was founded on the words, 'The Spirit and the Bride say Come,' the last invitation in the Bible. It was marked by the absence of all attempt at originality, which is to an American so striking a feature of most foreign preaching. It was simply an invitation—warm, loving, urgent. His power over the audience was complete. Even the children looked steadily in his face; once he paused in his discourse and addressed himself especially to the Sunday School children who sat by themselves on one side of the pulpit. I was sure the little ones never heard the Good Shepherd's call more tenderly given. With one of the most winning faces I have ever seen he closed: 'Whosoever—that includes *you*—whosoever *will*—does *that* include you?'"—*English Hymns.*

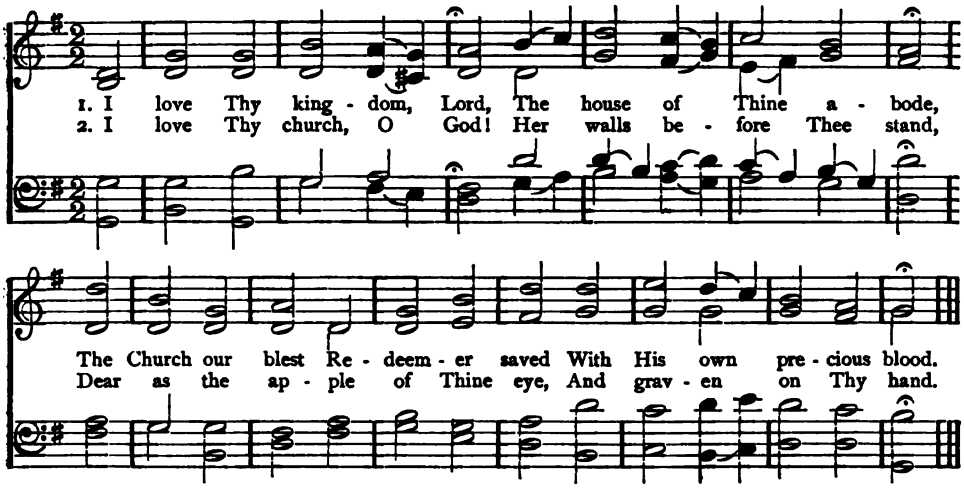
LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

FELICIA HEMANS.
MRS. BROWNE. "PLYMOUTH ROCK."



I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.
G. F. HANDEL. "ST. THOMAS."



3.
For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4.
Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5.
Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

THE celebrated 'Swedish Nightingale,' Jenny Lind, was born at Stockholm, 1820; nine years later she was in the training school of music. For three years she sang children's parts on the stage, for four years more was almost deprived of the greatest pleasure of her life by the partial loss of her voice. As the time was busily occupied in the study of instrumental music, it was not lost, and the sudden return of her wonderful voice in all its beauty and strength started her on the career which won her renown. Her first regular character on the stage was Agatha, in "Der Freyschutz," but she subsequently studied in Paris with Garcia and Meyerbeer, not without some previous discouragement from the former, and returned to Stockholm amid the enthusiasm of her people, before she made her start in her first tour of Europe, at Dresden, and achieved her great triumph, in 1844, at Berlin, as Vielka in the "Camp of Silesia." This was written specially for her by Meyerbeer, who remained her fast friend until his death. Jenny Lind's success was so great and continuous, that when she made her first appearance in London, in 1847, she was welcomed as the first singer of the day, and her phenomenal voice has probably been unsurpassed by any of the great singers who have succeeded her either upon the concert or operatic stage. Her first concert in America was given at Castle Garden, New York, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 11, 1850. Most of the tickets were sold at auction, the first being struck off at $225. The first ticket that was sold in Boston was to Ossian E. Dodge, composer of "Ossian's Serenade," for $625. The great parterre and gallery of Castle Garden were divided by imaginary lines into four compartments, each of which was designated by

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Come, rest in this bo - som, my own strick - en deer; Tho' the herd have fled
2. Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Thro' joy and thro'
3. Thou hast call'd me thine an - gel, in mo - ments of bliss,— And thine an - gel I'll

from thee, thy home is still here: Here still is the smile that no
sor - row, thro' glo - ry and shame? I know not, I ask not if
be 'mid the hor - rors of this,— Thro' the fur - nace, un - shrink - ing, thy

cloud can o'er - cast, And a heart and a hand, all thine own to the last!
guilt's in that heart, I but know that I love thee, what - ev - er thou art!
steps to pur - sue, And shield thee, and save thee, or per - ish there too!

a lamp of a peculiar color. The tickets were printed in colors corresponding with the location which the holders were to occupy, and there were one hundred ushers with rosettes, and bearing wands tipped with ribbons of the same hue. Though five thousand persons were present, their entrance was marked by the most perfeot order and quiet. The reception of Jenny Lind on this, her first appearance, in point of enthusiasm, was probably never before equalled in the world. As Mr. Jules Benedict, leader of the orchestra, led her toward the footlights, the entire audience rose to their feet and welcomed her with three cheers, accompanied by the waving of thousands of hats and handkerchiefs, and the casting of bouquets before her. This was by far the largest audience before which Jenny had ever sung. She was evidently much agitated, but the orchestra had commenced, and before she had sung a dozen notes of "Casta Diva," she began to recover her self-possession, and long before the scene was concluded she was as calm as if sitting in her own drawing-room. Enthusiasm was at its highest pitch, for the musical powers of Jenny Lind exceeded all the brilliant anticipations which had been formed, and her triumph was complete. When Mr. Barnum, whose contract was for 100 concerts at $1000 each and expenses—though she was paid nearly double this amount—announced that the entire proceeds of this first concert would go to charitable objects, it seemed as though the audience would go wild with applause. Vast audiences everywhere awaited her, municipal, musical and other deputations tendering her honors, and during every performance there was a constant succession of hurrahs, encores, and other demonstrations of intense delight.

PEACE ON EARTH.

DONIZETTI.
J. R. LOWELL.

Moderato.

1. "What means this glory round our feet," The Magi mused, "more bright than morn!" And voices chanted
2. 'Tis eighteen hundred years, and more, Since those sweet oracles were dumb; We wait for Him, like
3. All round a-bout our feet shall shine A light like that the wise men saw, If we our lov - ing

clear and sweet, "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!" "What means this star," the shepherds said, "That
them of yore; A - las! He seems so slow to come! But it was said, in words of gold, No
wills in-cline To that sweet Life which is the Law. So shall we learn to un - derstand The

brightens thro' the rocky glen?" And angels answering, overhead, Sang, Peace on earth, good-will to men!
time or sorrow e'er shall dim, That lit-tle children might be bold, In perfect trust to come to Him.
simple faith of shepherds, then, And kindly clasping hand in hand, Sing, Peace on earth, good-will to men!

IN MERRY CHORUS.

J. OFFENBACH.

Lively.

1. Come, let us join in mer-ry cho-rus, Our hearts and voices light and gay; The sun of
2. Oh, there is mu-sic on the mountain, When winds are whistling wild and free; Tho' frozen
3. Now let our hearts, with pleasure beating, Join in our grateful, joy-ous lays; We ev-er

Chorus.

joy shines brightly o'er us, For 'tis the happy Christmas day: Tra la, la, Tra, la, la,
be each stream and fountain, Wide rolls the song from sea to sea. Tra la, la, Tra, la, la,
look for kind-ly greet-ing These glad-return-ing, hap-py days. Tra la, la, Tra, la, la,

cres. 1 2 *Fine.*

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

THE two most pleasing, expressive, and powerful single instruments of music are the human voice and the violin. The one, the gift of beneficent nature, has from the creation exercised its touching influence on the human soul—the other, the product of the ingenuity of man, has only within the last three centuries attained to perfection; but since that period what enjoyment, what rapture it has occasioned, when in the hand of genius! While the melodious tones of Grisi and Mario, Jenny Lind and Campanini, have touched with sympathetic feelings the hearts and imaginations of spell-bound listeners, how have the magic tones of Paganini and others wrapped the souls of wondering thousands in an elysium of delight! What effect of the voice cannot be produced by the violin, except that of speech? The violin in the hands of genius can draw tears or create laughter. Whoever has heard the great masters of this extraordinary instrument, has heard all the sweetness of tone, the intensity of feeling, the power of expression that the most gifted sons and daughters of song could possibly produce without the additional aid of speech. The violin, in fact, in its power of expression far excels those singers, of whom there are too many, who,

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

Andante allegro. J. A. WADE.

1. Meet me by moonlight a - lone, And then I will tell thee a tale Must be told by the
2. Daylight may do for the gay, The thoughtless, the heartless, the free, But there's something a -

moonlight a - lone, In the grove at the end of the vale; Thou must promise to come for I
bout the moon's ray, That is sweeter to thee and to me; Oh! re-member, be sure to be

p

said I would shew the night flowers their Queen, Nay, turn not a - way thy sweet head. 'Tis the
there, For tho' dearly a moonlight I prize, I care not for all in the air If I

lov-li-est ev-er was seen, Oh! meet me by moonlight a - lone, Meet me by moonlight alone.
want the sweet light of thine eyes, So meet me by moonlight a - lone, Meet me by moonlight alone.

while singing the notes, fail to make their hearers understand the meaning of their songs. If a merry dance is produced by the agile bow, its sympathetic tones at once excite a corresponding feeling. If a plaintive air streams in delicious and heart-touching cadences from the strings, what soul is there so dead to feeling as not to respond? The perfection of the violin is that its master, if alive to the subtle and mysterious influences of the imagination, can sing upon it the most perfect and touching "songs without words." It is besides the only instrument, except the voice, which is perfect. Every shade of expression, every nicety of tone can be produced on it. All other instruments are defective in comparison with the violin, because they can not do this. They are all more or less imperfect; and, therefore, fail in those subtleties of expression of which the violin and the voice are both such able exponents. What gratitude do we owe, then, to those great masters of Cremona, more especially to the Amati and Stradivarius, who have succeeded in bringing the violin to its present state of perfection.—*Pearce's "Violins and Violin-Makers."*

MISTRESS SANTA CLAUS.

ADA S. SHELTON.

Spirited.

1. Of all the bu - sy people round, This bu - sy Christmas - tide, None works like Mis - tress San - ta Claus For days and nights be - side; The good old man, her stur - dy spouse, Has so much now to do, If Madame Claus did not take hold He nev - er would get thro'. Oh! a
2. The North Star brightly shining down Gives all the light they need, For "How to Climb a Chimney" is The on - ly book they read. But Mis - tress Claus is work - ing hard On dresses, bonnets, sacks. And there are lots of clothes to make For all the jumping-jacks. Oh! a
3. They've dolls in ev - 'ry cor - ner there, They've dolls on all the chairs; Piled high on ev - 'ry cupboard shelf, And all the way up - stairs; But not a stitch of cloth - ing would On an - y doll be seen, Un - less his wife were there, for he Can't sew on a ma - chine. For a
4. The reindeer now are harnessed fast, The toys packed in the sleigh; And San - ta Claus wrapped up in furs, Soon dashes on his way, But, as he goes, cries, smil - ing back, "I nev - er in my life Could do so much for boys and girls Without so good a wife!" So, a

helpmeet wise is his wife, In their home at Reindeer Hall, 'Mid icebergs cold her heart is warm, Planning hap - pi - ness for all! A helpmeet wise is his wife In their home at Reindeer Hall, Warm her heart for aye To the "Merry Christ - mas!" call.

An eminent sculptor, enamored of beauty, since his whole life was given to its expression, either in the picturesque, the graceful, or the sublime, was once present at a reception, and that for the sole purpose of meeting a lady noted for her marvelous symmetry of form, her rare perfection of feature, and brilliancy of complexion. At first sight his expectations were more than realized; but as the play of the countenance in conversation is to beauty of feature what light is to the landscape, our sculptor was eager to secure an introduction, which was readily accorded. The conversation, however, was not prolonged. The common-place remarks of the introduction were enough to satisfy the artist. "Would that she had not opened her mouth," said he, as he left her presence, as soon as politeness would permit. "The memory of her beauty would have been a pleasure to me all my life—but that voice, those insipid words, have broken the charm forever!"

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Robert A. Smith.
Robert Tannahill.

Andante.

1. The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond, And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene; While lane-ly I stray in the calm simmer gloamin', To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom, And sweet is the birk wi' its man-tle o' green; But sweeter and fair-er, and dear to this bo-som, Is love-ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is love-ly young Jessie, Is love-ly young Jessie, Is love-ly young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
2. She's modest as o-ny, and blithe as she's bonnie, For guileless simplicity marks her its ain; And far be the villain, di-vested of feelin', Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane. Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'e-nin', Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen, Sae dear to this bo-som, sae artless and winning, Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is charming young Jessie, Is charming young Jessie, Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
3. How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie! The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain; I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie, Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane. Tho' mine were the station of loft-i-est grandeur, A-midst its pro-fu-sion I'd languish in pain, And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor, If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane, If wanting sweet Jessie, If wanting sweet Jessie, If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.

ELIZABETH STIRLING.

Cheerfully.

p

1. Come out, 'tis now September, The hunter's moon's begun, And thro' the wheaten stubble Is
2. The Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind, The Summer is a ty - rant Of
3. The wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do, The oats are like a pack of girls,

f

heard the fre - quent gun; Come out, 'tis now September, The hunter's moon's begun, And
most un - right - eous kind, The Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind, The
Laughing and danc - ing too, The wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do, The

p

thro' the wheaten stub-ble Is heard the frequent gun; The leaves are paling yel - low, Or
Summer is a ty-rant Of most un - righteous kind; The Autumn is an old friend, That
oats are like a pack of girls, Laughing and dancing too; The rye is like a mi - ser, That's

cres.

kindling in - to red, And the ripe and gold-en bar - ley Is hang - ing down its head.
loves one all he can, And that brings the hap - py bar - ley, To glad the heart of man.
sulk - y, lean, and small, But the free and bearded bar - ley Is monarch of them all.

p *cres.*

All among the bar - ley, Who would not be blithe, When the free and hap-py bar - ley Is

f *rit.*

smil-ing on the scythe? When the free and hap-py bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe?

CREATION is interpreted to us by five senses, which are the one bridge between ourselves and the world of matter—one bridge of sensation, but dividing, as it were, at the end where it touches man, and becoming sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. If man were considered as made up of mind and heart and an animal nature, sight might be regarded as revealing creation to his mind, hearing to his heart, smell and taste and touch to his animal nature. The distinction is only apparent and is vaguely general, for as the five senses are but one sense of touch, so man is one. But the distinctions are practically valuable, and are necessary to a classification of knowledge. By the eye we discover an immeasurable universe packed with thoughts, or laws and processes that are based on thoughts—chiefly mathematical; for whatever else the universe may be and may express, it is mathematical; and mathematics, as all will confess, touches only the intellectual side of us. It is true that we may see, and *feel* by seeing, but if creation were revealed to us only thro' the eye, we should know far more than we should feel. So another organ is provided that shall bring creation to us as emotional beings—the ear, conveying sound.—*Munger.*

DREAMLAND.

MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.
As sung by PAREPA-ROSA.

1. I see my home in the twilight dim, In the pur - ple shadowy light, And
2. I dream of the spring-time long a - go, Its birds and its flowers I see, And
3. I hear the lin - net from out the elm, And the bees trom the mignonette, And the

ma - ny a thought of by - gone years Comes o - ver my mind to - night. I
fai - ry show'rs of rose and white Come down from the ap - ple tree. I
sights and sounds of the old spring-time Seem to hov - er and haunt me yet. Dear

hear the sound of the dis - tant bells Ring - ing in sil - ver tone. For
hear the voi - ces of oth - er days, And the tears fall one by one. For
voi - ces that I nev - er hear, To all but mem - 'ry gone. For

thoughts come and go as they will to - night, As I dream by my fire a - lone, For

thoughts come and go as they will to - night, As I dream by my fire a - lone.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

A. Adam.
"Cantique de Noel."

Andante Maestoso.

1. Oh, sol - emn hour! when hearts were lowly bending, And all the world seem'd enshrouded in night; When pleading prayers to Heaven were as - cend - ing, Above the gloom smiled a spir-it of light; 'Twas Hope's bright form they saw so bright-ly shin - ing In robes un - fad - ing greet their tearful eyes; Beau - ti - ful Hope! no lon - ger hearts re-pin - ing, As love and joy on wings of faith a - rise, As love and joy on wings of faith a - rise.
2. Oh, love - ly hour! when light first faintly gleaming, And hearts were fill'd with a rapture di - vine; Led by the star whose rays were brightly beam - ing, Came eastern sa - ges round that ho-ly shrine; While there they saw the King of Glo - ry sleep - ing, Our Friend, Pro - tec - tor, in a manger laid; Their hearts were glad, and sad eyes ceased their weeping, For Faith was twin - ing wreaths that never fade, For Faith was twin-ing wreaths that never fade.
3. Oh, what delight! to hearts bowed down with sorrow, When cheering words o'er our sad spirits fall; Tho' dark the night, still comes a bright to - mor-row, When trusting hearts on their dear Saviour call; Then let each voice in grate - ful notes as - cend - ing, Ex - tol His name, the bond, the slave, the free, All shout His praise, in love and concord blending, In songs of faith and im - mor-tal - i - ty! In songs of faith and im - mor - tal - i - ty!

pp *f*

THE origin of these Slave Songs is unique. They are never "composed" after the manner of ordinary music, but spring into life, ready made, from the white heat of religious fervor during some protracted meeting in church or camp. They come from no musical cultivation whatever, but are the simple, ecstatic utterances of wholly untutored minds. From so unpromising a source we could reasonably expect only such a mass of crudities as would be unendurable to the cultivated ear. On the contrary, however, the cultivated listener confesses to a new charm, and to a power, never before felt, at least in its kind. What can we infer from this but that the child-like, receptive minds of these unfortunates were wrought upon with a true inspiration, and that this gift was bestowed upon them by an ever-watchful Father, to quicken the pulses of life, and to keep them from the state of hopeless apathy into which they were in danger of falling. A technical analysis of these melodies shows some interesting facts. The first peculiarity that strikes the attention is in the rhythm. This is often complicated, and sometimes strikingly original, and it is remarkable that the effects are so satisfactory. Another noticeable feature of the songs is the entire absence of triple time, or three-part measure among them. The reason for this is doubtless to be found in the beating of the foot and the swaying of the body which are such frequent accompaniments of the singing. These motions are in even measure, and in perfect time; and so it will be found that, however broken and seemingly irregular the movement of the music, it is always capable of the most exact measurement. In other words, its irregularities invariably conform to the "higher law" of the perfect rhythmic flow. It is a coincidence worthy of note that more than half the melodies are in the same scale as that in which Scottish music is written; that is, with the fourth and seventh tones omitted. The fact

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN.

SLAVE HYMN.

Slow.

Oh, no-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus!

Fine.

No-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah! { Sometimes I'm up, some-
Al-though you see me
No-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah! { One day when I was
I nev-er shall for-

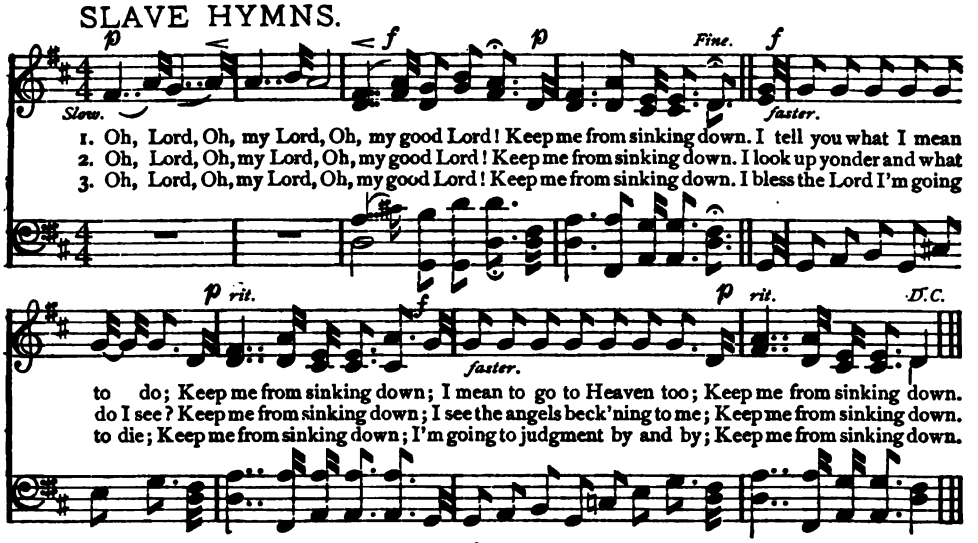
D. C.

times I'm down, Oh yes, Lord, Sometimes I'm al-most to the ground, Oh yes, Lord.
going along so, Oh yes, Lord, I have my tri-als here be-low, Oh yes, Lord.
walk-ing along, Oh yes, Lord, The element opened, and the Love came down, Oh yes, Lord.
get that day, Oh yes, Lord, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way, Oh yes, Lord.

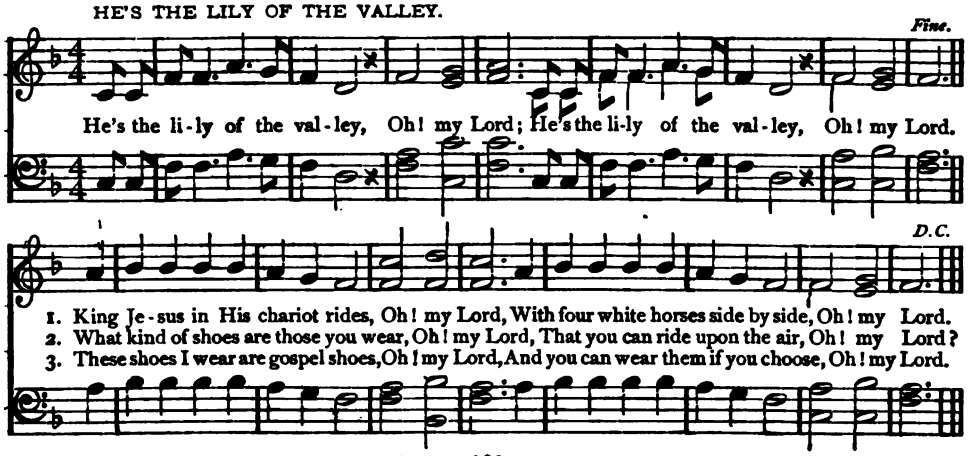
that the music of the ancient Greeks is also said to have been written in this scale, suggests an interesting inquiry as to whether it may not be a peculiar language of nature, or a simpler alphabet than the ordinary diatonic scale, in which the uncultivated mind finds its easiest expression. The variety of forms presented in these songs is truly surprising, when their origin is considered. This diversity is greater than the listener would at first be likely to suppose. The themes are also quite as distinct and varied as in the case of more pretentious compositions. The reader may feel assured that the music as here given is entirely correct. It was taken down from the singing of the Jubilee band, during repeated interviews held for that purpose, and no line or phrase was introduced that did not receive full indorsement from these singers. Some of the phrases and turns in the melodies are so peculiar that the listener might suppose them to be incapable of exact representation by ordinary musical characters. It is found, however, that they all submit to the laws of musical language, and if sung or played exactly as written, all the characteristic effects will be reproduced.—*Theo. F. Seward.*

The song given above, is a favorite on the Sea Islands, off the coast of South Carolina. Once, when ill-feeling was excited and trouble anticipated because of uncertain action of the Government in regard to the confiscated lands on those islands, Gen. O. O. Howard was called upon to address the colored people. To prepare them to listen, he requested them to sing. At once an old woman on the outskirts of the meeting began, "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen," and the whole audience joined in. The plaintive melody, and the apt refrain of the rude hymn, produced an effect that can never be forgotten by those who heard it sung.

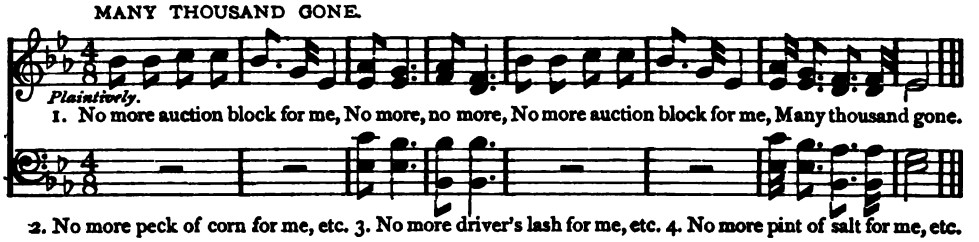
SLAVE HYMNS.



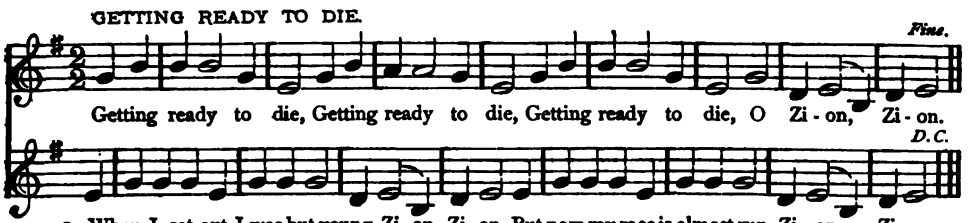
HE'S THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.



MANY THOUSAND GONE.



GETTING READY TO DIE.



LIKE almost everybody else I opposed the Tonic Sol-fa because I did not know anything about it, and when I heard that it did away with the staff notation I was the more opposed to it, and would not listen to any exposition of its merits. However, it happened that somebody came and asked me to explain to him what it was, and why it would not do to teach it in our schools, when so many teachers use that method in England with great success. I then concluded to post myself thoroughly, so that I could denounce it as folly and waste of time to make an attempt to do away with staff and notes. I happened to meet a man who was sent here from England as an agent to introduce the system. One of the first things he said was, that it was not the intention to do away with the staff notation, but that almost every teacher would experience that the staff notation was a hard thing to teach, which means to the pupil a hard thing to learn. I could not deny that, and he questioned me how long we let our pupils in the public schools sing in one key, that is, in the natural key—the key of C. When I told him for five or ten years, he said, "Well, you can save all that time, for the Tonic Sol-fa teaches all the keys in the same time that you spend in that one key." This is no exaggeration, for as the Tonic Sol-fa is a movable *do* method, *do* is the key-note for every key in major, as is *la* in every minor key. But since *do* in the key of C is written **d**, and in the key of G, D, A, E, and so on, in the same way (**d**) and the whole scale in the Tonic Sol-fa in any key is written this way: **d r m f s l t d′**—initial letters, with one exception, of do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do—a different letter for every

YOU AND ME.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. There is dew for the flow'ret, And hon-ey for the bee; And bowers for the wild bird, And love for you and me; And bowers for the wild bird, And
2. There are tears for the man-y, And pleasures for the few; But let the world pass on, dear, There's love for me and you, But let the world pass on, dear, There's
3. There is care that will not leave us, And pain that will not flee; But by our hearth, un-al-tered, Sits love 'tween you and me, But by our hearth un-al-tered, Sits
4. Our love, it ne'er was reckoned, Yet good it is, and true; It's half the world to me, dear, It's half the world to you, It's half the world to me, dear, It's

ad lib.

love for you, for you and me, And love for you and me, Love for you and me.
love for me, for me and you, There's love for me and you, Love for me and you.
love, sits love 'tween you and me, Sits love 'tween you and me, Love 'tween you and me.
half the world, the world to you, It's half the world to you, Half the world to you.

step—it is only necessary to mark a piece of music *key D, key F, key G, key E flat, key F minor*, and so on. The pupils having practised the intervals, indicated by the initial letter, and not being pazzled, as in the movable *do* method, by measuring from the key-note and observing signature and accidents, the whole difficulty, commonly called transposition, is done away with. A great deal of the difficulty in singing music in time, or rather, keeping the time, is obviated by placing the notes inside of the measure, so that the pupils see the division of the measure as it is intended to be sung plainly before them; for when they are to sing two notes or four notes to a beat, as the Tonic Sol-faists call it, a "pulse" (*pulsus* is the Latin word for beat), they are placed within the space allowed for that beat. In spite of these facts, I was not satisfied until I had induced one of the music teachers of our public schools to try the Tonic Sol-fa in one of his schools in different grades, and I had the satisfaction of hearing the lowest and the highest grades of the district sing exercises within less than three months that by our method it usually takes the whole year to accomplish. Since the main thing in teaching music is the education of the musical ear, I claim that this is accomplished in an easier way, for reasons given above, by the Tonic Sol-fa method than by any other known to me, and that when this is accomplished it will be the proper time for the staff notation, since it will be a slight change to introduce new or other characters to represent what is already known.—*G. F. Junkerman.*

ROSE OF LUCERNE.

SWISS MELODY.

Not too slow.

1. I've come across the sea, I've braved ev'ry danger, For a brother dear to me, from Swissland a ranger; Then
2. I've paint and I've perfume, for such as may choose them, Young ladies, perhaps you all will refuse them, The
3. Come round me, ladies fair, I've ribbons and laces, I've trinkets rich and rare to add to the graces Of
4. I've a cross to make you bright, your breast well may bear it, Just o'er your little heart I warn you to wear it, In

pi - ty, as - sist and pro - tect the poor stranger, And buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lu -
bloom on your cheek shows that you never use them, Yet buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lu -
waist, neck or arm, or your sweet pret - ty fa - ces, Then buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lu -
hope that no oth - er cross e'er may come near it, Then buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lu -

cerne, a lit - tle toy, a lit - tle toy, Then buy a lit - tle toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

Lively.

1. The moun-tain shep-herd-boy am I, The cas - tles all be - low me spy, The
2. The moun-tain tor - rent's home is here, Fresh from the rock I drink it clear; As
3. I claim the moun - tain for my own, In vain the winds a - round me moan; From

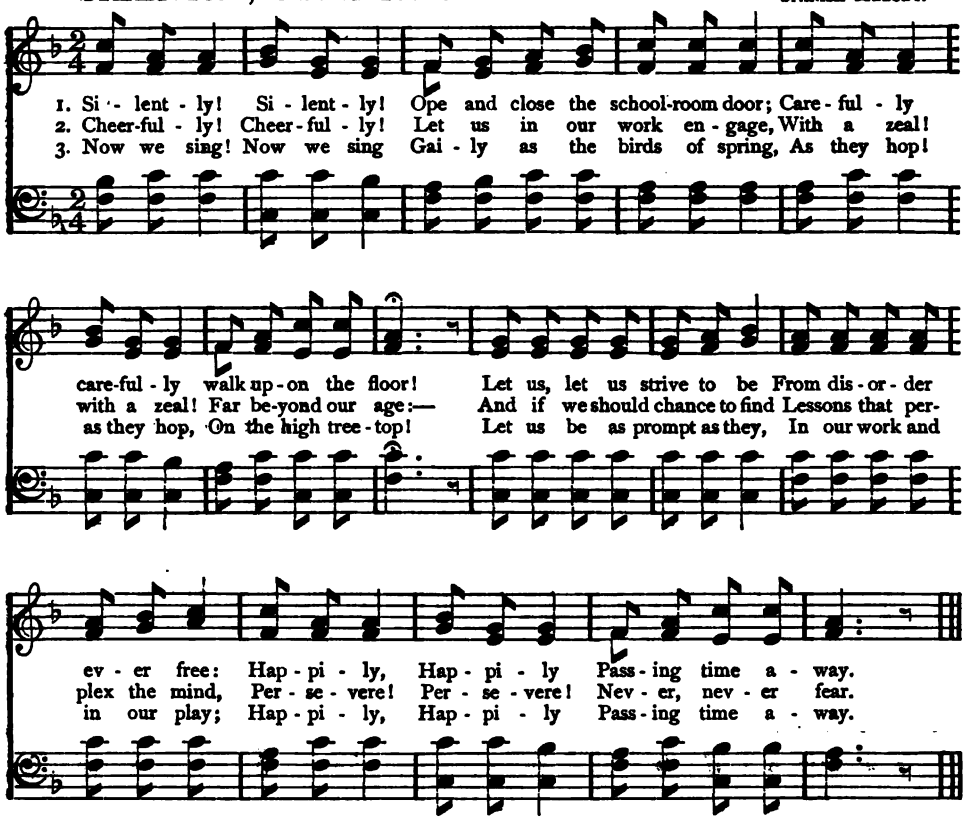
sun sends me his earliest beam, Leaves me his lat - est ling'ring gleam. I am the boy of the
out it leaps with furious force, I stretch my arm and stop its course. I am the boy of the
north to south let tempest brawl, My song shall swell a - bove them all. I am the boy of the

Grace note 1st time.

moun - tain; I am the boy of the moun - tain; I am the boy of the moun - tain.

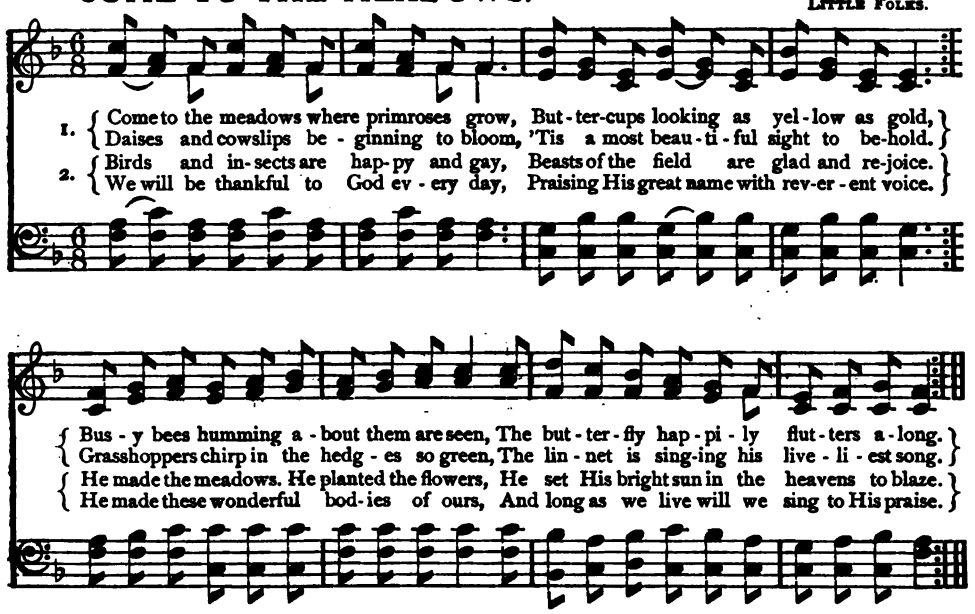
SILENTLY, SILENTLY.

SPANISH MELODY.



COME TO THE MEADOWS.

LITTLE FOLKS.



OCTOBER'S PARTY.

ALEX. LEE.

Spirited.

1. Oc - to - ber gave a par - ty; The leaves by hundreds came,—The Ash - es, Oaks and
2. The Chestnuts came in yel - low, The Oaks in crimson dress; The love - ly Miss - es
3. There in the rus - ty hol - low, At hide-and-seek they played; The par - ty closed at

Ma - ples, And leaves of ev - 'ry name. The sun - shine spread a car - pet, And
Ma - ple Were radiant like the rest. All bal - anced to their part - ners, And
sun - down But ev - 'ry - bo - dy stayed. Pro - fes - sor wind played loud - er; They

ev - 'rything was grand; Miss Weather led the danc - ing, Pro - fes - sor Wind, the band.
gai - ly fluttered by; The sight was like a rain - bow New-fall - en from the sky.
flew a-long the ground; And when the par - ty end - ed 'Twas jol - ly "hands all round."

LONDON BRIDGE.

PLAY-TIME SONG.

1. Lon - don Bridge is brok - en down, Dance o - ver, my La - dye Lea;
2. How shall we build it up a - gain? Dance o - ver, my La - dye Lea;
3. Sil - ver and gold will be stolen a - way, Dance o - ver, my La - dye Lea;

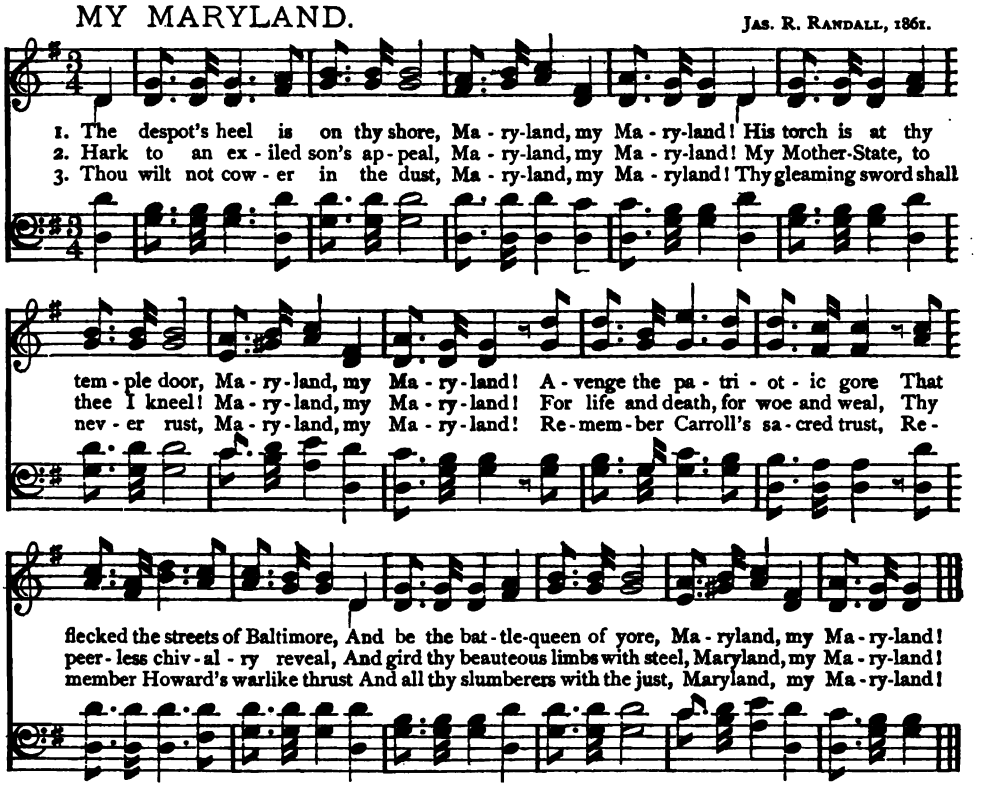
Lon - don bridge is brok - en down, With a gay La - dye.
How shall we build it up a - gain, With a gay La - dye?
Sil - ver and gold will be stolen a - way, With a gay La - dye.

4.
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance over, my Ladye Lea;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay ladye.

5.
Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance over, my Ladye Lea;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay ladye.

6.
Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over, my Ladye Lea;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay ladye.

"My Maryland!" was written by Mr. James R. Randall, a native of Baltimore, and now (1887) residing in Augusta, Georgia. The author was a professor of English literature and the classics in Poydras College, Louisiana, where in April, 1861, he read in the New Orleans *Delta* the news of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore. "This account excited me greatly," Mr. Randall writes, "I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there inflamed my mind. That night I could not sleep, for my nerves were all unstrung, and I could not dismiss what I had read in the paper from my mind. About midnight I rose, lit a candle, and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit appeared to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of My Maryland. I remember that the idea appeared to take shape first as music in the brain—some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem, of nine stanzas, as originally written, was dashed off rapidly when once begun." There is often a feeling afloat in the minds of men, undefined and vague for want of one to give it form, and held in solution, as it were, until a chance word dropped in the ear of a poet suddenly crystallizes this feeling into song, in which all may see clearly and sharply reflected what in their own thought was shapeless and hazy. It was Mr. Randall's fortune to be the instrument through which the South spoke. By a natural reaction his burning lines helped "to fire the Southern heart." To do their work well, his words needed to be wedded to music. It was left for a lady of Baltimore, Miss Hattie Cary, now the wife of Prof. H. N. Martin, of Johns Hopkins University, to lend the lyric the musical wings it needed to enable it to reach every camp-fire of the Southern armies. "The glee club was to hold its meeting in our parlors one



evening early in June," she writes, "and my sister Jennie, being the only musical member of the family, had charge of the programme on the occasion. With a school-girl's eagerness to score a success, she resolved to secure some new and ardent expression of feelings that were by this time wrought up to the point of explosion. In vain she searched through her stock of songs and airs—nothing seemed intense enough to suit her. Aroused by her tone of despair, I came to the rescue with the suggestion that she should adapt the words of 'Maryland, my Maryland,' which had been constantly on my lips since the appearance of the lyric a few days before in the South. I produced the paper and began declaiming the verses. 'Lauriger Horatius!' she exclaimed, and in a flash the immortal song found voice in the stirring air so perfectly adapted to it. That night, when her contralto voice rang out the stanzas, the refrain rolled forth from every throat present without pause or preparation; and the enthusiasm communicated itself with such effect to a crowd assembled beneath our open windows as to endanger seriously the liberties of the party." Lauriger Horatius has long been a favorite college song, and it had been introduced into the Cary household by Mr. Burton N. Harrison, then a Yale student. The air to which it is sung is used also for a lovely German lyric, Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum, which Longfellow has translated "O Hemlock Tree." The transmigration of tunes is a large and fertile subject. The taking of the air of a jovial college song to use as the setting of a fiery war-lyric may seem strange and curious, but only to those who are not familiar with the adventures and transformations which a tune has often undergone.—*Matthews.*

FAIR LAND OF POLAND.

M. W. Balfe.
From "Bohemian Girl."

Allegro marziale grandioso.

1. When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof Of the ruthless in - va - der, when
2. When the fair land of Poland was swept by the sword, And the blood of her best like the

might With steel to the bo - som and flame to the roof, Com - ple - ted her triumph o'er
rain, Flowed drenching the soil, 'mid the lives there outpoured Were the bravest in bat - tle e'er

right. When the flock was untend - ed, the herd without care, And the war-cry of le - gions was
slain. In that moment of danger when Freedom invoked All the fet - ter - less sons of her

rife, Then my blade with the foremost in bat - tle was bare And fore - most I rushed to the
pride, In a pha - lanx as dauntless as freedom e'er yoked, I fought and I fell by her

poco meno.

strife. My birth is no - ble, unstain'd my crest As is thine own, let this at - test, My
side, My birth is no - ble, unstain'd my crest As is thine own, let this at - test, My

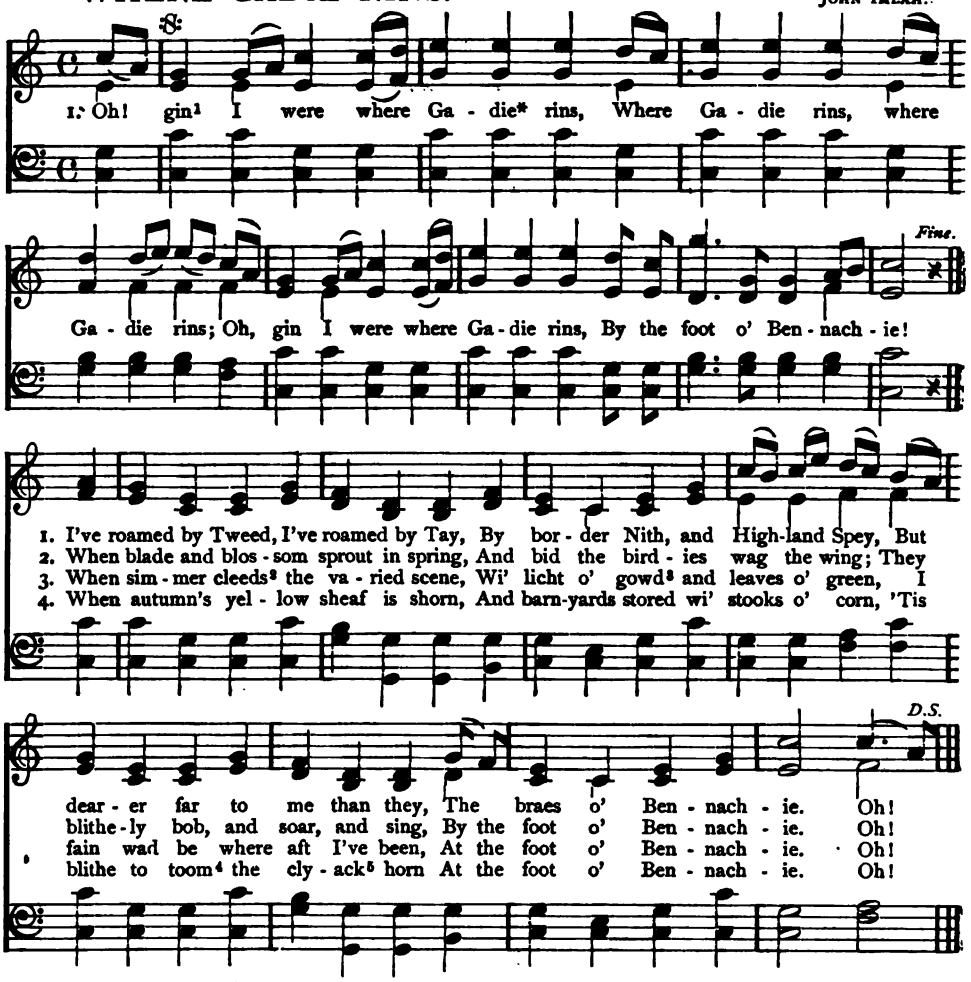
rallant. *adagio assai.*

birth is no - ble, unstain'd my crest As is thine own, as is thine own, let this at - test.

It is astonishing how many violins are imported into this country annually, especially if we consider that there is but one place in the world where violins are made extensively. That place is Markneukirchen, with its surrounding villages, Klingenthal, Fleissen, Rohrback and Graslitz, in Saxony, Germany. There are altogether about 15,000 people living there who do nothing else day after day but make violins, and it is interesting to see them at work. The inhabitants, from the little urchin to the old gray-headed man, the small girl and the old grandmother, are all engaged in making some parts of a violin. A good instrument consists of sixty-two different pieces. They are cut, planed, smoothed and measured, everything being accurate and precise with the model. The older men make the finger-board from ebony as well as the string-holder and the screws. The small boys have to make themselves useful by looking after the glue-pot on the fire and bringing their elders things as they want them. A man with strong, steady hands and a clear eye puts

WHERE GADIE RINS.

John Imlah.



5. When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,
Owre icy burn[6] and sheeted hill,
The [7]ingle-neuk is gleesome still
At the foot of Bennachie.

6. Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I loved be dead and gane,[8]
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot of Bennachie.

[1] If. [2] clothes. [3] gold. [4] empty. [5] harvest-home. [6] small stream. [7] fireside. [8] gone.

the different pieces together, and this is the most difficult task of all. Most violins are made of maple-wood that grows in that part of the country, or over the frontier in Bohemia. The women generally occupy themselves as polishers. This requires long practice, and a family that posseses a daughter who is a good polisher is considered fortunate. Even a young man, when he goes a wooing, inquires whether the young girl is a good polisher, and if she is it will certainly increase his affection for her at least twofold. The polishing takes a great deal of time, some of the best violins being twenty and even thirty times polished. Every family has its own peculiar style of polishing, and they never vary from that. There is one that makes nothing but a deep wine color, another citron, another orange, and so on, with varying degrees of excellence.

* The Gadie is a small river in Aberdeenshire, in Scotland, which flows past the mountain of Bennachie.

ZEPHYR OF NIGHTFALL.

Moderato. ANONYMOUS.

1. Lo, while-the zeph-yr of night-fall Balm-i-ly wan-ders a-round,
2. Heard ye the voi-ces of na-ture From the green meadows that come?
3. Neighbors, a wel-come now give us, Day and its la-bors are done;

mf

Bells from yon vil-lage are chim-ing— Sweet-ly, how sweet-ly they sound!
Voi-ces that sing at the twi-light, Pleas-ant-ly call-ing us home.
Gai-ly the joy-bells in-vite us, Peal-ing at set of the sun.

p

Dear is your mu-sic, each clear ring-ing bell, Dear is your mu-sic, each
Dear is their mu-sic, from moun-tain and dell, Dear is their mu-sic, from
Dear is your mu-sic, each clear ring-ing bell, Dear is your mu-sic, each

clear ringing bell; Pas-sion to qui-et pro-found Sinks at your soothing spell.
mountain and dell; Hearts that would restlessly roam, Yield to their mag-ic spell.
clear ringing bell; Love by your mag-ic is won, Bound by your soothing spell.

GOOD NIGHT.

Now to all a kind good night, Sweetly sleep till morning light, Till morning light, To all good

night; Sweetly sleep till morning light, Good night, good night, Good night, good night, good night, good night.

THE MURMURING SEA.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

Allegretto.

1. Murmur-ing sea! beau-ti-ful sea! How I love to list to thy mel-o-dy, When the
2. Murmur-ing sea! beau-ti-ful sea! I no more shall sail o'er thy wa-ters free; But I

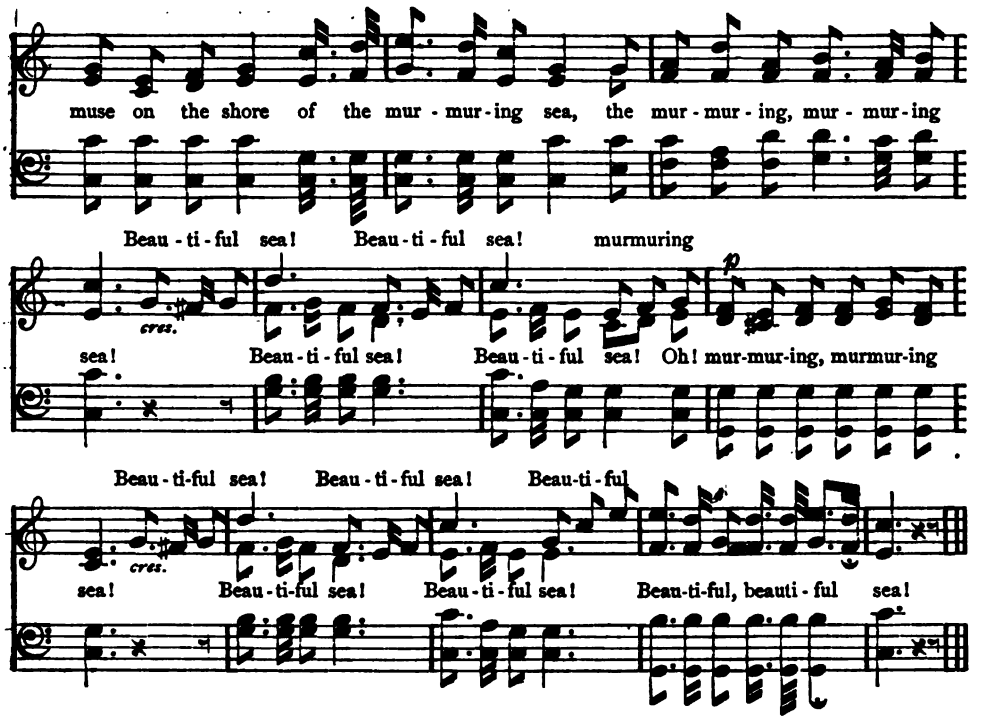
winds are still in thy rock-y caves, And the sweet stars glance on thy pur-ple waves, And the
watch the ships as they fade from sight, And my fan-cy follows their trackless flight; And my

sweet stars glance on thy pur-ple waves: 'Tis then I dream of the dis-tant land, Where I
fan-cy fol-lows their trackless flight: Bounding a-way to their destined mart, To the

left a lov-ing and joy-ous band; Oh! dearer than ev-er they seem to me, As I
land so dear to my lone-ly heart; Oh! dearer than ev-er it seems to me, As I

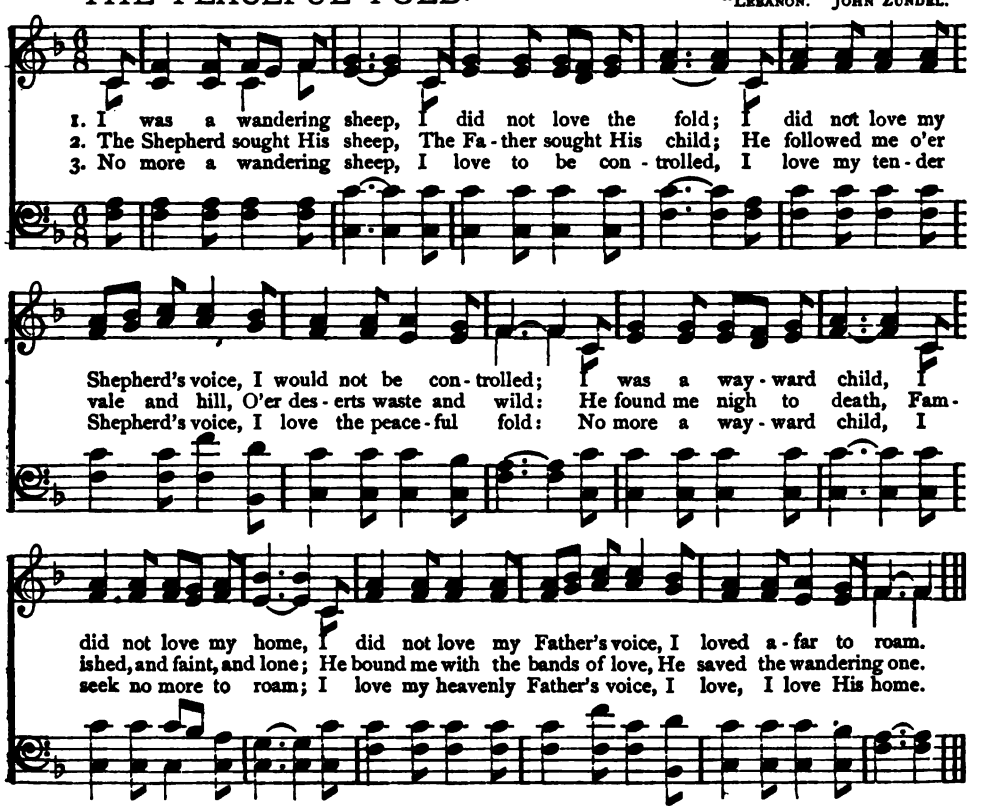
muse on the shore of the murmuring sea! As I muse on the shore of the mur-muring sea!

Mur-mur-ing sea! beau-ti-ful sea! Oh! dear-er than ev-er they seem to be, As I



THE PEACEFUL FOLD.

HORATIUS BONAR.
"LEBANON." JOHN ZUNDEL.



SUCH was George Herbert's love of music that he went usually twice every week to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury. When rector of Bennerton, in one of his walks to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, he put off his canonical coat and helped him to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the good Samaritan that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him that if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left him; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was: That the thought of what he had done

OH! SISTER DEAR.

D. F. E. AUBER.
From "MASANIELLO."

Andantino.

1. My sis - ter dear, o'er this pale cheek The tear of sor - row oft was
2. And now, a - las! I weep a - lone, By thee, my sis - ter dear, for -
1. *Pour-quoi pleu - rer? pour-quoi pleu - rer? La can - deur in vos trais res -*

steal - ing, And when thy looks be - trayed the feel - ing Thy lips, thy tongue, re -
sak - en; Dark thoughts a - rise, and fears a - wak - en, Thy fate, a - las! to
pi - re? Les gra - ces vien - nent vous pa - rer, Et l'a - mour

fused to speak; But thou hast com - fort, sis - ter dear, When I
me un - known; And down my pal - lid cheek the tear Will ev - er
sem - ble vous sourrire? Pour-quoi pleu - rer? pour - quoi pleu - rer? pour - quoi, pour -

shed for thee a tear, When I shed for thee a tear.
flow, my sis - ter dear, Will ev - er flow, my sis - ter dear.
quoi pleu - rer? pour - quoi, pour - quoi, pour - quoi, pour - quoi pleu - rer?

would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place; "for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And tho' I do not wish for a like occasion every day, yet let me tell you I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and I praise God for this occasion."—*Izaak Walton's Lives.*

WHEN music is used to pave the way to vice, certain instruments are rigidly excluded, and the nobler tones are exchanged for "soft Lydian airs." This exclusion and perversion every true musician detects as a lack in the music itself, and the spirit of music—like a fettered Samson—pleads with him for a better use and fuller exercise of its nature. Such use of music is like the look of scorn in the face of beauty; no other face could express the scorn so well, but the beauty is still a protest against its use for such an end.—*Munger.*

I REMEMBER once asking a distinguished Polish lady, herself a notable musician and pupil of the great Chopin, whether she ever played Hungarian music. "No," she answered, "I cannot play it; there is something in that music which I have not got—something which is wanting in me." What was wanting I came to understand later, when I became familiar with Hungarian music as rendered by the Tzigane players. It was the training of a gipsy's whole life which was wanting here—a training which alone teaches the secret of deciphering those wild strains which seem borrowed from the voice of the tempest or stolen from whispering reeds. In order to have played the Hungarian music aright she would have required to have slept on mountain tops during a score of years, to have been awakened by fallen dews, to have shared the food of eagles and squirrels, and have been on equally familiar terms with stags and creeping things—conditions which unfortunately lie altogether out of the reach of delicate Polish ladies.—*Blackwood.*

WHEN I COME.

SUABIAN FOLK-SONG.

p *Allegretto.* *pp* *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

1. Must I then, must I then leave my hap-py lit-tle town, hap-py lit-tle town, And
2. Ah, thy tears! ah, thy tears! they are fall-ing like the rain, fall-ing like the rain, Sweet
3. In a year, in a year, when the lit-tle ber-ries ripe, lit-tle ber-ries ripe, I'll
1. Muss I denn, muss I denn zum Städ-te-le 'naus, Städ-te-le 'naus, Und

pp *p* *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

thou, my love, bide here? When I come, when I come, when I come back again, come back again, Then with
love, so dear to me; In the world, in the world, there are many fair beside, many fair beside, But
come a-gain to thee, And if then, oh, if then thou dost truly love me still, truly love me still, My
du mein Schatz bleibst hier? Wenn I komm, wenn I komm, wenn I wiedrum komm, wiedrum komm, Kehr' I

p

thee I'll stay, my dear. If now with thee I cannot re-main, My love for thee's the same. When I
I'll be true to thee! Think not an-oth-er when I see, This heart will faithless be. In the
dar-ling wife thou'lt be. In that brief year I'll have served my time, And thou canst call me thine! And if
ein, mein Schatz, bei dir. Kann I gleich nit all-weil bei dir sein, Han I doch mein' Freud' an dir; Wenn I

pp *p* *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

come, when I come, when I come back again, come back again, Then with thee I'll stay, my dear!
world, in the world, there are many fair beside, many fair beside, But I'll be true to thee.
then, oh, if then thou dost truly love me still, truly love me still, My darling wife thou'lt be.
komm, wenn I komm, wenn I wiedrum komm, wiedrum komm, Kehr' I ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.

2.

Wie du weinst, wie du weinst, dass I |: wandere muss :|
Wie wenn d' Lieb' jetzt wär' vorbei;
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss der |: Mädele viel :|.
Lieber Schatz, I bleib' dir treu.
Denk' du net, wenn I 'ne And're seh',
No sei mei Lieb' vorbei:
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss der |: Mädele viel, :|
Lieber Schatz, I bleib' dir treu.

3.

Uebers Jahr, übers Jahr wenn me |: Träubele schneidt, :|
Stell' I hier mi wiedrum ein;
Bin I dann, bin I dann dein |: Schätzele noch, :|
So soll die Hochzeit sein.
Uebers Jahr da ist mein' Zeit vorbei,
Do g'hör I mein und dein;
Bin I dann, bin I dann dein |: Schätzele noch, :|
So soll die Hochzeit sein.

THE SWISS GIRL.

GEORGE LINLEY.

Solo.

f

1. O hear me, pret-ty Swiss, Come, roam the world with me; Where grandeur
2. That sim - ple wreath of flowers, O care - less-ly throw by; And thou shalt

First Quartette or Chorus.

pp

1. O hear me, pret-ty Swiss, Come roam, come roam the world with me, Where
2. That sim - ple wreath of flowers, O care-less - ly throw by, throw by, And

Second Quartette or Chorus.

shines, and wealth can make, A par - a-dise for thee. No! no! I love the
wear a diamond crown, More dazz - ling to the eye. No! no! that crown is

grandeur shines and wealth can make A par - a - dise for thee. No! no! she
thou shalt wear a diamond crown, More dazzling to the eye, No! no! that

mountain-rill, These bar-ren cliffs, and for-est green, More dear to me the
not so bright, As yon-der glo - rious sun I see, That bathes in gold each

pp

loves the mountain - rills, These barren cliffs, and for - ests green; More dear to
crown is not so bright As yon-der glo - rious sun I see. That bathes in

ritard.

First Quartette or Chorus.

flower-clad hills, The val - ley where my cot is seen. But come with
towering height, And wakes each morn new joy in me. But here thy

ritard.

her the flower-clad hills, Her cot is seen.
joy each tow'-ring height, New joys to me.

me, and thou shalt share A pal - ace bright and fair.
charms un-seen will fade, O fly with me, sweet maid.

Yes, come with me, and thou shalt share A pal - ace bright and fair.
Yes, here thy charms un-seen shall fade, O fly with me, sweet maid.

Chorus. Allegro.

No! no! no! the mer-ry Swiss girl, con-tent-ed here to stay, Cares
No! no! no! the mer-ry Swiss girl, con-tent-ed here to stay, Thinks

not for wealth and honors, while she sings her mountain lay. La la la la la la la,
not of youth and beauty, while she sings her mountain lay. La la la la la la la,

la la la la la la, la la la la la la, la la la la.

1 (ROUND.) 2

Here's a health to all them that we love! Here's a health to all them that love us!

3 4

Here's a health to all them that love those that love them, That love those that love them that love us.

1 (ROUND.) 2 3 4

Day is gone, Night has come, When the day of life has flown, Heav'n be our home.

BUT the sea implies the shore; and it is something also to have heard the murmuring of the broad ocean. I think that these moments, these intimations, which seem to come from a great distance, prove many things,—prove, above all, that man's spirit is not a sand-locked pool. The slender filaments of sensation are threads that bind us to a mighty whole, and it is a higher, more complete existence,—the life in the whole,—which, through them, stirs in us, perhaps to sleep the next moment. Beethoven said, that "music is the link between rational and sensitive life; it addresses both, and owes to this its power; for music, of all the arts, alone *reaches* to that within us to which the others can only appeal. Like divine grace it gets fairly within the mind; and while things that address themselves to the eye or intellect stand at the door and knock, it has already carried in its message, and brought us into an inner world, richer and sweeter than the outward one, yet linked with it at every turn. What is there in life, as it now is, that answers to the feelings which music calls forth,—"its deeper pangs, its tears more sweet,"—its storming at the citadel of

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

HENRY TUCKER.
CHAS. C. SAWYER, by per.

Moderato e cantabile.

1. Dear - est love, do you re - mem - ber, When we last did meet, How you told me that you loved me, Kneeling at my feet? Oh! how proud you stood before me In your suit of blue, When you vowed to me and coun - try Ev - er to be true. Weeping, sad and lone - ly,
2. When the summer breeze is sigh - ing Mournful - ly a - long; Or when autumn leaves are fall - ing, Sad - ly breathes the song. Oft in dreams I see thee ly - ing On the bat - tle plain, Lonely, wounded, ev - en dy - ing, Calling, but in vain. Weeping, sad and lone - ly,
3. If, a - mid the din of bat - tle, No - bly you should fall, Far a - way from those who love you, None to hear you call, Who would whisper words of comfort, Who would soothe your pain? Ah! the ma - ny cru - el fan - cies Ev - er in my brain. Weeping, sad and lone - ly,
4. But our country called you, dar - ling, An - gels cheer your way; While our nation's sons are fight - ing, We can on - ly pray. No - bly strike for God and liber - ty, Let all na - tions see How we love the starry ban - ner, Emblem of the free. Weeping, sad and lone - ly,

Chorus.

cres. *rall.*

Hopes and fears how vain! Yet praying, When this cruel war is o - ver, Praying that we meet again!

feeling through a hundred gates at once, or winning it through some single secret postern? You read, you think, you ponder, and, lo! a grinding organ at the corner of the street, playing some common tune, sends a fresh breath across your soul, that turns over a new leaf within it, writ all over with deeper, sweeter, truer lore than was ever magician's book.—*Two Friends.*

Charles Carroll Sawyer, now (1888) a resident of Brooklyn, New York, was, without doubt, one of the most popular and most successful song writers of the war. He gives this as the origin of his famous song: "During the year 1861-2, many songs were published, but they were all filled with the love of the soldier for those whom he had left at home, and, thinking it would cheer and comfort our brave boys, I composed and published the song, 'When this Cruel War is Over,' which seemed to reach the hearts of both armies, so that in a few months I found it almost impossible to supply the demand. The song has reached the unprecedented sale of nearly one million copies."

THE "Blue Juniata" was composed by Mrs. Marion Dix Sullivan, of Boston, who was born in 1802, in Boscawan, New Hampshire, and who died in 1860. She was the daughter of Col. Timothy Dix, and the sister of the late Gen. John A. Dix, of New York. Some years before the song was published, Mrs. Sullivan traveled with her children and a party of friends from Massachusetts, by way of the Juniata valley in Pennsylvania, to Ohio, which was then the Far West. The journey was made by packet boat and stage coach. It was on this trip, amid the wild and beautiful mountain scenery of Pennsylvania, that she found the inspiration for her best known song. After a few years in Ohio, her husband's health having failed, she supported herself and family by teaching music and language, keeping her children at the best schools in the neighborhood. She wrote a number of songs which she sang, with sweet voice and much feeling, to her own accompaniment on the guitar, an instrument she greatly enjoyed. She had a kind, beautiful face, with most genial manner, and her home was always the welcome resort of the friends whom she found everywhere.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
W. S. GILBERT. "MIKADO."

1. The flow - ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Breathe promise of mer - ry sun - shine, As
2. The flow - ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Have noth - ing to do with the case, I've

we merrily dance and sing, Tra la, We welcome the hope that they bring, Tra la, Of a summer of roses so
got to take under my wing, Tra la, A most unattractive old thing, Tra la, With a car-i - cature of a

fine, Of a summer of ro - ses so fine, And that's what we mean when we say that a thing Is
face, With a car - i - ca - ture of a face, And that's what I mean when I say or I sing, "Oh,

welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, As we merrily dance and
bother the flowers that bloom in the spring!" Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, I've got to take under my

sing, Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, The flow - ers that bloom in the spring.
wing, Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, The flow - ers that bloom in the spring.

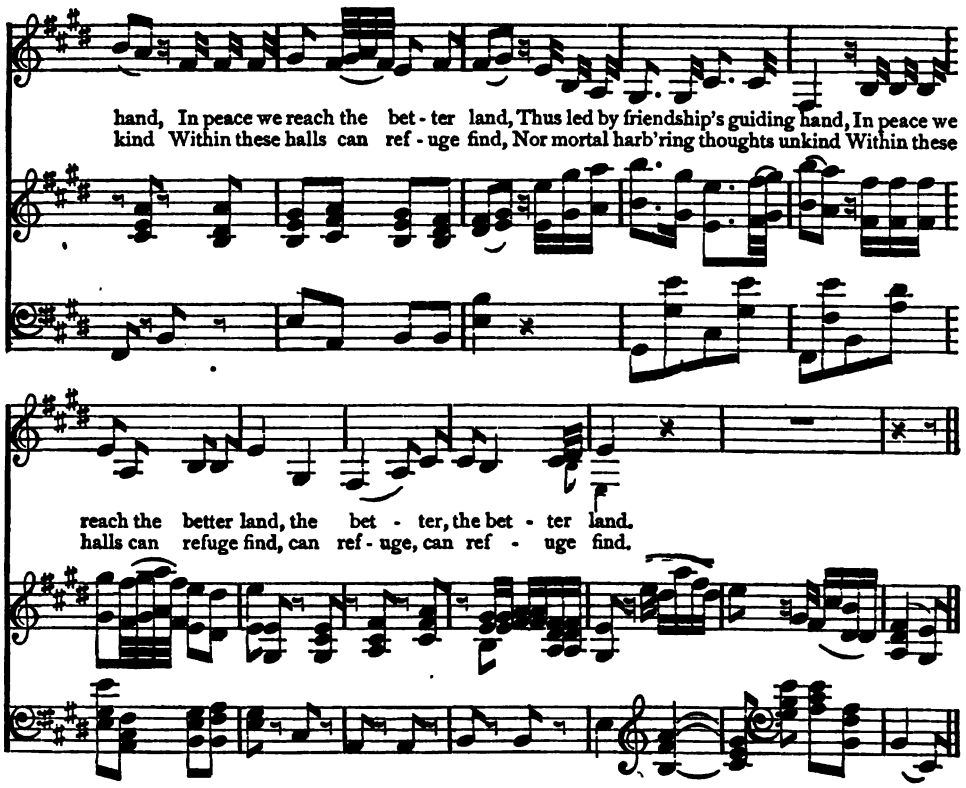
WITHIN THIS SACRED DWELLING.

W. Mozart.
From "Magic Flute."

Larghetto.

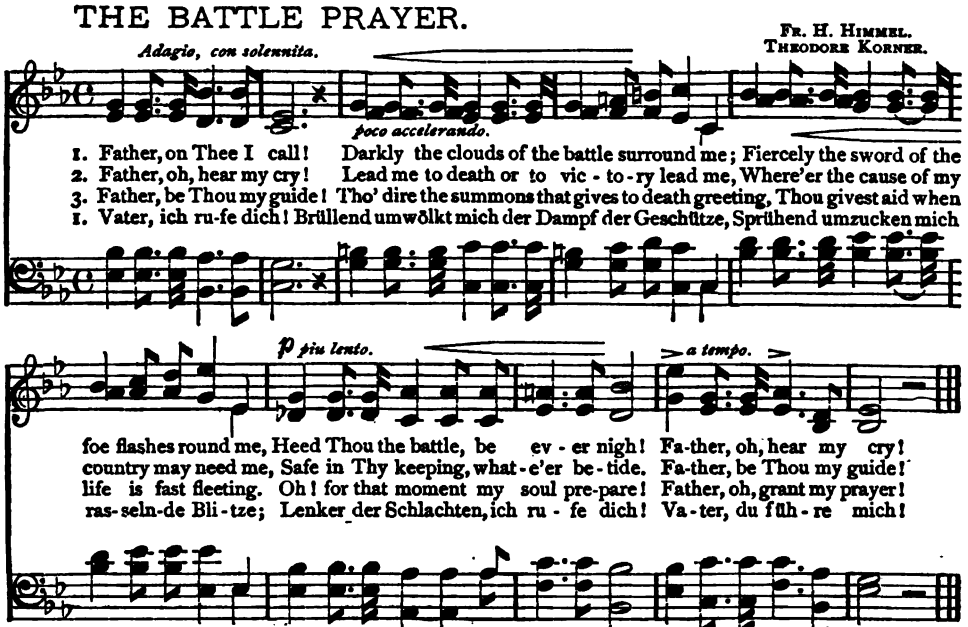
1. With - in this sa - cred dwell-ing, Re - venge no ref - uge finds; Where joy each bo - som swell - ing And love to du - ty binds. Thus led by friend - ship's guid - ing hand, In peace we reach the bet - ter land; Thus led by friendship's guiding
2. These ho - ly walls a - round us Con - fine but will - ing hearts; Re - leased from cares that bound us, We fear no trait' - rous arts; Nor mor - tal har - b'ring thoughts un - kind Within these halls can ref - uge find; Nor mortal harb'ring thoughts un-

8va..... *8va*.....



THE BATTLE PRAYER.

FR. H. HIMMEL.
THEODORE KORNER.



Vater, du führe mich!
Führ mich zum Siege, führ mich zum Tode,
Herr, ich erkenne deine Gebote,
Herr, wie du willst, so führe mich;
Gott, dir ergeb ich mich.

Gott, dir ergeb ich mich!
Wenn mich die Donner des Todes begrüssen,
Wenn meine Adern geöffnet fliessen;
Dir, o mein Gott, dir ergeb ich mich!
Vater, ich rufe dich.

An extraordinary feature of the musical world of the present day is the enormous orchestras which can be produced on special occasions. A chorus of several thousand voices supported by hundreds of instruments may now be heard, rendering the immortal compositions of the greatest masters of the divine art, in the People's Palace at Sydenham and elsewhere. These orchestras are chiefly selected from the ranks of the people, of whom the artisan is the chief element. The reduction in the cost of instruments and the adoption of what may be called the joint-stock principle are tending still further to enlarge the boundaries of the practical musical world. At any time and for any purpose it is now easy to secure a band and chorus sufficient in numbers and executive power to render in an efficient and powerful manner, the glorious productions of Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, and other great masters. On all these occasions, the violin bears a most important part. It is the leading instrument in these great performances, as it is, after the voice, the most powerful medium of expression in solo. It is also the people's instrument. The labors of many eminent violin-makers, following in the steps of the great masters, have so immensely improved the art, that a good instrument may now be possessed by any one. And it may be said that with its improvement has arisen also the extensive and wide-spread practice of music generally. An ear accustomed to the fine tone of a good violin will not now tolerate a bad piano forte.

OUR FLAG O'ER US WAVING.

G. Verdi.
Air—Anvil Chorus "Il Trovatore."

Spirited.

1. See the proud banner of Lib - er - ty streaming, Its bright starry folds o'er us ra - diant - ly
2. Bright starry ban - ner! thy fame we will cher - ish, And shield thee and save thee, or no - bly we'll

gleaming; Hear the loud trumpet its war note re - peating, The roll of the drums where brave armies are
per - ish: Proudly our ea - gles are floating a - bove thee, Columbia, for ev - er we bless thee and

meet - ing, brave armies meeting, are meeting! On, on to glo - ry's field, our proud flag o'er us
love thee! bless thee and love thee, and love thee! On, on to vic - to - ry! our country now and

wav - ing! Marching to conquest, ev - 'ry dan - ger no - bly brav - ing. March, march, march on to
ev - er, Palsied the trai - tor hand our Union that would sever: Hail! hail! hail! land of

tutta forza.

vic - to - ry! March on! March on! on! March on! March on! on! March on to victo - ry!
Lib - er - ty! Hail! noble land, hail! Hail! noble land, hail! Hail! land of lib - er - ty!

OH, WHO SO GAY AND FREE?

1. We'll laugh at care and sor-row, No trouble will we bor-row, But wait the coming morrow, While
2. Our voi - ces gai - ly ring-ing, As cheeri - ly we're sing-ing, Sweet memories now clinging A -
3. The friends we're fondly meeting, With joy we're gladly greeting, And happy songs re-peating, On

mer - ri - ly we'll sing: We'll sing of joys to come, Of hopes that brightly bloom; What tho' the hours are
bout each bush and tree! Why do we mourn the past? The years they cannot last! Our hearts with hope are
each re - turn - ing day: Then let us gladly sing, While Time is on the wing; And nev-er sit re -

fly - ing, And flow'rs around us dying? Oh, what's the use of sighing, Tho' Time is on the wing?
swelling Sweet music's notes but telling The happi - ness in-dwelling. Oh, who so gay and free?
pin - ing, While youth is brightly shining, And wreaths of friendship twining, That never shall decay!

THE CRACOVIAN MAID.

1. Farewell! farewell, my peaceful vale, Where oft in infancy I've roved, And listened to the joyous tale Of
2. Farewell! farewell, dear village church, Where oft in prayer I've joined the throng, And chanted with a [cheerful voice My

those I dearly loved. The lattice porch with ivy clad, The rippling stream, th' flow'ry glade, In mem'ry now a -
gratitude in song. The setting sun, the vesper bell, Have faded like a passsing shade, And seems to sound a

lone must glad The poor Cracovian maid, The poor Cracovian maid, The poor Cra-cov - ian maid.
parting knell To the poor Cracovian maid, The poor Cracovian maid, The poor Cra-cov - ian maid.

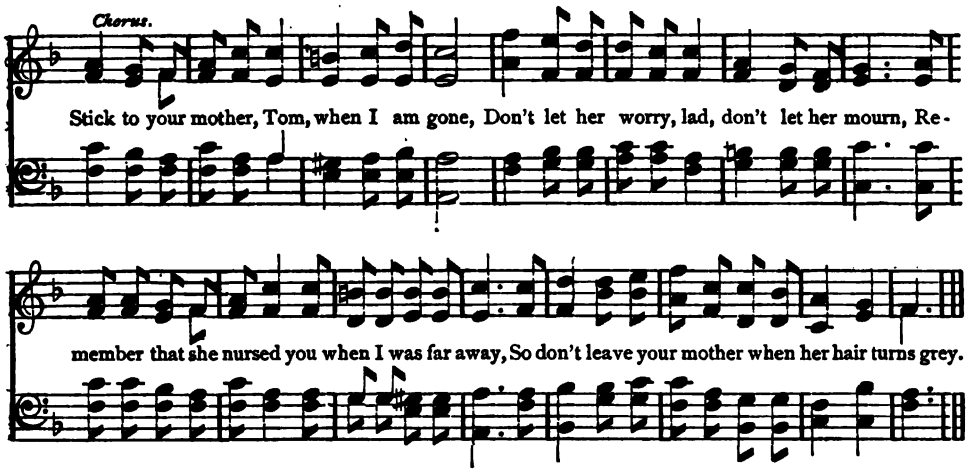
DON'T LEAVE YOUR MOTHER, TOM.

E. J. Symons.
Charles Osborne.

Moderato.

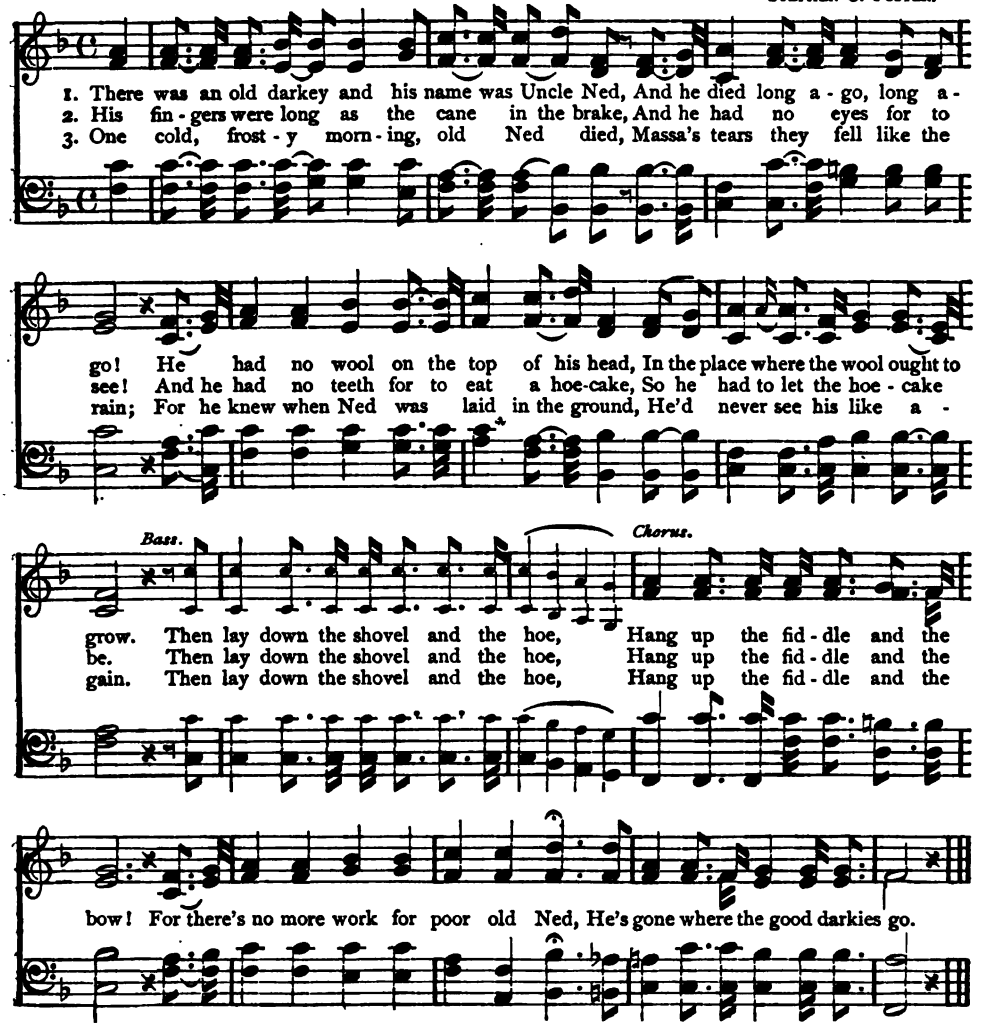
1. How well can I re-member, though ma-ny years a - go, I journeyed down to Plymouth with moth-er, you must know; The ships were in the har-bor, with flags and banners dressed, And weep-ing wives and children were wait-ing with the rest. My father was a sail-or on board a "man-of-war," Who once again was go-ing to leave us both on shore; He kissed us both at part-ing, as we stood on the quay,* And, as he bade us both good-bye, he said these words to me:
2. We watched the fading vessel, then came back home again, And scarcely spoke in whisper whilst rid-ing in the train. The journey seemed unend-ing, and lead-en was the sky, Until we reached the sta-tion to which our home was nigh; The cottage seemed so des-o late, for va-cant was the chair In which my father lingered when-ev-er he was there. I came and stood by moth-er, so torn by hopes and fears, In silence she embraced me, then whispered thro' her tears:
3. The time rolled slowly onward, great changes had occurred, About the good ship "Victor" for months we had not heard; My moth-er grew so anx-ious, her cheek look'd sad and pale, And I was growing fear-ful that she sudden-ly might fail. One day we had a tel-e-gram to say the ship was lost, She founder'd many miles away, where she'd been tempest-toss'd; My poor old mother faint-ed, but when the pal-lor fled, I kissed her as I told her the words my fa-ther said:
4. She lingered thro' the summer, but with the frost and snow, The bit-ter winds of win-ter too sure-ly laid her low. She died in my em-brac-es, with spir-it calm and brave, And now the weeping wil-low droops sad-ly o'er her grave. I oft-en go to see it, to keep the verdure green, And plant some spotless lilies up-on the peaceful scene, And feel the sat-is-fac-tion of knowing, tho' she's dead, I tried to do my du-ty, in the words my fa-ther said:

* Pronounced "*key*."



UNCLE NED.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



THE RIDICULOUS.—He was seventy-five years old. But his hand did not tremble from the age. He had laughed till the tears were rolling down his cheeks, and still he laughed on. "Oh, Jim," he said, "hev ye got a sense o' the ridikerlus? Ef ye hev, hold on to't. It's the best friend a man's got in this life. It'll kerry ye when money wont, an' when friends an' favors air clean out o' sight. You'd better stay round, Jim. Ha! ha!" and the old man lay back in his chair again and wiped his eyes. "An', Jim! Jim!" he shouted, the words half lost between his chuckles of laughter, "don't yer forgit what I tell ye now, that a sense of the ridikerlus is the best friend a man kin hev in this world. It'll see yer out every time. Stick to it, boy; stick to yer sense o' the ridikerlus. It's about the only thing reely to be depended on in this airth; the only livin' thing I know thet's got its food all, as yer may say, cut an' dried an' spread ready fur a good meal 't all hours o' day everywherz. . . . An' you know, Jim, I'm dum queer, an' allers hev ben. Nobody knowed it betteren Mis' Worrall. She's said to me a hundred times ef she said 't onst, 'John, ye're queerer'n queer.' An' I s'pose livin' alone so sence she's dead's made me queerer. I know I'm queer. I feel queer, many's the time so queer

AS I'D NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

J. L. HATTON.
As sung by PAREPA ROSA.

1. 'Twas a pleas-ant summer's morn-ing, Just the day I like t' en-joy, When I
2. Off I start-ed thro' the mead-ows, Where the dew-beads pearl'd the spray, And, ne-
3. But, be-fore the day was o-ver, I'd some-how made up my mind That I'd

woke and looked out 'early, Puzzled how my time t' em-ploy; In such fine and splendid
spon-sive to the song-birds, I kept sing-ing all the way; Quite surprised she was to
pop the question to her, If to me her heart in-clined; So I whispered "Sweet, my

weath-er, I don't care for work, do you? So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd
see me, Come so early there to woo, Till I said I just walked o-ver, 'Cause I'd
dar-ling, Will you have me, yes or no?" "Well," she said, "perhaps I may, dear, When I've

ad lib.

noth-ing else to do; So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd noth-ing else to do.
noth-ing else to do; Till I said I just walked o-ver, 'Cause I'd nothing else to do.
noth-ing else to do;" "Well," she said, "perhaps I may, dear, When I've nothing else to do."

I don't know what to do; and this hull world an' everybody in't seems to me so queer. I'm bustin' larfin' all to myself to think how queer it is." . . . Wiping his eyes, he cried, "I suppose what aint bred in the bone, can't come out in the flesh. Yer never did hev no sense o' the ridikerlus. Never! It'd ha' saved ye lots o' trouble ef ye hed. But yer mother afore ye, she never hed much, not till toward the last; it seemed to kinder struggle up in her arter she took to her bed—the onlikeliest place fur it to come up, ye'd think; but as she laid there day arter day she kep' a-thinkin' over things I'd told her, an' I declare I found her a-larfin' at things I'd said to her twenty years afore, that she never see no pint to till then. She'd allers called 'em jest queer. Now I don't s'pose ye can see anything ridikerlus in this 'ere lawsuit John's a-bringin', to get me put under a guardeen; but I tell ye it's the most ridikerlus thing ever's happened in this State o' C'neticut; jest the very most, an' yer see ef the jedge and jury an' all on 'em aint a-larfin' in their seats afore it's done with. I only hope I'll make out to keep a tol'able stiddy countenance myself."—*Saxe Holm, in "Farmer Worrall's Case."*

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Allegro Scherzando.

1. Oh! I'm not myself at all, Mol-ly dear, Molly dear, I'm not myself at all. Nothing
2. Oh! I'm not myself at all, Mol-ly dear, Molly dear, My ap-petite's so small; I
3. Oh! my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear, Is n't like myself at all, For I've
4. I'll be not myself at all, Mol-ly dear, Molly dear, Till you my own I call, Since a

car - ing, nothing knowing, 'Tis af - ter you I'm going, Faith! your shadow 'tis I'm growing, Molly
once could pick a goose, But my buttons is no use, Faith! my tightest coat is loose, Mol - ly
got so ve - ry thin, My - self says, "'Tis n't him, But that pur-ty girl so slim," Mol - ly
change o'er me there came, Sure you might change your name, And 'twould just come to the same, Molly

dear, Mol-ly dear, And I'm not my-self at all. Th' other day I went con-fess - in' And I
dear, Mol-ly dear, And I'm not my-self at all. If thus it is I waste, You'd
dear, Mol-ly dear, And I'm not my-self at all. If thus I smal - ler grew, All
dear, Mol-ly dear, Oh! 'twould just come to the same, For if you and I were one All con -

asked the father's blessin', But says I, "Don't give me one entirely, For I fretted so last year, But the
better, dear, make haste, Before your lover's gone away entirely; If you don't soon change your mind, Not a
fret - ting, dear, for you, 'Tis you should make up the de-fi - cien-cy, So just let Father Taaf Make
fusion would be gone, And 'twould simplify the matter entirely, And 'twould save us so much bother, When

half o' me is here, So give the oth - er half to Mol - ly Bri - er - ly, Oh! I'm not myself at all.
bit o' me you'll find, And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brier-ly, Oh! I'm not myself at all.
you my bet - ter half, And you will not the worse Of the ad-di-tion be; Oh! I'm not myself at all.
we'd both be one another; So listen now to rayson, Mol-ly Bri - er - ly; Oh! I'm not myself at all.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

G. F. HANDEL.

Allegro maestoso.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! For the Lord God Omnipotent

reigneth! Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lujah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! For the Lord God Omnipotent

reign-eth! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! *p* The

p *f*

kingdom of this world is be-come the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ, and of his

Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings..... Halle-lu-jah! Halle-

for-ev-er and ev-er,

and Lords of lords,.....

lu-jah! for-ev-er and ev-er, Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lujah! King of kings, and Lords of

lords! and he shall reign for ever and ever, and he shall reign for - ev-er and ev - - er, King of

and he shall reign for-ev-er and ev-er,

for-ev-er and ev-er, Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lujah! and he shall reign for-ever, for

kings,..... and Lord of lords!.....

kings, for-ev-er and ev-er, Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!

and

ev-er and ev - er, King of kings, and Lords of lords! King of kings, and Lord of lords! and he shall

he shall reign for - ev-er and ev - er, King of kings, and Lord of

reign for-ev-er and ev-er and ev - er, for-ev-er and ev-er, for-ev-er and

lords!

Adagio. ff

ev-er, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

THE EDEN OF LOVE.

1. How sweet to re-flect on the joys that a-wait me In yon bliss-ful
Where glo-ri-fied spir-its with wel-come shall greet me, And lead me to

re-gion, the ha-ven of rest, / En-cir-cled with light, and with glo-ry en-
mansions prepared for the blest; / I'll bathe in the o-cean of pleas-ure un-

shrouded, My hap-pi-ness per-fect, my mind's sky un-clouded,
bounded, And range with de-light thro' the E-den of Love.

2.
While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints as they throng from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise;
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo thro' Heaven,
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.

3.
Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye singers of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, thro' Jesus' dear love;"
Though 'prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.

WITH JOY WE HAIL THE SACRED DAY.

HARRIET AUBER.
GEO. KINGSLEY. "HEBER."

1. With joy we hail the sa-cred day, Which God has called His own;
2. Thy cho-sen tem-ple, Lord, how fair! As here Thy ser-vants throng
3. Spir-it of grace! O deign to dwell With-in Thy Church be-low;

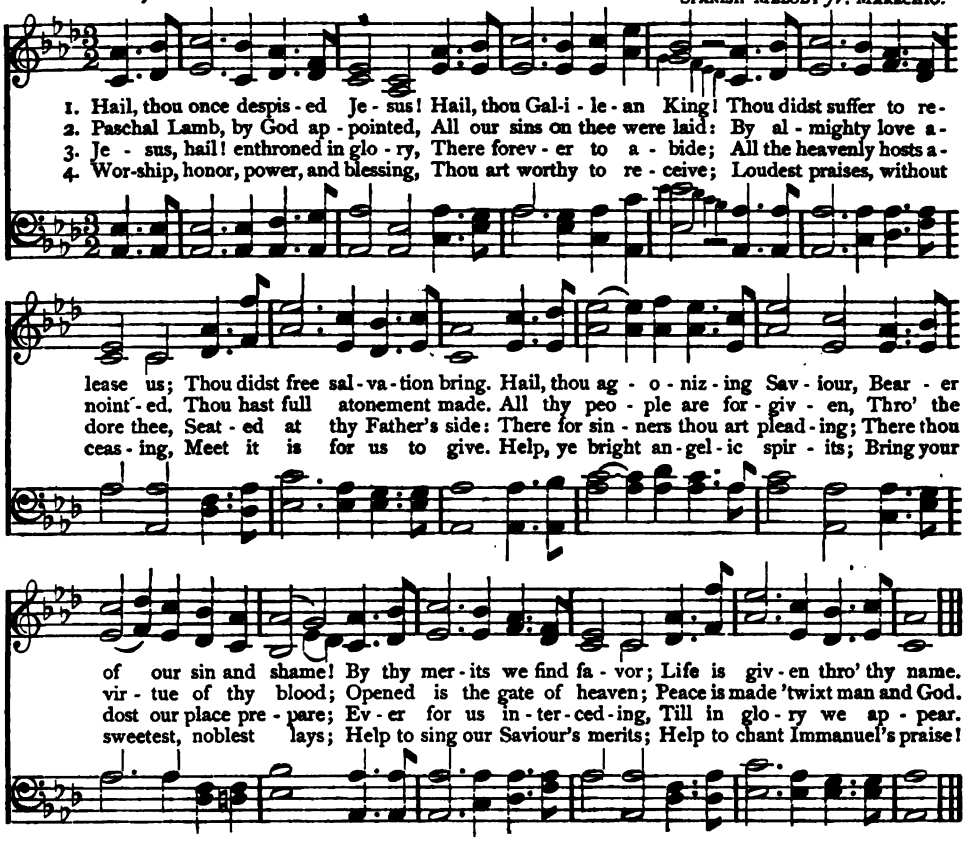
With joy the sum-mons we o-bey, To wor-ship at His throne.
To breathe the hum-ble, fer-vent prayer, And pour the grate-ful song.
Make her in ho-li-ness ex-cel, With pure de-vo-tion glow.

4. Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite;
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5. Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

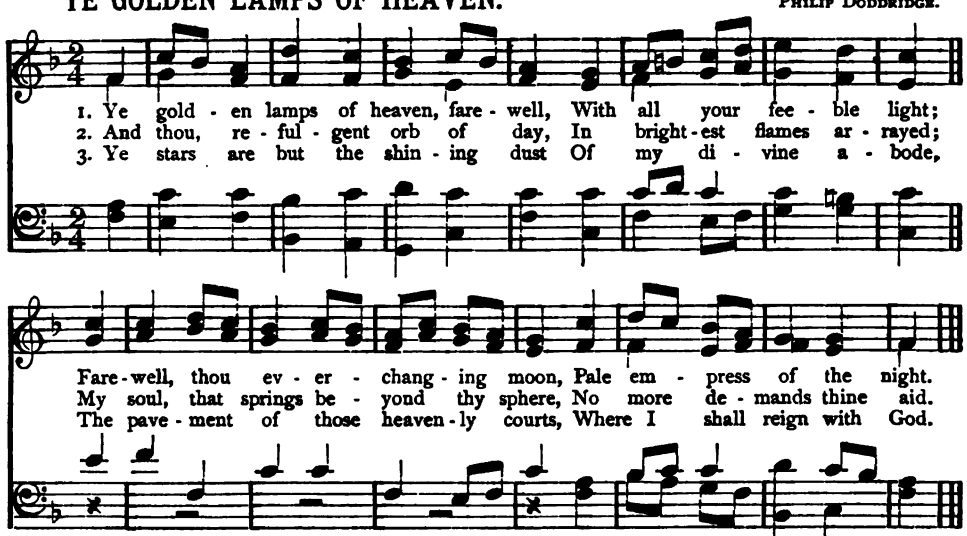
HAIL, THOU ONCE DESPISED JESUS.

JOHN BAKEWELL. "AUTUMN."
SPANISH MELODY *fr.* MARECHIO.



YE GOLDEN LAMPS OF HEAVEN.

"HOLSTEIN."
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.



4.
The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5.
No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6.
There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

THE melody of the "Spring-time of the Year" is the famous English "poacher's song." Chappell says the date or origin of it is difficult to trace; but it was long ago so well known among the peasantry of England as to be sung by hundreds of voices together at Windsor, at the harvest homes of George IV. . . A ritornella is a short symphony, before or after the melody, often containing the burden of the song. "Love's Ritornella," the music by Thomas Cooke, a favorite composer of a half century ago, occurs in "The Brigand"; the words are by J. R. Planche, who is said to have prepared for the stage some two hundred pieces, original and translated. He died in London in 1880, at the ripe age of eighty-four years. A London friend says of him: "Late in life, when he had hoped to repose on his laurels, his daughter was left a widow, and other misfortunes threw his children's children largely on his hands. But he bravely accepted the responsibility without a murmur, and possibly to this very fact the world may owe the two latest and the ripest productions of his green old age." . . . The original air of "Lochaber No More" is supposed to have been composed by Myles Reilly about 1675, and to have been introduced into Scotland some years later by Thos. Connallen, known as "the great harper." The song is found as given in this collection, in Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, published in 1724. It is said that military bands of the English army are forbidden to play this air because of the effect it has upon the Highlanders in her Majesty's service. . . Of the beautiful "Serenade of Don Pasquale," a fine critic says: "It illustrates the power of giving utterance to ideal beauty of sentiment through sounds more than almost any other music that we have ever heard." . . The several stanzas of the "German Watchman's Song" are sung as the hours of the night are successively announced, the custom prevailing among the watchmen in some parts of Germany, of singing devotional hymns as well as songs which are of a national or amusing character. It is an old custom and unique, soon to be only a memory.

A VERY important part of musical training is comprised in the early and unconscious period of rote-singing. Habits, good or bad, are formed at this time, which will underlie all vocal expression in after-life.

I'D OFFER THEE THIS HAND OF MINE.

With expression.

p

1. I'd of - fer thee this hand of mine, If I could love thee less; But
2. I leave thee in thy hap - pi - ness, As one too dear to love; As
3. And now my dreams are sad-ly o'er; Fate bids them all de - part; And

hearts as warm and pure as thine Should nev - er know dis - tress. My
one I think of but to bless, As wretch - ed - ly I rove. But
I must leave my na - tive shore, In bro - ken - ness of heart. Then

for - tune is too hard for thee; 'Twould chill thy dear - est joy; I'd
oh! when sorrow's cup I drink, All bit - ter though it be, How
oh! dear one, when far from thee, I ne'er know joy a - gain, I

rath - er weep to see thee free, Than win thee to de - stroy.
sweet 'twill be for me to think It holds no drop for thee!
would not that one thought of me Should give thy bo - som pain.

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.
(CLARIBEL.)

Moderato.

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is mine anguish to thee!
2. Then when at last o - ver - ta - ken, Time flings its fet - ters o'er thee;

Take back the free-dom thou cra - vest, Leaving the fet - ters to me.
Come with a trust still un - shak - en, Come back a cap - tive to me.

Take back the vows thou hast spo - ken, Fling them a - side and be free;
Come back in sadness or sor - row, Once more my dar-ling to be;

stringendo. *rall.*

Smile o'er each pit - i - ful to - ken, Leav - ing the sor-row for me.
Come as of old, love, to bor - row Glimpses of sunlight from me.

Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee,
Love shall re-sume her do - min - ion, Striv-ing no more to be free,

rit. *lento.*

Swift - ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion, Leav-ing the bur-den to me.
When on her world-wea-ry pin - ion, Flies back my lost love to me.

WHEN NIGHT COMES O'ER THE PLAIN.

SIDNEY NELSON.

Allegro animato. *1st Voice or Semi-Chorus.*

1. When night comes o'er the plain, And moonlight o'er the sea, Oh, meet me once a-
2. At evening's qui - et hour, Oh, leave thy mountain - home, And seek the peace - ful

2nd Voice.

gain, Where oft I've welcomed thee. When first the glow-worm's ray Il - lumes the ver - dant
bower To which we used to roam. I'll sing thee old - en songs, The long-neg - lect - ed

1st Voice.

lea, I'll leave my lone - ly way, And wan - der forth with thee. How dear is ev - 'ry
lays, Whose brightest theme be - longs To youth's de - part - ed days. How dear is ev - 'ry

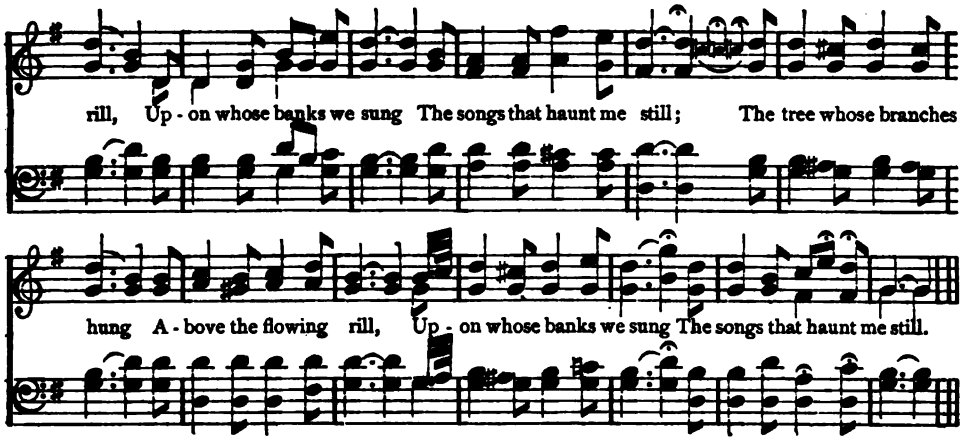
spot Where oft in youth we strayed, The mountain and the cot, The streamlet and the

Chorus.

glade, The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flow - ing rill, Up - on whose banks we

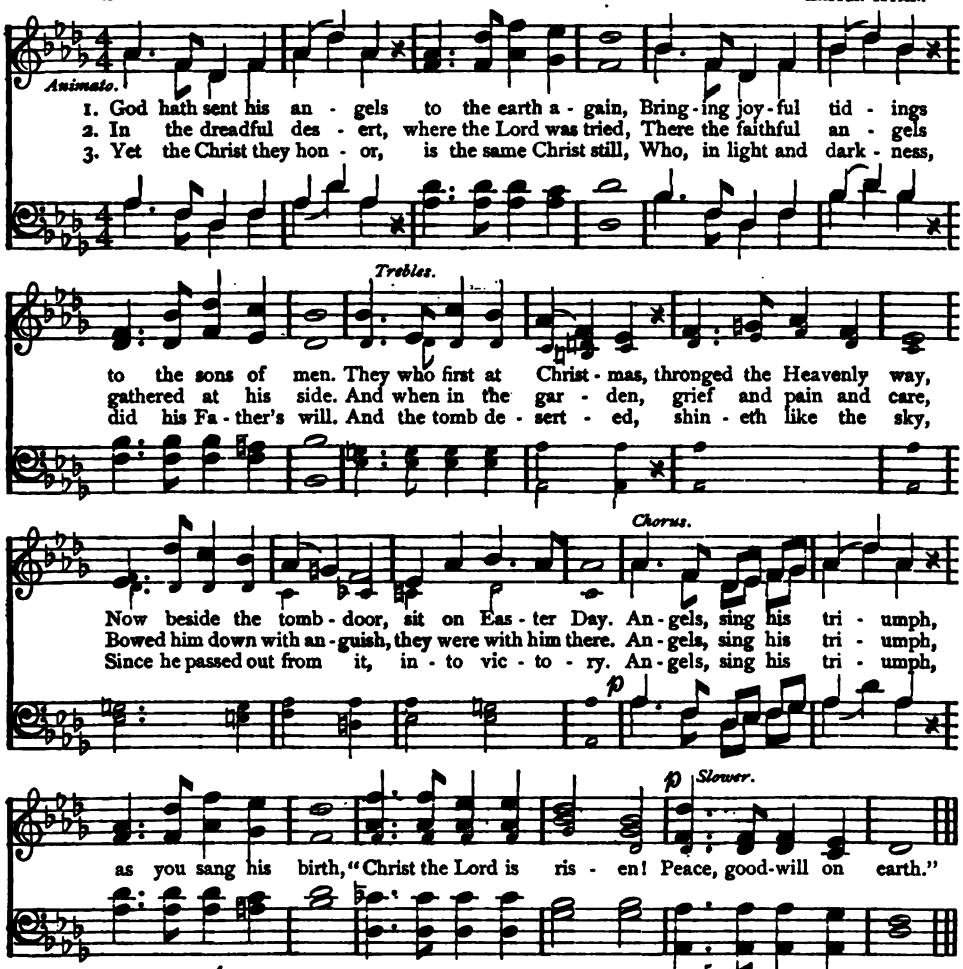
ritard.

sung The songs that haunt me still; The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flow - ing



GOD HATH SENT HIS ANGELS.

EASTER HYMN.



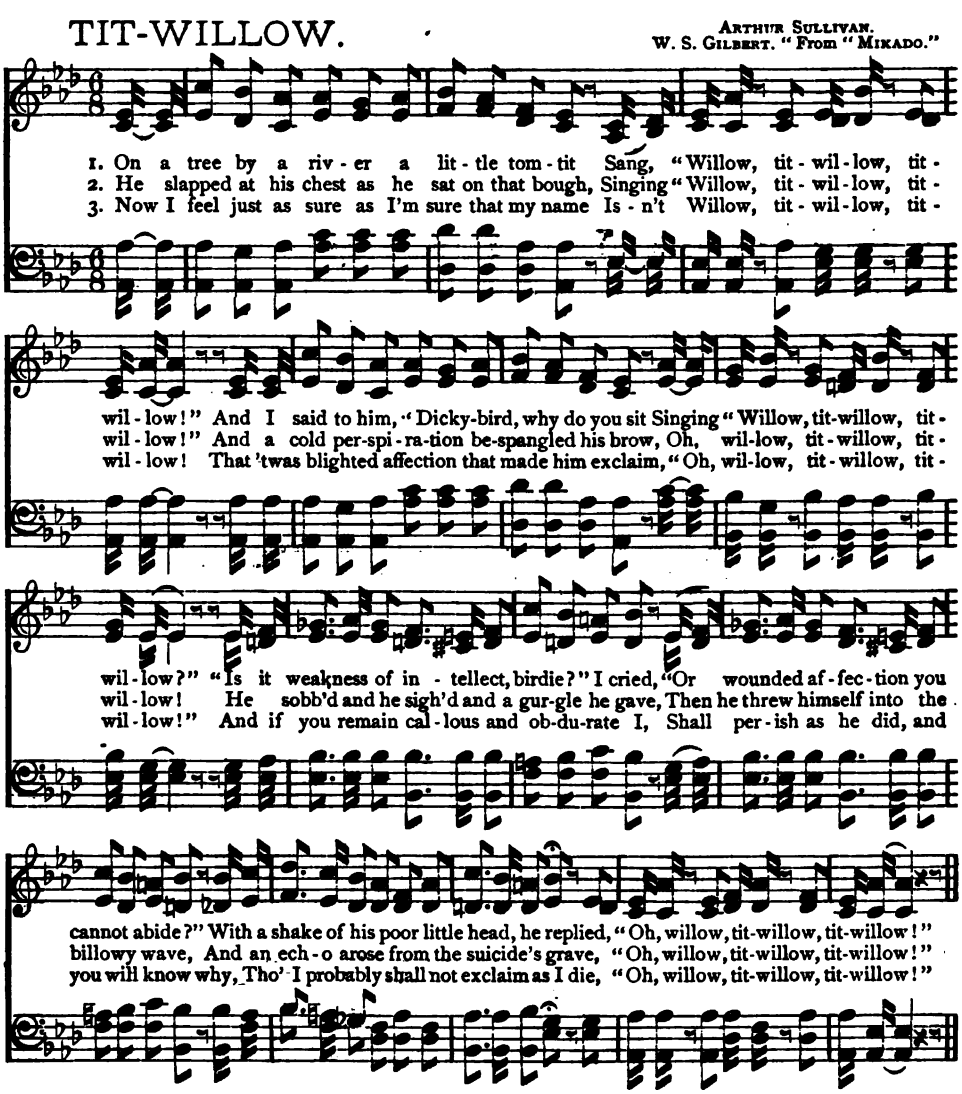
4.

God has still His angels, helping, at His word,
All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.—*Cho.*

5.

Father, send Thine angels unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander, all along our way.
Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,
Till our resurrection bring us home to Thee.—*Cho.*

THAT singing lessons should be given to all young people who have the least gift for it, is a point which cannot be sufficiently recommended to parents. For, aside from the æsthetic pleasure to be derived from music, the exercise of the vocal organs often has a most remarkable effect on health. Dr. Martin, of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, who has had twenty years' experience in training an average of forty choir boys, states that he has never witnessed any pulmonary difficulty engendered, and that the health of many boys of consumptive disposition has improved under his training. Moreover, "it is very rare to see children trained in singing suffering from that very common defect in this country, of breathing through the mouth instead of through the nostrils;" and the full respiration required in singing has also a beneficial influence on digestion. There is, however, a great difference between the natural and the artistic use of the voice, which is well expressed by Madame Antoinette Sterling: "A girl may commence singing as early as possible. Cultivation of the voice should not commence till after the change to womanhood, ordinarily." Dr. Stainer says:



"Little girls should not have professional training, as their tender voices are often permanently injured by premature efforts. A female voice should not go through any serious work of training until womanhood has been reached." And Mrs. Curwen gives her personal testimony thus: "When I was a child singing was not taught in schools, so I escaped the habit of shouting and straining, so common with children who go to school. And I never had singing lessons until nearly nineteen years of age." Provided the natural voice is used, avoiding all strains and loudness, children cannot easily sing too soon and too much. For, as Mr. Sherrington says, "Early training sharpens the sense of hearing, and early use of the vocal cords stretches and strengthens them. In the case of boys complete rest at the period of puberty is much more important than in the case of girls, and the common neglect of such rest is probably the principal reason why the number of boy choristers with fine voices who attain eminence as singers in their after-life is very small."—*Nation.*

WEARING OF THE GREEN.

DION BOUCICAULT.

Moderato.

1. Oh! Pad-dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go-ing round, The shamrock is for-
2. Then since the col-or we must wear, is England's cru-el red, Sure Ireland's sons will
3. But if at last our col-or should be torn from Ireland's heart, Her sons with shame and

bid by law to grow on Ir-ish ground; Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, His color can't be
ne'er forget, the blood that they have shed; You may take the shamrock from your hut, and cast it on the
sor-row from the dear old soil will part; I've heard whisper of a coun-try that lies far beyant the

seen, For there's a blood-y law a-gin' the Wear-in' o' the Green; I
sod, But 'twill take root and flour-ish still, tho' un-der-foot 'tis trod; When the
sea, Where rich and poor stand e-qual, in the light of free-dom's day; Oh,

met with Nap-per Tan-dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he said "How's poor ould
law can stop the blades of grass from grow-ing as they grow, And when the leaves in
E-rin must we lave you, driv-en by the ty-rant's hand, Must we ask a moth-er's

Ire-land, and how does she stand?" She's the most dis-tress-ful coun-try, that
summer time their verdure dare not show; Then I will change the col-or I
welcome from a strange but hap-py land? Where the cru-el cross of England's thraldom

Repeat as Chorus.

ev-er you have seen; They're hanging men and women there for wear-ing of the green.
wear in my cap-been, But 'till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear-ing of the green.
nev-er shall be seen, And where, in peace, we'll live and die, a-wear-ing of the green.

NURSERY SONGS.

LITTLE ONES.

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, and T, U, V,

W (double-you), and X, Y, Z. Hap-py, hap-py shall we be, When we've learned our A, B, C.

BIBABUTZEMANN.

a tempo. *rit.*

Gay dances Bi - ba - butzemann, All in and out and round about; Gay dances Bi - ba - butzemann, Our
Es tanzt ein Bi - ba - butzemann, in unserm Haus, herumdi dum; Es tanzt ein Bi - ba - butzemann, in

Fine. *D.S. al Fine.*

house all round about. He whirls himself and twirls himself, And flings his bag behind himself. Gay
un - serm Haus herum. Er rüt - telt sich und schüttelt sich er wirft sein Säckchen hinter sich. Es

FOX AND GOOSE.

Moderato.

1. Fox, you've stolen my grey gander, Better bring him back, Better bring him back! There's a hun - ter
2. Soon he will, his ri - fle showing, Shoot you in the head, Shoot you in the head! Fast the red drops
3. Lit - tle fox, beware, there's danger, Thieving will not do, Thieving will not do! Bet - ter be to

watching yonder, He is on your track, There's a hunter, watching yonder, He is on your track.
will be flowing, You will then be dead, Fast the red drops will be flowing, You will then be dead.
goose a stranger, Mouse is best for you, Bet - ter be to goose a stranger, Mouse is best for you.

1.
Fuchs, du hast die Gans gestohlen,
Gieb sie wieder her,
Sonst wird sie der Jäger holen,
Mit dem Schiessgewehr.

2.
Seine grosse lange Flinte,
Schiesst auf dich den Schrot,
Dass dich färbt die rothe Tinte,
Und dann bist du todt.

3.
Liebes Füchslein lass dir rathen,
Sei doch nur kein Dieb:
Nimm, du brauchst nicht, Gänse-
Mit der Maus fürlieb. [braten

NURSERY SONGS.

J. W. Elliot.

p

1. I love lit-tle pus-sy, her coat is so warm, And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm. So I'll
2. I love lit-tle pus-sy, her coat is so warm, And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm. She'll

rit e dim.

not pull her tail, nor drive her a-way, But pus-sy and I ve-ry gen-tly will play.
sit by my side, I'll give her some food, And pus-sy will love me be-cause I am good.

2.

1. Hot cross buns, One a pen-ny buns; One a pen-ny, Two a pen-ny, Hot cross buns.
2. Fresh, sweet buns, Come and buy my buns; One a pen-ny, Two a pen-ny, Fresh, sweet buns.
3. Nice, light buns, Buy my currant buns; Come and try them, Then you'll buy them, Nice, light buns.

3.

1. Lav-ender's blue, tra-la-la-la! Lavender's green, When I am king, tra-la-la-la! You shall be queen.
2. Call up your men, tra-la-la-la! Set them to work, Some to the plough, tra-la-la-la! Some to the cart.
3. Some to make hay, tra-la-la-la! Some to cut corn, While you and I, tra-la-la-la! Keep ourselves warm.

4.

Fine.

Fid-dle-de-dee, Fid-dle-de-dee, The fly has mar-ried the bum-ble bee.

D.C.

1. Says the fly, says he, "Will you mar-ry me? And live with me, Sweet bum-ble bee?"

Says the bee, says she,
"I'll live under your wing,
And you'll never know
I carry a sting."

So when Parson Beetle
Had join'd the pair,
They both went out
To take the air.

And the flies did buzz,
And the bells did ring,
Did you ever hear
So merry a thing?

And then to think,
That of all the flies,
The bumble bee
Should carry the prize!

TOO LATE, TOO LATE!

M. Lindsay.
Alfred Tennyson.

Andante larghetto.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late! But we can en-ter still.

Too late! too late! ye cannot en-ter now. Too late! too late! ye cannot en-ter now.

No light had we: for that we do re-pent, And, learn-ing this, the bridegroom will re-lent.

Too late! too late! ye cannot en-ter now. Too late! too late! ye cannot en-ter now.

2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, that we may find the light,

Oh, let us in, that we may find the light. Too late! too late! ye cannot en-ter now.

Too late! too late! ye cannot en - ter now. 3. Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?

supplicando.

Oh, let us in, that we may kiss his feet, Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in,

Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss his feet, No! no! too late! ye cannot en - ter now.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

JEWISH AIR.

1. Lo! the seal of death is breaking; Those who slept its sleep are wak - ing;
2. There, no more at eve de - clin - ing, Suns with - out a cloud are shin - ing
3. There no sigh of mem - 'ry swelleth; There no tear of mem - 'ry well - eth;

Heav - en opes its por - tals fair! Hark! the harps of God are ring - ing,
O'er the land of life and love; There the founts of love are flow - ing,
Hearts will bleed or break no more; Past is all the cold world's scorn - ing,

Hark! the ser - aph's hymn is fling - ing Mu - sic on im - mor - tal air.
Flowers un - known to time, are blow - ing In that ra - diant scene a - bove.
Gone the night, and broke the morn - ing O - ver all the gold - en shore.

I HAVE long loved art and poetry, because I saw that they had a power to raise and soften humanity; more lately I have seen that they are good in themselves,—or whence, but from their native affinity with the things that are more excellent, should come this acknowledged power? Why, when the heart would reveal its truest, deepest instincts, does it seek to express itself in music? Why, when the mind would utter forth words of nobleness,—when it would be truer and sweeter than it can be under its ordinary conditions, does it speak in poetry? Could there be a prose psalm? Even in dancing, there seems to be something of this desire to escape into a region less fettered, but more ordered, than that in which we ordinarily move. A subtle charm lies in the apparent freedom of the movement, and the sense of its being bound to the music; a pleasure akin to that which music itself gives us, in that it must fall back upon an inevitable, rigorous law. The mind loves to feel itself under a harmonious necessity,

> Breaking its order, yet still to that order returning,
> Changing and winding, yet true to its measure and law.

And in obeying this it attains a double emancipation, for in confusion there is ever bondage; and it is to this confusion, the want of rhythm and cadence in life, the absence of a clear purpose and intention, that it owes so much of its weariness and sadness. Have you not felt how much there is in life which genders to bondage? We are straitened in ourselves and in each other, fettered to a routine which makes us often say, with John Bunyan, And so I went home to prison.—*Two Friends.*

SORRY HER LOT.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
W. S. GILBERT. "PINAFORE."

Andante.

1. Sor - ry her lot who loves too well, Heavy the heart that hopes but vain - ly;
2. Sad is the hour when sets the sun, Sad is the night, to earth's poor daughters,

Sad are the sighs that own the spell Uttered by eyes that speak too plain - ly.
When to the ark the wearied one Flies from the emp - ty waste of wa - ters.

rall.

Sor - ry her lot who loves too well, Heavy the heart that hopes but vain - ly.
Sad is the hour when sets the sun, Sad is the night to earth's poor daughters.

cres. *f*

Un poco animato.

Heav - y the sor-row that bows the head, When love is a - live and hope is dead, When

1 *dim.* 2 *dim.* *p*

love is a - live and hope . . . . is dead. love is a - live and hope, and hope is dead.

MONARCH OF THE WOODS.

J. W. Cherry.

Bold. *f* *fz*

1. Behold the monarch of the woods! The mighty old oak tree; He braves the raging of the
2. How oft the monarch of the woods, Upon a summer's day, Has seen the merry children

f *mf* *f*

storm, On land or roll-ing sea; He waves his branches deck'd with green, In summer's golden
sport, And 'neath its shadow play; From youth to manhood they spring up, And old age comes at

rall. *slow.*

glow, And i - vy clothes his leaf - less form Thro' win - ter's frost and snow: King
last, Then green grass waves up - on their graves, And all life's dreams are past! Yet

a tempo con spirito.

Time, the conqueror of all, He bold - ly doth de - fy, For green and hearty will he
stronger grows the mighty tree, In hale and heart - y prime, And stands the monarch of the

f *ff* *Repeat Chorus ad lib.*

stand When a - ges have gone by. Green and heart - y, green and heart - y,
woods, De - fy - ing age and time. Stands the mon - arch of the woods, the

cres. *fz* *rall.* *ff*

heart - y will he stand, When a - ges have gone by, When a - ges have gone by.
mon-arch of the woods, De - fy - ing age and time, De - fy - ing age and time.

RING ON, SWEET ANGELUS!

H. B. Farnie.
Charles Gounod.

Andante moderato.

1. Hark! 'tis the An-gelus! sweet - ly ringing O'er hill and vale; Hark! now the melody
2. Now o'er my heart a spell gen - tly is stealing, For words too deep; When to the wanderer,

ad lib. *mf*

maid - ens are singing, Floats on the gale, floats on the gale. On such a night, in years long
com - eth that feeling, He can but weep! he can but weep! I've heard the lute in dulcet

mf *ab lib.*

perished, I too have sung Those dear old lays, so sweet, so cherished, When life was young! when life was
measure, 'Neath stately dome, But ah! its tones brought me no pleasure, Afar from home, afar from

tempo.

young! Ah! ring 'on, sweet Angelus! Tho' thou art shaking my soul to tears, Voices long silent now
home! Ah! ring on, sweet Angelus! Tho' thou art shaking my soul to tears, Voices long silent now

ad lib. *cres.* *dim.*

With thee are waking from out the years, from out the years, With thee are waking from out the years!

Oh! sweet Angelus, ring on! Oh! sweet Angelus, ring on! Sweet Angelus, ring on! ring on!

WM. H. KEYSER & CO., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, 921 ARCH ST., PHILA.

ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

1. A Musical Sound is called a **Tone.**

2. Every tone has the three properties of **Length, Pitch, and Power.**

3. There are, therefore, three departments in the Elements of Music:—

1. **Rhythmics,** treating of the **Length** of Tones.
2. **Melod'ics,** treating of the **Pitch** of Tones.
3. **Dynam'ics,** treating of the **Power** of Tones.

The word Rhythmics is derived from the Greek verb "*rheo,*" meaning *to flow,* as in the measured movement of poetic lines. Melod'ics is from the Greek "*melod'eo,*" to sing harmoniously, or "*melod'ia,*" a tune to which lyric poetry is set, a choral song, from "*mel'odos,*" musical or melodious. Dynam'ics is from the Greek "*dun'amai,*" to be able, or "*dun'amis,*" force, energy, power.

Rhythmics comprehends all rhythmic things, or whatever may be derived from the primary fact that tones may be long or short. It includes also the rhythmic structure of phrases, sections and periods. Melodics includes everything that may proceed from the primary distinction of low or high, or from the property of pitch. The word "melody," as commonly used, is of much more limited signification, referring only to a pleasing succession of tones in rhythmic order or to an ordinary tune form. Dynamics embraces not only the mere force of tones, but also their manner or form of delivery.

RHYTHMICS: Length of Tones.

NOTES AND RESTS.

4. Notes are characters used to designate two things: By their position on the staff they give the **Pitch** of the tone, and by their form they indicate its **Length.**

5. The following are the notes in common use, the relative length of the tones which they represent being indicated by their names.

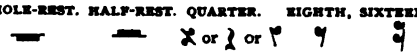
WHOLE-NOTE. HALF-NOTE. QUARTER. EIGHTH. SIXTEENTH.

A character called a *Breve,* or *Double-Note,* is sometimes used. It represents a tone twice as long as that represented by a Whole Note.

6. Rests are characters used to indicate silence.

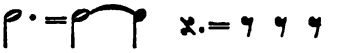
7. The following are the Rests in common use; the relative length of the portions of time which they represent, corresponds to that of the notes; it is indicated by their names; the whole rest may also represent a whole *measure* rest without regard to the kind of time:

WHOLE-REST. HALF-REST. QUARTER. EIGHTH. SIXTEENTH.

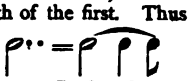


For brevity and convenience, we shall hereafter speak of the *length of notes,* meaning the length of the *tones represented* by them.

8. A **Dot** placed after a note or a rest increases its length one-half. A dotted whole note is equal to three halves; a dotted half to three quarters. The same is true of Rests. Thus:



9. Two Dots placed after a note or a rest increase its length three-fourths, the second dot adding one-half the length of the first. Thus:



10. The **Figure 3** placed above or below three equal notes reduces their length to two of the same kind. Thus, equals in length . Notes written in this manner are called **Triplets.**

11. Two or more notes may represent a single tone by the use of a character called a **Tie.** In vocal music the hooks attached to the notes may be joined for the same purpose, and the notes should be sung to one syllable. The **Slur** is used when the notes differ in pitch, the **Tie** ⌒ when they are of the same pitch.

MEASURES AND PARTS.

12. Music is divided into **Measures** and **Parts**—into Measures by single bars and into Parts by double bars. The time of each measure is the same as that of every other measure in the part and is determined by the fraction placed at the beginning of each part. If a part is to be repeated, dots, called *Repeating Dots,* precede the double bar.

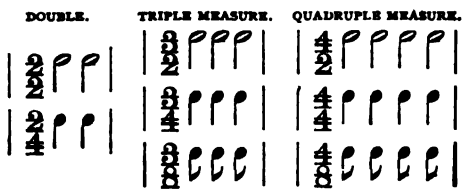
13. Measures are again divided into certain parts, which may be indicated to the ear by **Counting,** as "one, two," "one two," etc.; or to the eye by motions of the hand, called **Beats,** or *Beating Time.* The length of notes may frequently be estimated, but in complicated movements, it must be indicated as above by some simple method of measurement.

14. A Measure divided into two parts is called *Double Measure;* three parts, *Triple Measure;* four parts, *Quadruple Measure;* six parts, *Sextuple Measure.* Thus:

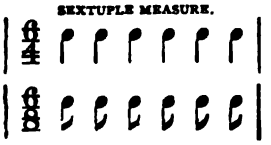
DOUBLE. TRIPLE. QUADRUPLE. SEXTUPLE MEASURE.

15. Each kind of Measure may have several varieties, depending upon the length of the notes which are expressed by the denominator of the fraction. The following are some of the common varieties:

DOUBLE. TRIPLE MEASURE. QUADRUPLE MEASURE.



SEXTUPLE MEASURE.



The pupil should, of course, be taught that a Measure may be filled with other notes than those used in the above examples. Let him fill the measures with notes of different lengths, rests, etc. As will be seen, a piece of music may begin on any part of a measure. When it begins on a fractional part, it ends on a fractional part; and the two parts thus formed equal a complete measure.

16. The **Numerator** of the Fraction at the beginning of the above examples indicates the number of beats into which the measure is divided; the **Denominator** indicates the kind of note which will fill each beat. Thus, 3/4 shows that there are three beats in the measure, and that a quarter note will fill each beat.

17. The *limits* or *boundaries* of Measures, as has been said, are marked by light vertical lines, called **Bars**, the end of a Part being marked by a heavy vertical line, or **Double Bar.**

18. The end of a line of poetry in hymnal music is also sometimes indicated by a heavy vertical line, or **Double Bar,** which can have no effect upon the measure.

19. The end of a piece of music is indicated by a character called a **Close.**

20. Beating Time is designating each part of a Measure by a motion of the hand. In Double Measure, the hand moves *down, up;* Triple Measure, *down, left, up;* Quadruple Measure, *down, left, right, up;* Sextuple Measure, *down, left, left, right, up, up;* or in rapid movement, *down, up.* This may vary according to the taste of the instructor, each having his own method of indicating accent.

21. Counting Time is designating each part of a Measure by a number. In Double Measure, we count *one, two;* Triple Measure, *one, two, three;* Quadruple Measure, *one, two, three, four;* Sextuple Measure, *one, two, three, four, five, six;* or *one, two.* The exercises of beating and counting time are very valuable, and should be practiced frequently. Beating time requires motions of the hand at exactly equal points of time; counting time requires counts at exactly equal points of time. It is common to speak of tones "as so many beats long," or "so many counts long." When the leader tells which way the hand is moving, he is said to be *describing the time.* Select melodies from the book for the purpose of affording variety of practice. Let the class be divided into parts, singing and counting or beating time alternately. Ability to count *inaudibly* should be acquired as soon as possible, for this is essential to success.

22. Accent is a stress given to certain parts of the Measure. In Double Measure, the *first* part is accented; in Triple Measure, the *first* part; in Quadruple Measure, the *first* and *third* parts; in Sextuple Measure, the *first* and *fourth* parts. In measures containing two accents, the *first* is the principal and therefore *louder.* The accents may fall away when followed by a rest, and may be changed when followed by a longer note, this note receiving the accent and being therefore called a Syncopated note. These rules are, however, becoming somewhat obsolete in vocal music, the accented syllables and emphatic words determining the parts to be accented.

23. A **Syncopated Note,** then, is one that begins on an unaccented part of a measure and continues on an accented part. Thus, in the second is a *Syncopated Note,* or a *Syncope,* and should always be accented, that is, expressed forcibly, as if so marked.

24. The length of the beats in each Measure is indicated by certain Italian words, sometimes modified by other words added thereto, of which the following are the most common:

Adagio—Very slow movement.
Allegretto—Cheerful, not so fast as Allegro.
Allegro—Quick, lively, vivacious.
Andante—Rather slow, gentle, distinct.
Andantino—Somewhat quicker than Andante.
Largo—Very slow and solemn.
Larghetto—Less slow than Largo.
Lento—Slow.
Moderato—Moderate.
Presto—Very quick.
Prestissimo—With greatest rapidity.

MELODICS: Pitch of Tones.

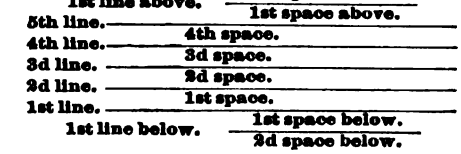
THE STAFF.

25. The **Staff** is used to represent the relative pitch of Tones. It consists of five lines and four spaces, each line and space being called a degree. Thus the staff contains *nine* degrees and the sentence. "Name the degrees on which these notes are found," means "Name the lines and spaces on which these notes are found."

26. Added lines are used to represent tones which are too high or too low to be represented upon the Staff. They may be placed above and below the staff to any extent desired, as they are simply a continuation of the staff, the note immediately above or below the Staff being *in a Space.*

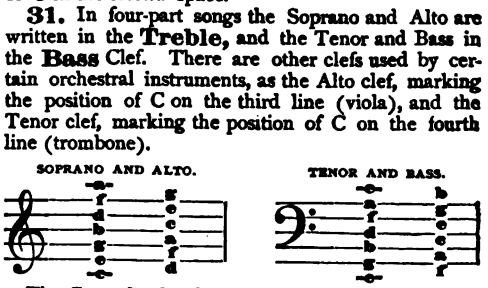
27. The lines and spaces of the Staff are named from the lowest upwards, *1st line, 1st space, 2d line, 2d space,* etc.

28. The added lines and spaces are named from the first line, *space below, 1st line below,* etc.; and from the fifth line, *space above, 1st line above,* etc.



29. Each degree is designated by one of the first seven letters of the alphabet, the position of the letter never changing unless the Clef be changed.

30. Instead of placing a letter on the staff to show the abstract pitch, certain characters are used called **Clefs,** which show how the letters are applied. Thus, the Treble clef marks the position of C on the staff, in the *third* space; and the Bass clef, marks the position of C in the *second* space.



31. In four-part songs the Soprano and Alto are written in the **Treble,** and the Tenor and Bass in the **Bass** Clef. There are other clefs used by certain orchestral instruments, as the Alto clef, marking the position of C on the third line (viola), and the Tenor clef, marking the position of C on the fourth line (trombone).

The C on the first line below the Treble Staff, and the C on the first line above the Bass, represent the same tone. It is called *Middle C.* The tones of the

Female voice are an octave higher than those of the Male, hence a Soprano solo sung by a Tenor sounds an octave lower than the notes in which it is written.

32. The different parts are commonly represented in music by two or more staves, united by a **Brace,** and called a **Score.**

33. The **Absolute Pitch** of Tones (the pitch independent of scale relationship), is designated by the letters naming the degrees of the Staff; as, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The position of these letters is fixed and unchangeable while the clef remains unchanged.

34. The difference of pitch between any two tones, as from A to B, from A to E, from C to G, etc., is called an **Interval.** A true knowledge of intervals can only be communicated through the *Ear.* The pupil must listen carefully to tones and compare them constantly. Without this practical acquaintance with the subject, names, definitions and illustrations are of little account.

35. In the *regular succession* of the Natural Tones, there are two kinds of intervals, larger and smaller. The larger intervals are called **Tones** and the smaller **Semi-Tones.** The successive tones of the major scale, in all the keys, occur in the following order: Between one and two, a *tone;* between two and three, a *tone;* between three and four, a *semi-tone;* between four and five, a *tone;* between five and six, a *tone;* between six and seven, a *tone;* and between seven and eight, a *semi-tone.* These two half-tones in the octave afford infinite variety in music. Were the eight natural sounds in the octave *equidistant* one from another, there being no semi-tones, the keys would differ only in acuteness and not *in quality,* as now. Choose melodies from the book in the different keys and give the pupils exercise in reading these intervals of tones and semi-tones.

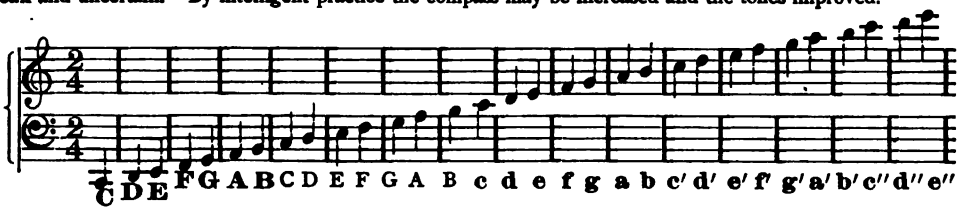
36. Between *any two* tones of the Staff having the interval of a step, another tone may be inserted, dividing the step into two half-steps. Thus, a tone may be inserted between C and D, etc. Some singers of Southern Europe add a certain brilliancy of effect by again dividing the half-step; but ability to do this is not possessed by the people of Central or Northern Europe, or of America.

37. The degrees of the Staff represent these inserted tones by the aid of characters called *Sharps* and *Flats.* Thus, a tone inserted between C and D, is named *C sharp,* or *D flat.*

38. A **Sharp,** ♯, placed on a degree, raises the pitch of a tone a half-step; a **Flat,** ♭, placed on it, lowers the pitch of a tone a half-step below that named by the letter.

39. The power of a sharp or a flat may be cancelled by a character called a **Natural,** ♮.

Range of the Human Voice.—The compass of every human voice for singing must fall somewhere within the wide range of notes given herewith. But, of course, no single voice has ever been equal to these thirty-one notes at any one period in life. The boy who sings a high soprano may take nearly all the upper notes, but when grown to manhood his voice "changes," and he has ability to sing only in the three lower octaves. As to the range of notes here found, it requires a phenomenal Bass to reach the lowest (Great Double C), and a Soprano only less remarkable to sing the highest (e″) with confidence and musical effect. If the reader has not learned the compass of his own voice, it will be both interesting and satisfactory to test, with piano or organ, for its highest and lowest notes, as well as for those tones in which it is strong and full, or weak and uncertain. By intelligent practice the compass may be increased and the tones improved.



The Staff in the Bass clef extends from G to A. Three notes intervene between this and the staff in the Treble, which, as will be seen, may be written in either clef, above the Bass or below the Treble. Of these, the middle note (c) is known as "Middle" C—because midway between the two clefs. The treble clef extends from e to f″. All the letters below G in the bass and e in the treble, occupy places in successive order downwards on the added lines and spaces below the staff; all above A in the bass and f″ in the treble on the added lines above the staff. "Middle C" (c) corresponds to the fourth note on the G string of the violin at ordinary concert pitch, or to Middle C on piano or organ. Great Double C, or Contra C, as it is called, having about thirty-three vibrations to the second, the next higher C doubles that number; and so on, each octave higher doubling the number of vibrations of the octave next below it.

The entire range of the human voice in music—from lowest Bass to highest Soprano—may be reckoned from E♭ below the staff in the bass clef, four octaves, to E♭ above the staff in the treble clef. Vocal sounds lower or higher than this seem to have little power of expression in any sense. Voices are usually considered under three divisions for the male, and four for the female sex; Bass, Barytone, and Tenor; Contralto, Alto, Mezzo Soprano, and Soprano. The usual range of the Bass is from F or E below the bass clef, rarely lower, two octaves to f; Barytone, from G, on first line of bass clef, two octaves, to g; Tenor, from C, two octaves, to c′; Contralto, the deepest female voice, from F to c″, being two and one-half octaves; Alto, two octaves, from F to f″; Mezzo Soprano, from A to a′; and Soprano from "Middle C" (c), two octaves to c″, which is also indicated as c^2. Middle C has about 132 vibrations to the second, and is produced by sound waves from eight to nine feet apart. Waves at half that distance apart, produce a tone one octave higher, half that again the next higher octave, and so on. In large organs, C, an octave below Contra C, with 16½ vibrations per second, is reached, but the effect is imperfect. The piano reaches a^4, with 3,520 vibrations per second, and sometimes c^5, with 4,224 vibrations. The highest note taken in the orchestra is probably d^5, on the piccolo flute, with 4,752 vibrations. The practical range in music is from 40 to 4,000 vibrations per second, embracing seven octaves. The human ear is, however, able to compass eleven octaves, that is to say, it notes vibrations ranging from 16½ up to 38,000 in a single second of time.

40. A **Double Sharp,** ✕, is used on a degree affected by a sharp, to represent a tone a half-step above the one affected by the sharp; its power may be cancelled by a sharp and natural, ♯♮. A **Double Flat,** ♭♭, is used on a degree affected by a flat, to represent a tone a half-step below the one affected by a flat; it may be cancelled by a flat and natural, ♭♮.

41. The **Signature** of a Staff is the part between the clef and the fraction; it is named from the number of sharps or flats which it contains. If there is no signature, the notes correspond with the white keys of piano or organ.

42. A sharp or a flat in the signature applies not only to the degree on which it stands, but also to all others which represent the same pitch.

43. A sharp, a flat, or a natural, placed outside the signature, is called an **Accidental,**—appearing "accidentally" in the measure—and applies only to the degree on which it stands.

44. If not cancelled, as stated above, the signification of a signature extends to the end of the Staff; that of an accidental—whether flat, sharp or natural—extends no farther than the measure in which it appears, except when the last note of a measure is flat or sharp, and the first note of the following measure is the same letter; then, if it is syncopated, the influence of the accidental extends to that note.

THE DIATONIC SCALE.

45. The *Relative Pitch* of tones is indicated by a **Scale,** or Tone Ladder.

46. The **Diatonic Scale,** generally called the *Scale*, consists of a regular succession of intervals from the key-note to the octave, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, or octave, it having been found most agreeable to join to the seven sounds of one group the first of the next higher, making eight in all. The key-note is the first note in the Scale. This Scale is also called the *Major Scale*, to distinguish it from another scale, having its semitones in different order, and called the *Minor Scale*. In the compass of the scale there are five whole tones or degrees and two semi-tones or half-degrees. Commencing on C, that is making C *one* of the scale, these semi-tones are found between the **3d** and **4th** and **7th** and **8th** degrees. Here we find between the 1st and 3d degrees two whole tones, making a "major" or *greater* third. All music written on the scale when so constructed is said to be in the *major* keys; and this scale can only be formed from the notes in their natural order by commencing on C. There is, however, another series of notes, equally well-fitted for expressing musical ideas, which is formed by commencing on A instead of C, and which, in the natural order of tones, can begin only on A. In this scale the semi-tones always fall between **2** and **3** and **5** and **6**. Here between the 1st and 3d degrees there are not two whole tones, but only a tone and a half, making the "minor" or *lower* third. All music written on the scale when so constructed is said to be in the *minor* keys, which are often most expressive.

47. The tones are named by Numbers and also by Syllables, the latter to afford greater variety of vowel sounds for practice, as well as to form an easy association of degree name and relative pitch of tone—the same syllable being always used in singing the same tone. *Do* is always *one*, *Re* always *two*, and so on. The numbers and syllables are as follows:

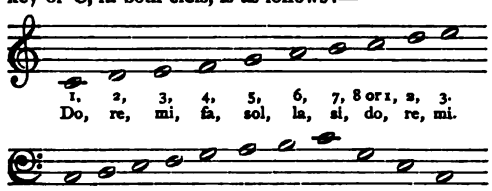
By numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
By syllables: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.
(Pronounced Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, See, Doe.)

The names of the notes, *Do*, *Re*, *Mi*, etc., vibrate throughout the scale, their places depending wholly upon the location of the Key-note, which is always called *Do*, and numbered *one*.

48. There are, as has already been said, two kinds of intervals in the Diatonic scale: *Steps* and *Half-steps*, the intervals between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, being half-steps, while all the others are steps. The half-steps, or semi-tones, should always be sung "sharp," the voice being slightly pressed or driven above, rather than permitted to fall below the tone indicated by the note upon the staff.

49. In writing the Scale, any tone may be taken as *one*, or *Do;* when this is determined, the others must follow in regular order. In the examples below, *one* or *Do* is placed on *C*, as the intervals of the staff, beginning with C, correspond with those of the scale. All the steps in the key of C are therefore natural steps. As shown in the following examples, the scale is *extended* upwards, by regarding *eight*, or the octave above one, as *one* of an upper scale; and downwards, by regarding *one* as *eight* of a lower scale.

50. The Scale, as written upon the staff, in the key of C, in both clefs, is as follows:—



THE TONE LADDER.

51. The fact that these Eight Degrees include every possible distance except the *none* and *deceme* (ninth and tenth), at which musical tones can be placed from each other, was discovered some centuries ago in Italy. When sung consecutively the thought of ascending or descending a ladder was naturally suggested, and the term "Scale" (Italian word *Scala*, meaning "ladder,") was adopted. The propriety of the name has caused it to be retained by musicians. The order of tones being a "ladder," the distances between them are naturally called *steps*. The tones of the Scale can only be learned by imitation.

The Scale or Tone Ladder may be drawn or neatly painted on the blackboard for permanent use in the form here shown, six or eight inches wide and eighteen high, which will afford spaces three inches in height to represent tone intervals, and one and a-half inch spaces for the semi-tones. Let the scale names and numbers be given as here. The exercises should be written by the side of the scale in **bold figures.** Commas may be used after the figures to indicate short notes, and the dash for notes prolonged. With the pointer, the teacher can direct the work of the class more readily, singing the exercises backwards as well as forwards, by numbers, by syllables, by letters, and by simple vowel sounds.

The following exercises which may be placed upon the board, as well as sung from the page, will afford much variety of useful practice. They may be greatly varied, and supplemented by others to almost any extent. But it is advised that, at first, they be taken in the order here presented, *in short lessons*, so that nothing is passed that is not well learned. Let this drill exercise be pleasantly varied by rote singing—attractive songs and familiar hymns being preferred—

all of which may afterwards be written in the numerals. These figures can be so written as to represent *three* octaves, by placing a dash *above* those that fall below the staff, *below* those that are above the staff, and before and after those *upon* the staff—the dash all the while representing the Staff.

(8 7	Do Si	1, 2- 2, 1-
6	La	1, 2, 3- 3, 2, 1-
5	Sol	1, 2, 3, 4- 4, 3, 2, 1-
(4 3	Fa Mi	1, 2, 3, 4, 5- 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-
2	Re	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6- 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-
1	Do	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 - 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1-

I.

1234	1423	2314	3124	3412	4213
1243	1432	2341	3142	3421	4231
1324	2134	2413	3214	4123	4312
1342	2143	2431	3241	4132	4321

II.

5678	6578	7568	8567	135
5687	6587	7586	8576	153
5768	6758	7658	8657	315
5786	6785	7685	8675	351
5867	6857	7856	8756	513
5876	6875	7865	8765	531

III.

1358	1835	3518	5138	5813	8315
1385	1853	3581	5183	5831	8351
1538	3158	3815	5318	8135	8513
1583	3185	3851	5381	8153	8531

IV.

1468	1846	4618	6148	6814	8416
1486	1864	4681	6184	6841	8461
1648	4168	4816	6418	8146	8614
1684	4186	4861	6481	8164	8641

V.

1, 2, 1, 3, 1, 4, 1, 5, 1, 6, 1, 7, 1, 8—
8, 1, 7, 1, 6, 1, 5, 1, 4, 1, 3, 1, 2, 1—

1, 3, 2, 4, 3, 5, 4, 6, 5, 7, 8—
8, 6, 7, 5, 6, 4, 5, 3, 4, 2, 3, 1—

VI.

1, 3, 5, 8, 7, 6, 5— 5, 5, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3—
3, 2, 1, 3, 5, 8, 5— 5, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1—

1, 3, 1, 3, 5, 8, 5— 5, 8, 7, 6, 5, 8, 5—
5, 8, 5, 6, 5, 8, 5— 5, 8, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1—

VII.

3, 2, 1, 3, 5, 8, 5— 1, 3, 5, 8, 7, 6, 5— 1, 1, 3, 3, 4, 2, 1
5, 8, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2— 5, 5, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2— 1, 3, 5, 8, 5, 4, 3
2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 4, 5— 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 4, 5— 4, 3, 2, 4, 3, 4, 5
5, 8, 1, 4, 3, 2, 1— 5, 8, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1— 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

VIII.

3, 3, 3, 2, 3, 4, 5— 1, 1, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5— 8, 7, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8
6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2— 5, 8, 1, 3, 5, 4, 2— 8, 1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2
3, 3, 3, 2, 3, 4, 5— 2, 5, 1, 5, 6, 7, 8— 4, 2, 3, 1, 4, 2, 3
6, 7, 8, 1, 3, 2, 1— 8, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1— 8, 8, 8, 1, 5, 5, 1

MELODIES IN FIGURES.

3, 1, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2—	1, 1, 5, 5, 6, 6, 5—	1, 3, 5, 8, 6, 8, 5
3, 1, 5, 5, 5, 4, 5—	4, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 1—	5, 3, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2
3, 2, 1, 6, 5, 4, 3—	:5, 5, 4, 4, 3, 3, 2:	4, 3, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8
3, 3, 5, 3, 3, 2, 1—	1, 1, 5, 5, 6, 6, 5—	8, 6, 5, 1, 3, 2, 1
	4, 4, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1—	

It is of prime importance that there should be a feeling of confidence and prompt readiness—"sure touch"—in passing from one degree of the Scale to another. This can be acquired most readily, as experience has shown, by frequent exercises upon the numerals, alternating with the names of notes, etc., and hence much of this practice is here condensed into little space. The Scale should be regarded as the *unit* in thinking sounds, and should be taught *as a whole*. The practice of the sounds as relative mental objects, should then form a part of each lesson until these relative sounds are familiar in every ordinary relation to each other.

Simple melodies and familiar tunes may be written on the blackboard in *numerals*, followed by commas or dashes, as the notes are short or long. Pupils may thus be familiarized with the third, fourth, fifth or other intervals, by associating them with like intervals in tunes with which they are perfectly familiar. This will be found a hint of much practical value. No other country gives so much attention to music as Germany, and this, with German teachers, is a favorite method of fixing in the mind certain scale intervals.

Too little attention is directed to developing tone perception in the minds of pupils. The teacher who sings should frequently sound the key-note, then sing *ah* or *la* to any tone or tones in the scale, and have the pupils name the number and syllable, and (when the key is announced), the letter. The same training can be given by sounding the key-note, and having a part of the class sing the tones indicated by the pointer, while the rest of the class, with their backs turned, name the tones that have been sung. To know the name of the note is a very different matter from being able to *sense the tone*, and much less important. This practical knowledge of tones is essential.

The teacher should cultivate a soft, distinct, and pleasing quality of tone. A good style of singing can only be acquired by imitation, and that of the teacher should be worthy to be imitated. In these exercises the numerals, or names of the sounds, may be sung first; then the syllables, Do, Re, Mi, etc.; then the letters or the pitch of the sounds, and finally the syllable *ah*, or *la*, for each note. Be careful that every tone is sung with precision. Use D as *one*, throughout the above exercises, afterwards the scale of E♭, E, and C. Be sure that the *pitch* is correct. Test frequently for correct pitch, with tuning fork, pitch-pipe, piano, or organ. The "scale" is sung by the *Syllables;* the names of the successive sound intervals by the *Numerals;* the pitch of the sounds (the key being known) by the *Letters*—a distinction which will be of interest to intelligent pupils. This should be so well known to the class that there can be no mistake as to what is meant when the teacher uses the terms, "*Scale*," "*Name*," "*Pitch*," as words of command during the singing exercise.

Teachers who are not familiar with the scale can, of themselves, by the aid of the organ or piano, readily master the succession of tones found in these exercises. The difficulty is not great, and the pleasure and profit to teacher and school will be positive and lasting—each step forward giving courage for another.

Observe the following directions for singing: 1. Let the body be erect, avoiding stiffness or restraint. 2. Take breath easily and naturally, without raising the shoulders. 3. Let the mouth be well opened, taking care to avoid rigidity of the muscles of the throat and neck. 4. Aim at *purity* of tone, rather than mere power. 5. Practice frequently, singing the vowel *a* (ah), endeavoring to produce the sound in the front part of the mouth. It is recommended to preface the *a* (ah) with the vowels *oo*, *o*, singing them rapidly and uniting them with the *a*, and dwelling upon the *a;* thus, *oo*, *o*, *a*. This prevents the sound from being made too far back in the mouth. 6. Articulate

distinctly, but without apparent effort. 7. In singing loud passages, be very careful to avoid shouting.

THE KEY-NOTE.

52. The **Key-note** is *One* of the Scale, and is called the **Tonic.** A minor third above the tonic characterizes the Minor scale; a major third, the Major.

53. The *Fifth* of the Scale is the **Dominant.**

54. The *Fourth*, the **Sub-Dominant.**

55. The **Key** of a piece of music is the *fundamental tone*, or *one* of the Scale in which it is written, and it is indicated by the signature. (See Art. 41.) It is always *Do*, and is in music "what the foundation is to a house, home to the traveler, or a port to the sailor, from which he takes his departure and to which after his voyage he hopes to return"—the melody always ending with the *Key-note.* The peculiar characteristic of this note Do, in the Major keys, is that above it, successively, are always first two whole tones, then a semi-tone, followed by three whole tones and a semi-tone; then *Do* again, and order of intervals as before. The key of C has no signature. The signatures of the keys that follow are as here shown:

G, one sharp —	F♯.
D, two sharps—	F♯, C♯.
A, three sharps—	F♯, C♯, G♯.
E, four sharps—	F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯.
B, five sharps—	F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯.
F♯, six sharps—	F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯, E♯.
F, one flat —	B♭.
B♭, two flats—	B♭, E♭.
E♭, three flats—	B♭, E♭, A♭.
A♭, four flats—	B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭.
D♭, five flats—	B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭.
G♭, six flats—	B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, C♭.

In singing a tune, the first thing to be done is to find the Key-note as a starting point. The order of the keys in the sharps may very easily be remembered from the initial letters in the sentence, "Good Deeds Are Ever-Blooming Flowers," the last key being F♯ instead of F. The order of the keys in flats is had by reading the sentence backwards, the first key being F, and each of the others adding the flat (♭), as B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, and G♭. In Minor tunes, the key-note is always a minor third, (three semi-tones), below the place named for *Do* in the above Major keys. That is, the key-note is major C or minor A; G major or E minor; D major or B minor, etc.

"**Next letter above last Sharp,**" is also a simple rule for getting the Key in sharps. One sharp being on F, the next letter above is G, the *key-note;* two sharps, last sharp C, next letter above is D, the *key-note;* and so on. In the flat keys, count four notes *back*, including the note made flat; as B♭, back four notes to F, the *key-note*, and so on.

INTERVALS.

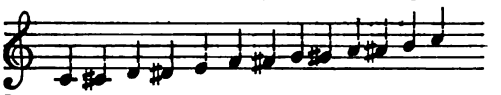
56. An **Interval** is the difference of pitch between any two tones in the scale.

Unisons are of the same pitch. A *Major Second* consists of a step; a *Minor Second* of a half-step. A *Major Third* consists of two steps, a *Minor Third* of a step and a half-step. A *Perfect Fourth* consists of two steps and a half-step; an *Augmented Fourth* of three steps. A *Perfect Fifth* consists of three steps and a half-step; a *Diminished Fifth* of two steps and two half-steps. A *Perfect Sixth* consists of four steps and a half-step; a *Diminished Sixth* of three steps and two half-steps. A *Major Seventh* consists of five steps and a half-step; a *Minor Seventh* of four steps and two half-steps. A *Perfect Octave* consists of five steps and two half-steps. These are called *Diatonic Intervals*, as they are all found in the Diatonic Scale. Other intervals, called *Chromatic Intervals*, may be formed by the use of sharps and flats. When the lower note of the two representing an interval is placed an octave higher, or the upper one an octave lower, the interval is said to be *Inverted.* The degrees of an interval are counted upwards, unless the opposite is stated; and the degrees occupied by the notes, as well as the ones between them, are counted.

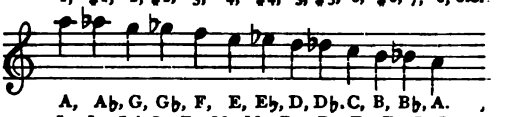
CHROMATIC SCALE.

57. The **Chromatic Scale** is a regular succession of semi-tones.

58. The tones of the Chromatic Scale are named from the tones of the Diatonic Scale, or the letters of the staff; the intermediate ones taking their names from one or the other of the tones between which they occur, with the addition of the word "sharp" or "flat." Thus, the tone inserted between C and D, when named with respect to Absolute Pitch, is called *C Sharp* or *D Flat;* and with respect to Relative Pitch is called *Sharp One*, or *Flat Two.* This Scale is here given, both Ascending and Descending:



Permanent names,
C, C♯, D, D♯, E, F, F♯, G, G♯, A, A♯, B, C, etc.
Syllable Names,
Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Le, Si, Do.
Pronounced,
Do, Dee, Ray, Ree, Mee, Fah, Fee, Sol, See, La, Lay, See, Do.
Numeral names,
1, ♯1, 2, ♯2, 3, 4, ♯4, 5, ♯5, 6, ♯6, 7, 8, etc.



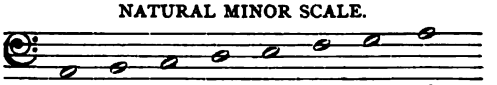
A, A♭, G, G♭, F, E, E♭, D, D♭, C, B, B♭, A.
La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, Me, Re, Ra, Do, De, Si, La.
6, ♭6, 5, ♭5, 4, 3, ♭3, 2, ♭2, 1, etc.

THE MINOR SCALE.

59. The **Minor Scale** is a Diatonic Scale, and is named from its third, which is a minor third; the third of the *Major Scale* being a major third. The minor third is a semi-tone lower than a major third.

60. The Minor Scale has various forms. In the **Natural Form** the half-steps occur between two and three, and five and six. Hence, the Natural Minor Scale is formed from the Major Scale, by taking the last two notes above and placing them below.

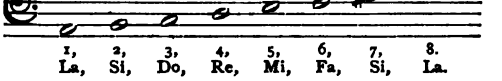
NATURAL MINOR SCALE.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.

61. The **Harmonic Form** differs from the *Natural* form by the introduction of sharp-seven.

HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La.

62. The **Melodic Form** in ascending has sharp-six and sharp-seven, while it usually descends by the *Natural* form.

63. The Minor Scale, based upon six of the Major Scale, is called its *relative minor;* and the Major Scale, based upon three of the Minor Scale, is called its *relative major.* The signature of a minor piece of music is the same as its relative major, the additional sharps or flats being introduced before the proper notes in the piece. Thus, a minor piece in the key of E has the signature of G major, that is F♯; and D♭ is used instead of D.

64. Transposition is changing from one key to another, that is, moving *Do*, or *one*—the foot of the Tone Ladder—to a higher or lower place on the Staff.

65. The *Transposition of the Scale* is changing it from one pitch to another—the entire scale being transposed—the intervals between the tones, however, remaining the same. In order to keep the intervals of steps and half-steps in the same order as in the key of C—represented by the white keys of Organ or Piano—it is necessary to use flats or sharps—represented on the key-board by the black keys—at each transposition, according as one or another degree of the staff is made *one* of the Scale.

66. All scales are, in a general sense, alike natural. Whether the key is C, with neither flats or sharps, or E with its four sharps, the singer needs to have no consciousness of the fact. He simply sings the scale, with no change of thought or impression—its intervals being the same in all the keys. It is upon this fact that the Tonic Sol-Fa system is based.

METHOD OF TRANSPOSITION.

67. The Scale may be transposed from one pitch to any other. It is found to be simplest to transpose by *fifths* and *fourths;* that is, to change the key-note so that *five* or *four* of the old scale will become *one* of the new scale.

68. If *one* of the scale is placed on C, the intervals between the tones named by the letters correspond to those of the scale, as will be seen by the following: Intervals marked by a ⌒ are half-steps.

C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The key of C therefore requires no sharps or flats, and is called the Natural key.

69. If, however, any other letter be taken as *one* of the scale, it will be seen that the intervals do not correspond. For example, beginning with G, which is the *fifth* of the key of C:

G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

From this it will be seen that if one is placed on G, F, the *fourth* of the key of C is a half-step too low, and hence the intermediate tone between F and G, or F♯, must be taken, thus:

G, A, B, C, D, E, F♯, G.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of the key of G is therefore F♯.

70. Beginning with D, the *fifth* of the key of G, and substituting F♯ for F:

D, E, F♯, G, A, B, C, D.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be observed that C, the *fourth* of the key of G, is a half-step too low, and hence the tone a half-step higher, or C♯ must be used, thus:

D, E, F♯, G, A, B, C♯, D.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of key of D is therefore F♯ and C♯.

71. From the above explanations, we may derive the following *Rule for Transposition by Fifths:* To transpose by *Fifths*, make the fifth of the old scale the key-note of the next scale, and use *sharp-four* in place of four of the old scale. This rule is briefly stated thus: *Sharp-four* transposes a fifth.

72. Again: placing one on F, which is the *fourth* of the key of C:

F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be found that B, the *seventh* of the key of C, is a half-step too high, and hence the intermediate tone between B and A, or B♭, must be taken, thus:

F, G, A, B♭, C, D, E, F.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of the key of F is therefore B♭.

73. Beginning with B♭, the *fourth* of key of F,

B♭, C, D, E, F, G, A, B♭.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be seen that E, the *seventh* of the key of F, is a half-step too high, and hence the tone a half-step lower, or E♭ must be used, thus:

B♭, C, D, E♭, F, G, A, B♭.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of key of B♭ is therefore B♭ and E♭.

74. By an examination of the above explanations we may derive the following *Rule for Transposition by Fourths:* Make the fourth of the old scale the key-note of the new scale, and use *flat-seven* in place of seven of the old scale. This rule is briefly stated thus: *Flat-seven* transposes a fourth.

75. In transposing by fifths, those keys are reached whose signatures are one or more sharps; in transposing by fourths, those keys are reached whose signatures are one or more flats.

MELODY, PASSING TONES, Etc.

76. A **Melody** is a single succession of tones.

77. Tones not essentially belonging to a melody, called **Passing Tones,** are often introduced. They are usually represented by small notes.

78. A passing tone that precedes an essential tone on an accented part of a measure is called an **Appoggiatura;** one that follows an essential tone on an unaccented part of a measure, an **After-Tone.**

79. A rapid alternation of a tone with the one next above it is called a **Trill** or **Shake.** It is indicated by *tr.*

80. A tone sung in rapid succession with the tones next above and below it is called a **Turn.** It is indicated by ∽. The Trill and the Turn do not belong to chorus singing.

81. Dots placed across a staff before a bar are called a **Repeat,** and indicate that the preceding passage is to be repeated. The influence of a Repeat extends back to dots placed after a bar; or, if these are omitted, to the beginning.

82. Da Capo, or **D. C.,** indicates a return to the beginning. **Dal Segno,** or **D. S.,** indicates a return to a character called a **Sign,** 𝄋.

83. Fine indicates the place to end after a D. C. or a D. S.

84. The **Hold** or **Pause,** 𝄐, signifies that the sound should be prolonged, and the beating suspended until the singer is ready to proceed.

85. If two or more tones of a melody are to be sung to one syllable, the notes representing them are generally connected by a character called a **Slur.** The Slur is also used to indicate a Legato movement.

86. If a syllable is to be sung to a tone represented by two or more notes, these notes are usually connected by a **Tie.** (See Art. 11.)

DYNAMICS: Power of Tones.

87. The power of tones may be indicated by the following Italian words, marks, or abbreviations:

Mezzo, ... m, . . . medium.
Piano, ... p, . . . soft.
Forte, ... f, . . . loud.
Pianissimo, . . pp, . . . very soft.
Fortissimo, . . ff, . . . very loud.
Mezzo Piano. . mp, . . moderately soft.
Mezzo Forte, . mf, . . moderately loud.
Crescendo, . . cres., or <, . gradual increase.
Diminuendo, . dim., or >, . gradual decrease.
Swell, . . . < >, . increase and decrease.
Sforzando, . < or sfz, . . an explosive tone, with sudden decrease.

88. The following words and characters are also sometimes used to indicate proper delivery of tones:

Legato, ⌒, tones smooth and connected.
Staccato, ↑ ↑ ↑ ones very short and disconnected.
Semi-Staccato, or *Marcato*, • • • tones moderately short and disconnected.

89. Vocal Utterance, or the Emission of tone, should be instantaneous, decided, and firm; and the tone should be free, open, round, full, pure, and as resonant as possible.

90. A necessary quality of good singing is the proper articulation and pronunciation of the words. Avoid singing a word without properly speaking it; or speaking a word without properly singing it. Do not sing with a too exact, machine-like correctness. Be careful and accurate, but put expression, soul, and intelligent personality into your work.

91. Breath should be taken at such places as will not mar the sense; at pauses and after emphatic words.

MARKS OF EXPRESSION.

92. The following list includes ordinary marks of expression, with certain other terms used in music: *Accelerando*, or *accel.*, accelerate the time, gradually faster and faster; *ad libitum*, or *ad lib.*, at pleasure; *animato*, or *con anima*, animated, with animated expression; *affetuoso*, tender, affecting; *agitato*, with agitation, anxiously; *amoroso* or *con amore*, affectionately, tenderly; *a tempo*, in time; *Bon marcato*, in pointed, well-marked manner; *bis*, twice; *brilliante*, gay, brilliant, sparkling; *brio* or *con brio*, with brilliancy and spirit; *Cantata*, a composition of several movements, comprising airs, recitations and choruses; *coda*, a close, or additional ending of a composition; *con affeto*, with expression; *con dolore*, mournfully, with grief and pathos; *con energia*, with energy; *con expressione*, with expression; *con fuoco*, with ardor, fire; *con grazia*, with grace and elegance; *con moto*, with agitation, emotion; *con spirito*, with spirit, animation; *Declamando*, *declamato*, in declamatory style; *dolce*, soft, tender, sweet; *doloroso*, tender and pathetic; *Energico*, with energy; *expressivo*, with expression; *Forzando*, with sudden increase of power; *Grave.*, with slow and solemn expression; *Lentando*, gradually slower; *loco*, passage to be played exactly as written in regard to the pitch—it usually occurs after the sign *8va* - - - which means that the note or passage thus marked has been raised or lowered an octave; *Maestoso*, with dignified, majestic expression; *mesto* or *mestoso*, pensive, sad, mournful; *mezzo*, in medium degree, as *mezzo forte*, rather loud, *mezzo piano*, rather soft; *mezzo voce*, with moderation as to tone; *molto*, much or very, as *molto voce*, with a full voice; *Non*, not; *non troppo*, not too much; *Piu*, more; *piu mosso*, with more motion, faster; *poco*, somewhat, rather, as *poco piano*, somewhat soft; *poco presto*, rather quick; *Rallentando*, (*rallen* or *rall.*) gradually slower and softer; *recitando*, a speaking manner of performance; *recitative*, musical declamation; *rinforzando*, suddenly increasing in power; *ritardando*, (*ritard or rit.*) a retarding of the movement; *Sostenuto*, sustained; *sotto*, under, below, as *sotto voce*, with subdued voice; *spirito* or *con spirito*, with spirit, animation; *spiritoso*, with great spirit; *Tutti*, the whole, full chorus; *Vigoroso*, bold, energetic; *veloce*, with rapidity; *vivace*, quick and cheerful; *vivo*, lively, animated; *voici subito*, turn the page quickly.

CHORDS AND HARMONY.

93. A **Chord** is a pleasing combination of tones sounded together.

94. **Harmony** is a succession of chords, according to the rules of progression and modulation.

95. The **Common Chord** is formed by combining any tone with its third and fifth. If the third of the chord is a Major third, the chord is a *Major chord;* if Minor, it is a *Minor chord.*

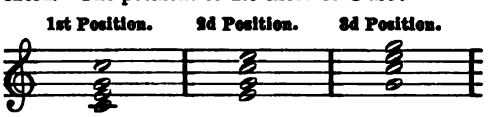
96. The chord founded upon the Key-note, or Tonic, is called the *chord of the Tonic;* the chord founded upon the Dominant is called the *chord of the Dominant;* and the chord founded upon the Sub-Dominant is called the *chord of the Sub-Dominant.*

97. The **Chord of the Seventh** is the common chord with the minor-seventh added. This chord is generally founded upon the Dominant. If founded on G, the Dominant of C, it is composed of the tones G, B, D, F.

98. Either the fifth or the octave of a chord may be omitted, but the third must always be present, except in the dominant seventh chord.

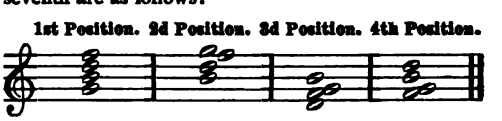
99. The different forms of a chord can be made by placing either the key-note, or third, or fifth, in the bass, the first being the first position, the second the second position, and the third the third position of the chord. The positions of the chord of C are:

1st Position. 2d Position. 3d Position.



100. The positions of the chord of the dominant seventh are as follows:

1st Position. 2d Position. 3d Position. 4th Position.



The above positions are in the key of C. It will be found to be of advantage for the teacher to explain them in all the keys, and to require pupils to write them, giving the Tonic, Dominant, Sub-Dominant, and Chord of the Seventh, in the different keys. A correct knowledge of the laws of Harmony is essential to the arrangement of music for voices or instruments. As it is not possible to treat this subject at any length in these pages, the student is referred to more extended works for its discussion, and to individual or class training by a competent instructor.

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